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Glimpses of South America

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**GLIMPSES OF
SOUTH AMERICA**

GLIMPSES OF SOUTH AMERICA

BY

F. A. SHERWOOD

WITH MANY
ILLUSTRATIONS
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS



NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.

1920

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TO MY WIFE,
WHO HAS ACCOMPANIED ME THROUGH MY
SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVELS, AND WHO
IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY OF
THE NOTES CONTAINED
IN THIS VOLUME

PREFACE

A great many books have been written about South America. These books tell of its history, describe its cities, public buildings, and monuments, and quote miles of statistics on its natural resources and commercial possibilities, or are deeply analytical of underlying national characteristics. Most of them are interesting, particularly at the present time. Many of them have been written after careful and painstaking study, and with a thorough acquaintance with the countries and people described in them.

The present volume does none of these things.

In the first place, it was not designed to do so—in fact, it was not designed at all—simply growing out of random notes made on two trips to the various countries that are most visited by those of us who wander that way.

These trips to South America have not been out of the ordinary. They have simply followed the beaten track, and I have met only with the usual experiences. I have not gone into out-of-the-way places, nor enjoyed special advantages that would enable me to hear or see more than any one else travelling over the same route. While my stays in these countries have been much longer than those of the casual visitor, they have not, I am frank to confess, been long enough for me to interpret the real significance of the contemporaneous life that is going on from year to year to the south of us; nor have I in any way attempted to do so.

Interest in South America has increased greatly in this country during the past few years. More Americans—I was about to say “North Americans,” in accordance with South American custom—will visit our sister continent than ever before. Many more would like to do so. It is because my notes,

such as they are, and jotted down originally merely for my personal amusement, *cover exactly the ground that would be covered by such a traveller*, either in fact or in fancy, that they have been polished up, and made up into the present volume.

The result is an unconventional sort of book, with no sign of a plot but containing information about the part of South America that one is most apt to visit—the kind of information that is not contained in formal treatises on the general subject. I am told that these casual notes may be of some interest both to those who are planning to travel in South America and to those who would like to take such a trip at home. I trust that this may be the case.

The illustrations that are presented are as casual as the notes of the text. They are not the carefully posed pictures of subjects chosen because of their intense scenic or pictorial value, such as generally grace books on foreign countries. How could they be, it may be asked, when they were taken with a camera that originally cost only twelve dollars and sixty cents? Nevertheless they may in some respects convey more than more formal photographs.

Taking it all in all, the book is an informal one. Whether or not the very fact that it is what it is will enable the reader to feel and understand more thoroughly some of the more intimate phases of travelling and life in South America, it is not, of course, for me to say.

THE AUTHOR

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GLIMPSES
OF
SOUTH
AMERICA

THE
BEATEN TRACK
AROUND
SOUTH AMERICA

SOUTH AMERICA is a large continent.

Like other large continents, it contains a good deal of everything.

“Making a trip to South America” sounds offhand like a broad—almost too comprehensive a term.

Fortunately, this term has come to have quite a restricted meaning—it generally implies travelling through the more progressive and developed countries in the southern half of the continent. This applies equally, whether one travels solely for business, for business and pleasure, or for pleasure alone.

It is still more fortunate that these more important countries of South America are so arranged that a most satisfactory “round the circle” performance will cover all of them.

You go down the Atlantic coast as far as Buenos Aires, visiting the principal cities of Brasil en route. From Buenos Aires you cross the Andes into Chile, and then come home up the west coast and through the Panama Canal. Or, if you prefer, you can reverse the process.

In either case you will have visited all the principal commercial cities of the continent,—Rio Janeiro, Santos, and Sao Paulo, Brazil; Montevideo, Uruguay; Buenos Aires, Rosario, and other cities of the Argentine Republic; Santiago and Valparaiso in central Chile and some of the nitrate ports in the northern part of that country; Lima, Peru; and the Panama Canal. These, with a few other cities that can be stopped at

enroute, and a number of places that can be reached by short side trips, constitute South America, as far as the average traveller is concerned.

Three or four of these side trips deserve special mention. Those that are looking for scenery should not fail to run up to the celebrated Iguazú falls from Buenos Aires, or to visit the lake region of southern Chile from Santiago. The most interesting of all is a visit to La Paz, Bolivia, which can be easily made while travelling up or down the west coast. This will take you into the heart of prehistoric South America, and introduce you to the only remaining touches of purely native South American Indian life that you will meet with on the entire trip.

The complete circle around South America, from New York down one coast, across the Andes, and back on the other side, involves travelling some twelve thousand miles. It is not, therefore, to be lightly undertaken. The meter will register a respectable fortune before your return, if you leave the cellar gas lighted.

For those that doubt this, the following detailed table of distances is appended,

New York to Buenos Aires (east coast).....	6,300 miles
New York to Barbados.....	1,830 miles
Barbados to Para, Brazil.....	1,150 miles
Para to Pernambuco.....	1,090 miles
Pernambuco to Rio de Janeiro.....	1,080 miles
Rio to Montevideo, Uruguay.....	1,040 miles
Montevideo to Buenos Aires.....	110 miles
Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, Chile (by railroad over the Andes).....	950 miles
Valparaiso to Panama (west coast).....	2,850 miles
Valparaiso to Antofagasta.....	580 miles
Antofagasta to Lima, Peru.....	920 miles
Lima to Panama.....	1,350 miles
Panama to New York (direct, or via New Orleans) ..	2,250 miles
Total	12,350 miles

In swinging around this circle, over fifty days, nearly two months, will be spent on shipboard. Four months away from New York would be the minimum for the briefest kind of a sightseeing trip, confined to the large cities, and cutting out nearly all side trips. It will probably run to six months or



The beaten track around South America.

Showing the standard route that is generally followed by those visiting our sister continent. The side trip up into Bolivia that is also frequently taken is shown by the dotted line.

This standard trip covers all of the really important cities of South America, and requires about two months of actual travel, plus whatever time is spent in the places visited.

more instead. This, of course, is in normal times. During the war you simply went, with no possible idea when you would get back. From now on, one ought to be able to do somewhat better.

THE usual season for South American travel is during our winter months here in the North. South America is south, and of course every one goes south in winter. That any one should attempt to upset this axiom is unbelievable. On the other hand, strange as it may seem to many, what one will encounter in South America at any given season is of almost as much importance as what one will avoid at home.

As far as South America is concerned the question of the most suitable season for such a trip is so complicated that any solution can only be a compromise between desirable weather in some sections, and discomfort—slight and bearable, it is true, but still to some extent disagreeable—in others.

Panama is relatively hot at all seasons of the year, but is disagreeably wet in the late spring, summer, and fall. The west coast of South America is pleasantest in our winter months, that is, during their summer. In their winter months, which are our summer months, it is apt to be cold and disagreeable. Lima, in particular, is rather gloomy and depressing from May to September.

On the other hand, Buenos Aires is much pleasanter during the crisp cool days of their winter, which lasts from June to September. During these months the season there is at its height, and the opera and races in full swing. In their summer (our winter) months, it is unpleasantly warm, and the city is dead. Besides this, the rail trip across the pampas between Buenos Aires and Mendoza, if made between October and May, will be unbelievably dusty. Brazil, also, is pleasanter in their winter (our summer) months.

None of these less desirable local climatic conditions are sufficiently disagreeable to prevent one from making such a

trip at any season that may be most convenient. They can, however, be avoided altogether by planning one's movements somewhat along the following lines:

If the course to be followed is down the east coast, across, and home up the west coast and through the Panama Canal, one should sail from New York late in May or early in June. Allowing liberally for stop-overs in Brazil, during the pleasantest months there, this will enable the traveler to reach Buenos Aires at the tag end of the gay winter season, and to see it at its best, in the very early spring. The trip across the Andes late in September will be free from dust, and this is late enough so that the transandine line will be open again, in case it has been blocked by the heavy snows of midwinter in the mountains. Chile late in September and early in October is charming. By the time one reaches Lima the dull winter months there will have passed, as will the rainy season in Panama. On this general schedule, the traveler will probably reach home sometime in November.

New York should be left in February, if the trip is to be made in the reverse direction. In March Lima is still warm and pleasant, and April in Chile is late autumn, with masses of chrysanthemums in bloom. The passage of the Andes will take place in May, but after the first rains have had a chance to lay the dust on the pampas. Buenos Aires will probably be reached in time for the celebration of the great Argentine national holiday, the twenty-fifth of May. It will be a little chilly there during the month of June, but there will be so much going on that you will probably not notice it, and crisp, cool weather is certainly preferable to oppressive heat. Brazil will be at its best in July, and the traveler will be home in August or early September.

REGARDLESS of any question as to when the trip shall be made, it is a toss-up as to whether going down the east coast and back up the west coast, or vice versa, is prefer-

able. It really makes little difference which way one rounds the circle, but there is, perhaps, one rather negligible reason why it may be somewhat more desirable to start by way of Panama and the west coast.

The west coast of South America is far from being as advanced as the countries on the Atlantic seaboard. By starting down the west coast and visiting these countries first, the journey is one of constantly increasing interest, reaching a spectacular climax in the wonderful development of Buenos Aires, and the marvelous natural beauties of Rio de Janeiro.

This reason is not, possibly, a very satisfactory one on which to base a choice. There are, naturally, many people who prefer to see the best first. It might even be better, after all, to toss a coin to decide.

ON a trip to South America taken at almost any season of the year, all kinds of climate will be met with. This brings up the all-important question as to what clothing to take. There is only one answer to this question—all kinds but one. There is no need for Wild West equipment of any description. You are not going into the wilds at any point along the beaten track. The chances are that you won't even see an Indian in anything remotely approaching a native costume, unless you go up into Bolivia.

Take plenty of light clothing, but don't fail to take an almost equal quantity of warm clothes and wraps. Incidentally, dressing in Buenos Aires during the season is perhaps even more elaborate than New York.

TRAVELING in South America is generally, and, to a certain extent correctly, regarded as a very expensive proceeding. A trip around the "beaten track" costs, in the popular imagination, a small fortune. Of course this depends somewhat on what one considers a small fortune. To some it may in fact seem like a large fortune, while to many others

it will not be a fortune at all. A great deal also depends upon the character of the person making the trip, although there is perhaps less difference between the extremes of economy and extravagance than in traveling in this country.

This, I think, is what makes such a trip seem more expensive than it really is. There are, it is true, different price levels in such cities as Buenos Aires and Rio Janeiro, and in these places a traveler can still be fairly comfortable at the more economical hotels. On the whole, however, there is little opportunity to save. After you have once started, poor man and rich man travel along in much the same boat, one without the chance to economize, the other not able, perhaps, to spend all he is accustomed to at home.

As a matter of fact, since the recent large increase in the cost of every element that enters into one's traveling budget here in this country, I rather think it will be a relief to my pocket-book to get back to South America.

When one comes down to definite figures, it is very embarrassing, because any detailed estimate that I may offer will be unmercifully criticized by two out of every three that read these pages. Still, no one can take a great deal of exception to the two following paragraphs:

The fare from New York to Buenos Aires is to-day three hundred and fifty-five or three hundred and sixty dollars, including the five-dollar war tax. From Buenos Aires to Valparaiso, over the Andes, the railroad fare is about eighteen pounds, but this does not include meals and hotel expenses en route. From Valparaiso to Panama the fare is two hundred and four dollars, and from Panama to New York the minimum rate is eighty-five dollars. This makes a total transportation cost of about eight hundred and thirty-five dollars, including, of course, full living-expenses on the water, but not covering multitudinous tips and miscellaneous charges. Before the war, the cost of this transportation was about six hundred dollars. It is possible that there may in time be

some reduction from the present higher rates, especially in the fare between New York and Buenos Aires, and between Valparaiso and Panama.

The average price per day for hotel accommodations is probably somewhere in the neighborhood of six dollars. At the Maury, in Lima, it is one Peruvian pound daily, this and the following figures being inclusive of both room and board. At the Royal in Valparaiso and the Grand in Santiago, it is twenty to twenty-five pesos daily, but as a peso is to-day only worth about twenty cents in Chile, this amounts to about the same. At the Savoy in Santiago it is much higher, and those who go there will undoubtedly raise their average somewhat. Even in Buenos Aires excellent accommodations can be secured at a number of thoroughly first-class hotels for the equivalent of six or seven dollars a day. This does not include the celebrated Ritz-Carlton Plaza, which is in a class by itself, as far as charges are concerned. Hotel rates in Brazil are somewhat higher, but the average for the entire trip need not greatly exceed the amount given. It can, of course, easily be made to do so, if desired. Further than this, just as there may be some slight tendency toward a reduction in transportation costs, there is undoubtedly a decided tendency toward increase everywhere in the cost of accommodations, due to the general increase throughout the world in the cost of living.

So far, I have been on comparatively firm ground. It is when I begin to offer conclusions based on these figures that I become timorous. The average person will now say that the cost of a South American trip is much less than has been anticipated. Apparently one could take a five-months' trip for fifteen hundred dollars, spending about two months en route on steamers, at a cost of eight hundred and thirty-five dollars, and say, three months in touring—ninety days at six dollars, or five hundred and forty dollars—with an allowance of one hundred dollars for incidentals. This is decidedly not

the case. The sticker in the puzzle consists of the incidentals.

The biggest expense in any South American touring trip seems to be what I have heard termed the "intangibles." I do not know myself what is meant by this, unless it is another word for these very incidentals, but I do know that it must refer to a very large hole in one's pocket. Of course, there are some definite items that could not have slipped through such a hole; for instance, the exorbitant charge made for landing one's baggage, or putting it on board the steamer, at Valparaiso. But this, and many similar items, do not explain the rapidity with which money vanishes without leaving any trace behind it.

The easiest rule that I have heard of for estimating how much the entire trip will cost, is to calculate a minimum sum of five hundred dollars for each month that one plans to be away from New York. This estimate is meant to include everything—transportation, living expenses, and these dastardly intangibles. It will not be far off, but is a trifle low for perfect comfort, as it is only figuring on the basis of about sixteen dollars per day. An allowance of twenty dollars per day is safer, and twenty-five dollars liberal, for the average traveler. Those who desire to spend more can probably do so, within reason. Any money left at the end of such a trip may, of course, be brought home.

One of the biggest items of expense in traveling in South America is the high cost of having too much baggage. Baggage allowances on South American railroads are small, and excess baggage rates are extremely high. On the west coast, all baggage must be ferried to and from the steamer at the passenger's own expense. This is also true of some ports on the east coast, and amounts to a tidy sum when one is traveling with six or eight trunks. In fact, it has been stated that four big trunks are about equivalent to an additional person. This, I think, is somewhat exaggerated, but it certainly pays to travel as light as possible.

NEARLY everyone that starts on a trip to South America will have preconceived ideas as to what they will experience and see there. Most of these will be discarded at the first stopping-place.

There is, for instance, wonderful scenery to be found—majestic mountains, magnificent valleys, deserts with the remarkable appeal that deserts have everywhere. But anyone that expects all of the scenery to be awe-inspiring, all of the cities to be unique, all of the buildings to be unusual exponents of architectural art or quaint and picturesque, will be doomed to serious disappointment. There is much that is interesting in South America. There is also much that is worthy of our attention and study. There is also much that is tawdry and disillusioning. Even the Andes are frequently commonplace.

Most books on South America tell only of its wonders, scenic, artificial, or commercial. In fact, it is mighty difficult, in writing about foreign countries, not to emphasize the high lights. Even realizing this, I may have done so myself.

All of which, in a way, explains why so many erroneous ideas are formed, or why so many such preconceived ideas are thrown overboard early in one's travels.

There is also much that the usual American traveller will complain about in South America—considerable even that broader minded travellers than we are will grumble at. But there are few actual discomforts that will not be forgotten inside of a few days after one's return to New York.

The game is more than well worth the candle.

South American travel will some day probably become as popular as European.

NEW YORK TO
KINGSTON
AND
PANAMA

SAILING from New York in war times had none of those thrills of pleasurable excitement usually associated with sailing for foreign countries. On the contrary, it was decidedly a nerve-racking operation. Your troubles, in fact, began a whole month before, when you applied for a passport, and did not cease until you were well down the bay.

Not until your passport is grudgingly granted can you secure your passage from the steamship company. But neither your passport nor passage ticket are good as they are. Numbers of rubber stamps and decorations are necessary. These must be collected at a vast expense of time and labor. You visit the custom-house and storm at the red tape to be unravelled. At the British consulate you wait three dollars by the taxi clock for permission to land in various British colonies. By this time the steamer on which your passage is booked has been requisitioned by the government. More red tape has to be untied because of the substitution of another vessel. Even more annoying than last minute changes in steamers are the constant changes in regulations that are put into force. One never is really sure but that some new rule is lurking around the corner, or that one has failed to attend to some important and trivial technicality.

Almost at the last moment a new one did turn up. All of the business papers, catalogs, books, and photographic films we expected to take with us were suddenly ordered to report at the custom house to be censored, sealed, and returned to us

at the steamer. This rule had just been placed in effect. Over a cartload of such truck had been removed from unsuspecting passengers as they were boarding the preceding steamer. We didn't feel very certain that we would really find our effects at the pier as promised, but there was certainly more chance of this than that the papers of the unfortunate passengers of the other steamer would find them somewhere in South America.

By this time we had come to know a good many of our fellow passengers to be, by sight at least. We were even on bowing acquaintance with a few of them, so often had we met them in various places along the red tape route.

WE straggled onto the pier rather early on sailing day, as we knew that considerable of an ordeal lay ahead of us. We were not at all disappointed in this particular. It was a gloomy and depressing day, and the pier was dark, cold, and dismal enough for any inquisition. A few stray passengers were having their baggage gone through with a fine tooth comb. Ours suffered the same fate. Afterwards we stood around for hours and watched other victims, occasionally having our names called out and receiving another rubber stamp on our passport.

All of the magazines that one passenger had purchased just outside the pier were gently but forcibly removed. A salesman with six trunks of sample shoes had all of his catalogs and price-lists confiscated. He also lost much of his equanimity; not so much, however, as the young lady that showed up at the pier with a thick package of love letters in her handbag. One Chilean without the proper papers from his draft board was removed altogether. Such incidents were necessary to enliven a black morning spent in a clammy piershed. We were finally herded on board and imprisoned there.

It had begun to rain steadily, a sticky persistent rain that

sometimes comes in February. The decks of the *Carillo* were pools of water, and the steady drip only added to the overwrought state of our nerves. The staterooms were stuffy, so we spent a long afternoon dodging the splatter of streams of water on deck. The pier had been deserted for hours when we finally, late in the afternoon, backed out into the river.

By this time it was so gray and foggy that one could not see across the deck. The *Leviathan* swirled by as we were turning, scarcely a hundred yards away, but almost invisible. It was hopeless to attempt going down the bay—too late to pass the submarine net anyway, so we came to anchor directly in front of the statue of Liberty,—a record day's run. The anchorage that we carefully picked out was right in the midst of a fleet of navy colliers. Some of them appeared occasionally through rifts in the fog. Every one of them had a fog-horn in a different key. The effect was like a calliope out of tune, and kept up all night.

On the whole, not a very auspicious beginning for a journey—but we blamed it all, even the fog, onto the war, and let it go at that.

THE voyage from New York to Panama is quiet and enjoyable, and, if I may so term it, the most homelike of all the various legs of the long trip still ahead. The stewards all speak English, and to all intents and purposes you might be on a steamer travelling almost anywhere. The only element indicating a coming change in atmosphere are your fellow passengers, a good portion of them Spanish Americans homeward bound. These groups introduce a strange note, to which you gradually become accustomed.

There is little in this portion of the trip that is of special interest. On the third day out of New York we struck the Gulf Stream. The weather was clear and cold, with a freezing wind from the north. The cold air striking the warm water brought up clouds of vapor, that lay in the trough of the waves,

where it was protected from the wind. As far as we could see, the ocean seemed as though it were just on the point of boiling violently—a rather remarkable sight.

The weather of course becomes warmer and warmer. This furnishes much material for writers travelling south. I will therefore not enlarge upon it.

I would even omit that we duly passed Watling's Island, where Columbus set one of his many first feet on America, if I had not been so sick on this particular day,—due to the third typhoid and paratyphoid injection that I had had administered that morning.

While I think of it, I want to suggest the real need for taking this serum before travelling in South America. Typhoid is present to a greater or less extent in all South American cities. Sanitary conditions surrounding the water supply of many places that you will visit are to say the least doubtful. There are exceptions to this statement—both ways, but there are few places where one can drink the water with absolute mental comfort. Bottled mineral water and wine, while excellent in their way, simply do not quench thirst.

I merely mention Watling's Island, which is a sandbar covered with palms, to give me an opening to bring in this gratuitous advice. It is well worth following.

ON a sea voyage, it seems to be the universal custom to give all of your fellow passengers nicknames. This is generally done before you are out of sight of land. It is a sort of unconscious habit, which you find soon becomes an interesting game.

As far as we were concerned, we had a "movie hero" and a "vamp," both of whom turned out to be very prosaic individuals. From the start we had christened a tall and languid Spanish beauty "Mercedes." She looked the part, in our opinion, and much to our surprise, this actually turned out to be her name.

“Mercedes” and her husband, who was several inches shorter than she, turned out to be most interesting. He was of Italian parentage, born in Russia, and educated in a French college in Constantinople. His wife was a Colombian, whom he had met in Spain, and who afterwards lived in Paris. He himself came to the United States, and in one year had learned English so thoroughly that a prominent American export company was sending him to Chile as their representative. “Mercedes” joined him in New York, and they had been married just long enough to catch the *Carillo*. We enjoyed knowing both of them immensely later on in Chile, and since we have returned have heard that there is now a little “Alfredo.” Personally, I think that some little explanation as to little “Alfredo’s” nationality would be in order.

Of course, we often wondered what other people on board called us. We discovered later on that some of them had hit upon “bride and groom.” This, however, was not a nickname, but a compliment, as we had been married over fifteen years.

We even had a “god” with us, a retired British “majah” that had had a go of the black fever in Southwest Africa, and been sent to Jamaica to recuperate. No description of “god” is, I think, necessary. The boat drill that we had on the *Carillo* after we had passed Cuba and were well away from the submarine menace, bored “god” immensely. Climbing up onto the boat deck in his life preserver was far too undignified a proceeding, and “god” showed up carrying his gingerly in one hand, as though it were a bomb.

THE steamers of the United Fruit Co. are comfortable. They are supposed to be, and I have no doubt but that they are, built especially for tropical travel. This is manifested by the electric fan in every stateroom, and by minor modifications of the usual ships’ arrangements, but, after all, the chief visible difference seems to be in the color. White

is, of course, intimately associated with the tropics. Every one is popularly supposed to dress in white clothes there, so the United Fruit Co. followed suit with its steamers—hence the “Great White Fleet” so familiar to all of us through its many advertisements.

At this particular time, however, these boats were only white officially and for purposes of this very advertising. Actually they were either gray, or impressionistic mixtures of black, blue, green, and yellow. Wonderful geometric patterns shot clear up their masts and funnels, and completely erased all such things as portholes.

Speaking of camouflage reminds me of a number of unusual effects we saw during the course of our travels. One of these was a house and garden painted on the side of the vessel, with a broad gravel walk leading down to the water-line. This was very striking. Evidently the idea was to lead the undersea pirates to believe they were nearing home, so that they would come up and be captured. The scenic artist who was responsible had done well—but I am still rather skeptical.

Reversed vessels, that is ships made up to appear as though they were going in the opposite direction to their real course, were common. Some of them were remarkably well done. It requires considerable ingenuity to secure this effect, necessitating as it did the reversing of the angle of the funnel and other parts of the superstructure that usually slope slightly towards the real stern. We passed one such ship in the Panama Canal that was so well done that it could hardly be detected, even at that close range.

We also passed a ship in the Canal that looked from a little distance as though it was being convoyed by a torpedo boat. The smaller boat painted on the side of the larger one was perfect in every detail, even to the bone that it carried in its teeth.

The more general kaleidoscopic effects, great splotches of

brilliant colors, seemed at first glance to attract attention instead of concealing. It was surprising how quickly such ships lost their identity after passing. You can't actually hide a vessel on the high seas very well, but apparently you can easily change it into a haystack, a mountain, or an indeterminate mass of nothing at all. This, of course, is the main purpose of all such camouflage.

One of the most remarkable specimens of this type that we collected appeared at a little distance to be two separate masses of wreckage, with considerable clear water between. It was not until we were directly abreast of it, and only a few hundred yards away, that it turned out to be one of the new standardized freighters on its way to Chile for nitrate. There were only three colors used on this vessel, black, pearl gray, and a sort of dirty pink. Apparently there was no method whatever in the mass of triangles, parallelograms and stripes of these colors, but they had certainly been most scientifically designed to secure the effect sought for. How they divided the boat into two seemingly unattached sections was most remarkable.

Camouflage has served its purpose—and has served other purposes also. It has made prosaic steamships picturesque, and they have enjoyed a favor among artists that has always previously been denied them. Innumerable sketches and paintings of ships in phantasmagorical designs and every color of the rainbow have resulted. Some of these are works of art. All are excellent records of a monstrous period. But camouflage, while increasing picturesqueness and artistic value, takes away much of the sense of power and strength that we have always been accustomed to associate with steamships in their normal dress.

The *Leviathan* in black, blue, and white checkers, and with long diagonal streaks of yellow, looks puerile in comparison.

With the exception of the first night spent in New

York harbor, no lights of any kind were allowed on the *Carillo*.

The dining-saloon was of course excepted while dinner was served, but the portholes were covered so thoroughly that the resulting stuffiness made you hurry through your meal to get on deck. This assisted the Food Administration, but the United Fruit Co. really needed no assistance in this particular. After travelling on one of their boats during the war, no one will ever doubt the patriotism of the company. It could really be termed super-patriotism, and was the more marked because the fare on these boats in normal times is generally excellent.

The decks were gloomy and ghostly, but not deserted. Progress towards your steamer chair was marked by collisions and apologies. Once safely seated, you spent the evening in the midst of the subdued excitement caused by the stealthy movements of your fellow ghosts.

The smokingroom was dimly lit but hermetically sealed. This did not dampen the ardor of the poker enthusiasts, but was not comfortable. You finally went to bed by the light of a diminutive electric bulb of opaque blue glass that accentuated the darkness in your stateroom.

Hide and seek around a steamer in the pitch dark is fun—for one night. Fortunately for those that still have to travel, conditions are again normal.

JAMAICA presents a marvelously beautiful panorama as the steamer runs along its southern coast early on the seventh morning out of New York. Towering mountains of every shade of blue, from pale blue ghost mountains to peaks of deepest bluish purple, rise abruptly from the ocean and pile themselves in frowning masses almost to the clouds. As the vessel approaches the shore, the nearer hills become greenish, but in the distance the blues simply change from one gorgeous shade to another.

The harbor of Kingston is protected by low and narrow sand spits extending miles out to sea. Inside these, the

steamer sails over unrippled water of the deepest sapphire, in which are reflected the green palms and the old forts and houses on the islets, and still farther in, the white buildings of Kingston itself. You are now sailing directly over the original city, which sank in an earthquake in the sixteenth or seventeenth century. The water is so clear that one can well believe that the walls of this city may still be visible far below, but we did not, unfortunately, have sufficient imagination. The magical color effects of the constantly changing scene were more than sufficient for us. It is too bad that they can not be adequately described.

As the pier is approached, the deep blue of the water becomes tinged with black by the swarms of negroes that swim out to meet the steamer. These water-rats make a living by diving for coins thrown into the water by passengers. As there had been no tourist travel since the war started, they were unusually voracious. When our small change was exhausted, they climbed up onto the sizzling metal roof of an adjoining pier shed, and slept with one eye on the *Carillo*. The flash of a coin would bring a dozen of them off in a long clean dive into the water. They were still there when we sailed late in the afternoon.

As a matter of fact, we rather envied them when we got back to the steamer after a few hours ashore. Jamaica is decidedly hot, even in February.

KINGSTON itself is attractive in many ways, but not so attractive as expected. The city gives the intangible impression somehow that it has not lived up to its latent possibilities. Undoubtedly there are too many negroes, ten to every white or near-white. The streets are so full of them that the effect is bound to be sombre. The near-whites, by the way, form a class by themselves, filling all the clerkships and other clerical positions.

The stores are quite good. We purchased quite a few

things that we had neglected to get just before sailing, and found the prices in most cases lower than we would have had to pay in New York. English money is used, but American dollars are quite acceptable.

Of course we rode out to the Botanical Garden—every one does. The ride is interesting, taking one over wonderful roads, past negro cabins and wayside taverns and general stores, through groves of strange trees and masses of brilliant flowers, out to the base of one of the dark blue mountains. The country is rather dusty, though, and the same half oppressed, rather sombre feeling that seems to exist in Kingston is still noticeable, although less strongly.

The garden itself is interesting, but not so much so as the old negro guide that shows you around. You positively won't be able to understand his English, but he will surprise you by giving the Latin botanical name of all the plants he points out to you. As far as we were concerned, this did not help any. We knew no more Latin than we did Jamaican negro, which is a peculiar dialect. It is like English, only more so. Once in a great while a word does sound rather familiar, but on the whole it is quite unintelligible.

The Myrtle Bank hotel is the most attractive thing in Kingston. It is really a fine resort hotel, but just at this time there were no tourists. This added considerable to its charm, which is undeniable under any circumstances. The wide verandahs looking across the well-kept tropical gardens to the bright blue water were a welcome relief after the glare of the February Jamaican sun. The lunch served us also was excellent. We decided that we would certainly return when we could stay longer. This, I believe, is what every one says who has been here. Maybe we will, but we have since made the same resolve about several other places.

These few words about Kingston are, I know, rather fragmentary. This could not be helped—our cameras were confiscated before we came ashore.

WHAT, by the way, is the proper way to address an English peer in a semi-familiar manner? This question agitated the habitués of the smoking-room of the *Carillo*, on the short run from Jamaica to Panama. The British minister to Panama, Sir Claude Mallett, I believe he was, got on at Kingston.

All the way down from New York there had been a sort of peripatetic poker game maintained in one corner of the smoking-room afternoons and evenings. The crowd in it varied from hour to hour, but was composed mostly of a number of young engineers on their way to their posts, an American bank president, coming down to purchase a South American bank for his home institution, a few Chileans, and some others.

Sir Claude, who was thoroughly democratic, sat in. No one had a chance to compare notes, or to solicit suggestions. The result was rather startling, because each one solved the problem differently. It didn't seem to matter a bit to the party most concerned, however, whether he was called "Sir Claude," or "Your Honor," "Mr. Mallett," or just plain "say." The question therefore is still unanswered. The most original solution cut the Gordian knot by dubbing him "Sir George."

There was a Chilean in the game who could not speak a word of English—he had only been in the United States six months—excepting to call for the number of cards he wanted. His ability to get along without the slightest difficulty merely indicates the universalness of the great American game.

EIGHTH day out from New York: crossing the Caribbean Sea—very warm and excessively choppy, a poor combination for many.

Ninth day out: approaching the end of the first lap—usual confusion—passageways full of trunks from the staterooms.

Towards noon we picked up mountains on the left; larger

than those of Jamaica, but not so blue. A little later discovered mountains on the right also; Colon must be dead ahead.

At this exciting moment a destroyer dashed up alongside—we were told, to lead us through the minefields. After this we did n't see anything—too many blanks to be filled out down in the dining saloon. When we were finally released we rushed up on deck again. The *Carillo* was tied up to an enormous concrete pier. The only thing in sight on the other side was another pier just like it.

These piers of course belong to the Panama Canal Commission, and put the majority of our piers in New York entirely to shame. Too bad they can't be moved up to replace some of our old ones here!

We spent several hours on these piers, dodging electric trucks driven by our old friends, Jamaican negroes, while the authorities hunted for bombs and other suspicious articles in our baggage. They, the piers, not the authorities, constitute a real text-book of commercial geography, which we had plenty of time to study. Freight awaiting trans-shipment is grouped in piles down their vast length, under signs featuring nearly every port, known and unknown, of Central and South America, while every kind of merchandise was represented.

PANAMA
AND THE
PANAMA CANAL
IN WAR TIME

A STAY of three or four days on the Isthmus is usually necessary for steamer connections. While both Colon and Panama are really enjoyable, there is nothing, either from the business or sightseeing standpoint, that would detain a traveller longer. However, if the steamers do make a close connection, as occasionally happens, the average traveller with time to spare, would certainly not regret staying over a week for the following boat.

Most people, especially those that have made the trip before, prefer to spend these few days at the Washington in Colon, rather than in the larger and much more interesting city of Panama. From one point of view this choice is a mistake, but it is easy to see why it is made.

The Washington Hotel in Colon is an excellent one. It was built and is operated with the sole idea of affording the utmost possible comfort under tropical conditions, and it probably attains this object about as closely as any hotel in the world. This is a broad statement, but fully justified. You realize this the instant you step into the cool lobby with its dark green walls and comfortable wicker chairs. All the floors throughout the buildings, even in the bedrooms, are of soft red tile. They don't sweep in the Washington, but use a hose on the floors every day. As all of the bedrooms have outside balconies, you can move outside while this process is going on.

There is also a huge open air swimming pool at the side of

the hotel. You can dress in your room if you want to, and track through the whole hotel in a wet suit. I think the cushions of the chairs in the lobby are of oilcloth, but am not certain of this.

If you are athletic, there are excellent tennis courts just across the way. It is too hot for this after eight in the morning until the trade wind comes up after lunch, and then you can't play because of the breeze. The Washington, being on the water's edge, gets the full benefit of this. It is this breeze that comes up each afternoon as regular as clockwork that makes Colon endurable.

The Washington belongs to and is run by the United States government, that is, by the Panama Canal Commission. In spite of this, the rates are not high. Theoretically, these rates are on the European plan, but, as there is a fixed price for meals, and as there are no outside restaurants worth patronizing, the result is always the same. It figures out to \$6.00 per day for a "first-class" room on a short stay basis. (A "first-class" room is the way the government expresses what ordinary mortals know as a "room with bath." A "second-class" room, one without bath, costs \$5.50. There are no "third-class" rooms.)

Canal employees enjoy special rates. The public rates of \$6.00 and \$5.50 are also reduced most scientifically for stays of one month or over. A complicated schedule showing these reductions is posted in every room. With proficiency in mathematics one can readily determine in advance exactly what it will cost to remain one month and three days, or three months, one day, and two breakfasts. Personally, I had sufficient skill to calculate that the longer you stayed the less you paid, but not enough to figure out the vanishing point, beyond which you could stay on indefinitely at the expense of the government. I was rather interested in this, too.

Still, even without this extra inducement, it is a strong temptation to stay on at the Washington. That is, it will be,



Narrow streets with projecting balconies that almost touch in places.

now that the war is over. During the war the government practised what it preached, and followed the rules of the Food Administration rather too closely for comfort.

The Washington is a modern, reinforced concrete structure in the Spanish mission style. The lawn and gardens of the hotel are most attractive, and set off the gray walls handsomely. The monument in front of the hotel, between it and the low sea-wall, is to the three founders of the Panama Railroad, back in the fifties. One of these was William Aspinwall, but I never found out who the other two were.

Taking it as a whole, staying at the Washington is not making a trip to South America. One might as well be at the best hotel in a seashore resort at home.

Those that prefer a more foreign atmosphere can plunge at once into the heart of things Spanish by a short two hours' run across the isthmus on one of the frequent trains of the Panama Railroad. Even in the centuries old city of Panama on the Pacific side, however, one still feels equally at home in the Tivoli Hotel, also maintained by the Canal Commission. The Tivoli is much older than the Washington at Colon, so

much older, in fact, as to have a history and an international reputation, as during its existence it has witnessed all of the stirring events connected with every stage of the building of the canal. It is a rambling frame structure standing on the side of a hill overlooking the old city. Wide verandahs in front of your bedroom invite you to spend most of the night, if there is a moon, drinking in the beauty of the silvered bay.

PANAMA is a thoroughly Spanish city of about 40,000 inhabitants, strongly reminiscent of Havana. Modern sanitation has robbed it of its former reputation for unhealthfulness, but not of the damp mustiness and distinctive odors that are not unpleasant in a city over three centuries old. Modern improvements have come also, street cars, asphalt pavements, and moving picture theatres, but have not changed the tropical Spanish architecture, nor, for that matter, the customs of the people.

Although Panama is not the trans-shipment port for through traffic that it was before the opening of the Canal, the Canal has brought it more activity in other ways. This has not altered the placid atmosphere of the city. The air is still redolent of old Spanish colonial days in a quiet, unobtrusive manner.

Local color is strong, but so well disseminated that little can be singled out for special mention. Perhaps the most picturesque corner is the little cove down near the market, where the boats of the fishermen are drawn up on the beach, with the time-worn buildings that jut out over the old seawall hanging above them. This seawall is a part of the original fortifications of the city. Only a small part is still standing, but enough to indicate the extent and strength of the ancient defenses, and to form a background for many attractive and unusual pictures.

The city is built on a small point of land, down the center

of which the main street leads from one plaza to another. The side streets are narrow, the projecting balconies in places almost touching each other. Always a few blocks away there is a glimpse of the water at the end of the street, against which the buildings and balconies are silhouetted.



The boats of many fishermen, drawn up onto the shore at high tide, line a little cove near the market. The scene on the sweeping causeway leading down to and along the water is an animated one, but the odor of fish is overpowering.

The sights of Panama can be seen in half a day, if one is so disposed. Most sightseeing is, in fact, confined to a few hours in the early morning and late in the evening, because of the heat in the middle of the day.

THE market of Panama is the usual mixture of weird tropical fruits, foods, and smells. Among other delicacies displayed were rows of live iguanas, with their feet tied up over their backs. The iguana is a peculiarly disgusting looking lizard, about a yard long. They always seem as though they had been much fatter, as their beaded skin does n't fit, but hangs in loose folds.

But iguanas are really delicious—a sort of sublimated chicken. I had eaten them before, up in Mexico, without real-



The old walls of Panama, crumbling, overgrown with moss, and crowned with old buildings falling into decrepitude, frown down on the red and yellow sails of the fishermen's boats below. This is one of the most picturesque spots of Panama.

izing until afterwards that I had done so, and under these conditions I admit that iguana was not bad. But as for eating one deliberately!

Incidentally, it was the fear on the part of my wife that one would be served us surreptitiously, or under circumstances that we could not very well refuse to partake of it, that was one of the reasons we did not accept a very pressing invitation to visit the summer home of some Panamanian friends. It would have been a delightful trip, as the summer place in question occupied one of the small islands in the bay, a rather ideal location, and, to judge from the photographs we saw, a more than ideal country place.

However, there were other reasons why we did not accept. One of them was the possibility of an eight or ten foot snake dropping from the trees onto the lawn at our feet. We were assured that this occasionally happened, but really was nothing, as the snakes were entirely harmless, in fact, they rather liked to have them around the place. I suppose this is simply a matter of point of view, just as iguana stew would be.

Also, we could n't go because of a lack of time, as the trip

took two days at least, and we were to sail the day following. Under the circumstances, we regretfully declined.

THE sun in Panama rises out of the Pacific Ocean. This fact has been commented on in every book that has ever been written regarding the Isthmus. It must therefore be quite thoroughly known. It is also well known that the Isthmus does not run north and south, but that Colon, on the Atlantic side, is actually considerably west of Panama, on the Pacific.

From Colon the general direction of the Canal is not from east to west, as some of us at one time supposed, but northwest to southeast. The Pacific coast line at Panama is therefore roughly southwest to northeast. Further to the east the Isthmus bends down to the south again, but there is no getting away from the fact that a good part of the Bay of Panama lies directly east of the city. The Bay is a large one, so wide



Further on, the old wall turns away from the sea, originally crossing the narrow neck of the point on which the city is built, and forming its land defenses. Only a portion of this wall is still standing, and it has been so built around as to have lost some at least of its original appearance. This portion of the city is quaint and interesting. The sidewalks are used for open air market places, fruit and live poultry being displayed in profusion.

that you can not see across it. This accounts for the apparent misbehaviour of the sun, which rises in the east as elsewhere.

This explanation may not be as clear as some. It seems to be one of those things that the more you attempt to explain, the more complicated it becomes.

This is not the most curious part of it.

No matter how thoroughly one knows all of these local peculiarities of direction from the most careful advance study, as soon as you get on the Isthmus you become hopelessly confused. I don't mean that you won't know that a certain direction is north, after someone tells you so, and your memory is good, but you will spend hours trying to puzzle out why it is north. Panama is one of those places where you have to take the points of the compass on faith. No natural sense of direction seems to be worth a continental.

EVERY visitor to Panama, no matter how short his stay, will meet one or two stock jokes that wander around loose on the Isthmus.

One of these is about the individual that, seeing the cars of the Panama Railroad for the first time, remarked that he knew that the Pennsylvania Railroad was a big affair, but that he did n't know it ran to Panamá.

Another is to set a recent arrival to watching for alligators in Gatun Lake, on the belief that these come up through the locks. There may be alligators in Gatun Lake. Chagres River, that flows into it, used to be full of them. So I could n't see why they would have had to come up through the locks, even if they could. But maybe this particular joke is on me. We did n't see any, anyway.

Incidentally, even though a big steamer can pass through the Canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, or from the Pacific to the Atlantic, a little fish positively can't. This is not a joke, but a real fact. The canal does n't even bring the waters of the two oceans together.



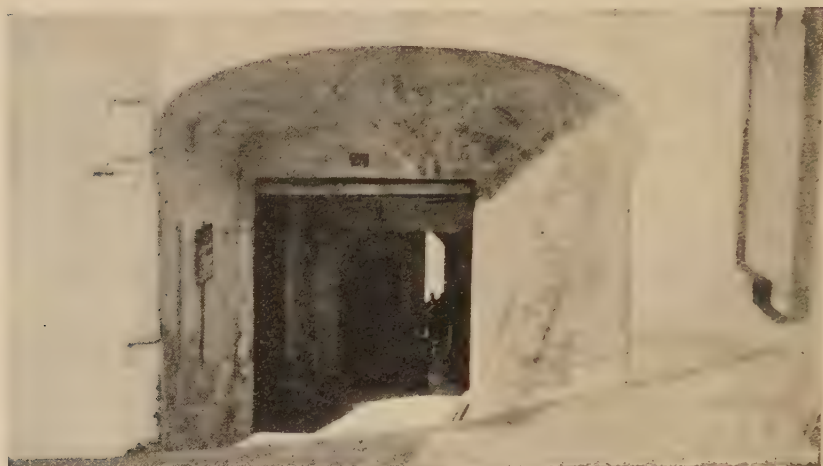
Along the top of the parapet overlooking the cove of the fishermen.

ON the Atlantic side of the Isthmus, Colon and Cristobal lie as closely together as their two names did when Christopher Columbus used them.

Cristobal is the American town on the Canal Zone, a town of winding asphalt streets among the office buildings of the canal authorities and the two-story homes of canal officials and employees, each surrounded with broad screened-in piazzas. The gardens and lawns are pretty, and there is a comfortable and cheerful atmosphere about the place, excepting when it rains. When it does rain, there is n't any chance for atmosphere, unless one is amphibious.

Colon is quite different, a city of straight streets, also of asphalt and as clean as a whistle, with frame buildings in pink, blue, or ochre-yellow. The place has been burned down and rebuilt too many times to be really Spanish in appearance, resembling more strongly some parts of old New Orleans. There are also too many Jamaican negroes visible for any place to be really called Spanish.

These negroes are the heritage of the days when thousands of them helped in digging the Canal. Those that are left, and there are hundreds of them, work on the docks, on



A water-gate through the old wall—still used as a landing place for small boats.

the locks, or drive the diminutive cabs that take you to the station or the Washington hotel for twenty-five cents. On the whole, they seem happy and cheerful, more so perhaps than back in Jamaica, but they do create a rather curious mixture where there are so many of their brethren that are Spanish. You never know exactly what language to employ in addressing a "cullud pusson" in Colon, nor what they will use in return. Still, if it is a cab-driver, you are safe in using English, but you won't understand his reply. Negro Spanish is rather more intelligible than either Jamaican negro or a mixture of the two.

There are, roughly speaking, only two kinds of stores in Colon, bazaars of highly colored goods for the negro population, and curio shops for the tourist. These latter line one side of the main street, and lend it an air of cosmopolitanism.

You can buy plenty of East Indian embroideries and ivories, Chinese silks and trinkets, and all sorts of Japanese curios, but it took us an hour to locate any purely native Panamanian work. The only thing we could find were some brightly colored bags woven of coarse grass—just the things

for knitting bags or to carry bathing suits in—that is, if the colors were fast—we have n't experimented with ours yet. They were also cheap, fifty cents each. Pongee silk can also be bought for much less than at home, that is, if you were a good bargainer.

The Panama railroad takes up the other side of the street. This is handy, if one of the curio dealers that you have visited happens to be on the lookout to drag you inside.

One last impression of Colon.

Rain was falling in torrents.

Rain here always does.

The water from the roofs of the houses along the street was being shot out over the sidewalks in thick streams from the projecting spouts.

This is the usual method.

It works very well if the pipes are long enough. If not, the water falls in a cataract on the passerby.

In front of this particular house the sidewalk was extra wide, and the deluge came a few feet inside the curb.

Six or seven negro children, the eldest nine or ten years old, and all stark naked, were playing in the impromptu shower-bath. One of them, not over two,



There is always a charming glimpse of the bay and its islands, framed by the overhanging balconies, at the end of the street.

had dragged a tin bath-tub out and set it where one of the streams came down with the greatest force. The youngster in the tub did n't mind. In fact, he wanted more water.

So the others caught the downpour in basins and dashed it over him.

DURING the war, the Canal Zone was more tightly hedged in with spy regulations and other red tape than any other part of the world. No traveller passing through the

canal doubts this, nor, having passed through the canal, condemns these regulations. Their necessity is too obvious to be denied. A single bomb dropped at any one of a number of points would have had too far-reaching results to permit any precaution to be omitted.

Every passenger arriving in the Canal Zone was an object of the most intense suspicion. What is more, you were made to feel it, and spent hours and hours unravelling tape several shades redder and much more firmly tied than that unwound before leaving New York, in a vain effort to free yourself from sensations akin to those of an ordinary criminal at large.



Almost all corners of Panama are quaint, even in those portions of the city that are supposedly devoted exclusively to business.

The unwinding process started before landing at Colon. Our pedigrees were minutely taken under severe cross-examination while still on the steamer. As a matter of general interest only, now that the war is over, I might add that every steamer coming into Panama at this time numbered two or three United States secret service men among its passengers. Your most casual remark on shipboard was therefore apt to crop up against you during this cross-examination.

Every article was removed from our trunks as soon as these were landed on the pier, and most severely scrutinized. Suspicious looking articles were taken away for further examination elsewhere. So were suspicious looking individuals, and at least two of these failed to return.

One of these, by the way, was a Turk travelling on a sort of provisional passport supposed to be signed by the British and French commanders in Palestine. The other was a six-foot, two-hundred-pound negro woman that had been nicknamed Snowball on board, because of her fondness for white dresses thin enough for the black to show through. Snowball was travelling on a Spanish passport, although it turned out



The cathedral is a typically Spanish church structure, its buff walls mellowed with age, and tinged green with moss. Its setting, fronting a plaza that is a mass of palms and tropical plants, is highly artistic.

that she did not speak a word of Spanish. In fact, she claimed to have been practicing medicine in Philadelphia for a number of years.

All of which took time—considerable of it, and the pier was hot. We had been standing for nearly three hours, in addition.

When this examination was finally finished, we were ordered to report at the Provost Marshal's office to fill out some more blanks, and to secure a permit to live. At any rate, if you did not have this permit you could neither stay on the Canal Zone, nor get off of it.

The Provost Marshal's office was a room about twelve feet square in one corner of the pier. Somewhat over a hundred passengers tried to get into it at once. We were among the last. We calculated that, at the apparent rate of progress ahead of us, we might get inside the office in about two hours. We accordingly innocently decided to run up to the Washington Hotel for tea, and return later. I don't know how we managed to get by the guard at the gate of the outside enclosure without being shot, but we certainly did. We had finished our tea by the time that the first of our fellow passengers finally showed up at the hotel.

Now that the war is over, and some relaxation of stringent regulations has taken place, I think it is safe to make a confession, even though this may reach the eyes of the Canal authorities. It was so delightful at the Washington that we stayed on until the very last minute to catch the 5:15 train for Panamá. We never even thought of the registration again until after the train had started. It was then too late to turn back.

All of this may sound as though we regarded the matter lightly. I can assure you that such was not the case. We were actually on the isthmus, not only without any legitimate authority, but in utter disregard of carefully explained regulations. While we did not know what the penalty for our



The dense shade of Santa Ana plaza makes it the favorite lounging place of the city.

Although automobiles have invaded Panama in hordes, the popular conveyance is still the old fashioned "coche" drawn by diminutive horses.

delinquency would be, we knew that in war times it was bound to be severe. The least our friends on the train predicted was imprisonment in a dungeon for a year or two. It was a deucedly uncomfortable feeling, and considerably dampened the pleasure of what would have otherwise been a most enjoyable two hours' run across the isthmus. The only consolation was that we could be back in Colon early next morning, and I felt that a humble apology for my carelessness might have some weight in mitigating our sentence.

The next morning I felt decidedly braver. I decided to postpone my trip back to Colon, and try calling on the Provost Marshal at the Panama end of the line first.

The Provost Marshal's office in Panama, or rather Balboa, was quite different from that in Colon. It was a big airy room on the ground floor of a rambling office building surrounded by wide verandahs. A single sergeant of marines was the only person visible. There were plenty of electric fans, but no crowd of passengers demanding attention.

I entered with considerable trepidation, and started to

explain. The sergeant cut me short—filled out a formidable looking blank, took my thumb-print, and sent me over to a bottle of gasoline in the corner. When I came back, he handed me a permit to leave for both of us. I had broken the law, and done in less than five minutes what required two protracted and tiresome trips, one to register and the other to secure this permit to leave, on the part of those who had observed the regulations.

Nevertheless, I went back to the hotel in my Ford jitney with a big load off my mind.

Of course, no cameras were allowed in the Canal Zone. Simply to carry one around meant trouble, while to be seen taking pictures meant imprisonment for life.

There are several regiments stationed on the zone to guard the canal. Whole companies are distributed along the locks as a boat goes through. These soldiers are armed with real rifles. A passenger not long ago thought he would risk one picture of one of the locks from the upper deck of a steamer. One of the guards saw him, and shot instantly. The camera flew out of the passenger's hands in pieces. The passenger was unhurt, but this was accidental. He was also removed instantly from the vessel, and did not continue his trip to South America.

All of which indicates why no pictures of the canal are presented here. None were taken.

THE Panama Canal has been so thoroughly described that nothing I could say regarding its engineering features would be of the slightest interest. I can certainly not add to existing knowledge as to its construction, appearance, or operation.

After having been across the Isthmus four times, and through the Canal twice, I am almost ashamed to confess to

how few facts and figures relating to it have stuck by me. As a matter of fact, now that the canal is in prosaic operation, most of these facts and figures, or the work to which they pertain, are very little in evidence.

The flooding of Gatun Lake has buried forever all evidence of thousands of engineering difficulties. Culebra cut is a third deeper than it looks. No one passing through the various locks in a comfortable steamer can form the slightest idea of the thousands of tons of concrete that lie entirely hidden beneath. I could n't, so I won't try to impress anyone else.



The church of Santa Ana is more ornate and possibly even larger than the cathedral itself.

The plaza on which it stands, and which was either named after the church, or vice versa, is one of the most attractive in the city.

(It would have been easy to have secured all sorts of material from the many books on the Canal.)

We even heard a lecture later on, on one of the west coast steamers, that had some mighty good material in it. The lecturer was one of the engineers in charge of important parts of the work, and I could have used a lot of what he told us to advantage here, if my attention had not been constantly distracted. The lecturer was rather nervous. As he talked, he gradually worked his coat sleeves up above his elbows,

exposing a pair of very pink shirt sleeves. These gradually followed his coat sleeves up his arms, and his undershirt was of red flannel. The process was repeated many times, to the immense amusement of the audience, and to considerable distraction from the subject in hand. Had it not been for this, in fact, I would have known all about the Canal.

There is, however, one feature of the Panama Canal that I would describe if I could. Strange as it may seem, this particular feature has never even been mentioned, as far as I know, in all that has been written on the subject.

I refer to the scenic beauty of the Canal; to the attention that has been given to make it attractive in appearance, involving landscape gardening on a stupendous scale. Whether you are passing through the Canal on a steamer, or crossing it by the Panama Railroad, you are surprised and overwhelmed by the gorgeousness of the frame in which the narrow silver band of water that connects the two oceans is set.

Gatun locks and the big dam are surrounded by immense stretches of smooth turf, kept trimmed by droves of power motors. These sweeps of velvety green reach off to dark tropical forests in the distance. Gatun lake is marvelously beautiful. Every hundred yards you sail on it discloses new vistas up one projecting arm or another, or brings into sight new groups of jungle covered islands and islets.

Further on, the jungle has been cleared from the hills on both sides of the Canal, and has been replaced by a thick growth of coarse grass that is pale green in color. These hills are smoothly rounded, and look from a little distance as though they were covered with apple-green velvet. Behind them are higher hills that still show the deep blue-green of the jungle, and above these rise the dark-blue mountains of the distance.

An occasional clump of banana trees, a royal palm on the top of one of the low hills near at hand, add to the charm.

The scene is constantly changing, but always beautiful.

If you take the five o'clock train from Colon, you reach the tunnel that takes you through the last of the hills on the Pacific side just at dusk. As you round the final curve, the most beautiful sight of all is spread out before you, a broad flat valley, smooth and green, across which the Canal can be seen like a silver ribbon. Directly below you are Miraflores locks, their white concrete contrasting sharply with the dark green turf. Until then you have, perhaps, never realized that these masses of concrete can be architecturally handsome. The daylight fades suddenly, and, as you watch, row after row of light on the high columns that line the lock is turned on, until the lock looks like an exposition city in a wonderful tropical setting.

Ahead, the last light of the day is reflected on the Pacific. Against the dying glow the huge mass of the new Administration building appears like a Greek temple, covering the top of a hill rising abruptly from the plain.

Twilight is short in this latitude, so near the equator. Panama is only a mile further, but it is dark by the time the train pulls into the station.

PASSING through the Panama Canal in a steamer is rather a tedious process.

Nearly everyone flocks to the upper deck, where there are no seats and no shade. The resulting sunburn is a lasting, but rather unpleasant souvenir of the occasion.

The locks and their operation are, of course, interesting. As there are six of these, and it takes an hour to pass through each of them, the process becomes monotonous. The electric locomotives that draw the ship through look like beetles, especially when they climb the steep slope from one lock level to the other.

The amount of hitching and unhitching that the steamer

goes through is enormous. This is in the hands of Jamaican negroes. It is a job they must thoroughly enjoy—active work for a few minutes, then a long wait while the lock fills up or empties. A walk of a few hundred feet holding the end of a hawser is followed by a half hour nap in the broiling sun.

Every one watches as the water is turned on and bubbles up in the bottom of the lock, and again as the chain stretched across the lock ahead of the steamer automatically drops before the big gates open.

But the whole operation is a drowsy one, and you don't



Why the sun appears to rise in the Pacific Ocean in the City of Panama!

The Panama Canal extends from the northwest to the southeast, and not from east to west, as is generally supposed.

blame the negroes. You are half inclined to follow suit, but feel that maybe it would n't be good form to sleep while such a ceremony as passing through the canal is in progress. The only really wideawake ones are the soldiers on guard, lining both sides of the locks at close intervals. Also, of course, the enthusiasts on the upper deck, who have n't felt their sun-burn yet.

As far as the stretches between the locks are concerned, the canal might be an ordinary river. The banks are pretty, but have a sameness that becomes tiresome. Gatun lake with

its myriad islands is wonderfully attractive. Culebra cut is perhaps a trifle disappointing, until it is remembered how much of the cut is under water.

The steamer generally clears the last lock, Miraflores, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and by five is well out in the Bay of Panama. During the war no stop was made at Balboa. As the canal opens into the bay on the other side of Ancon hill from the city of Panama, a glimpse of the latter is not had until the ship has cleared Naos island, connected to the mainland by a breakwater over three miles long.

There are many other islands in the bay, some rocky, others covered with luxuriant forests of tropical trees. The water is like glass, and is dotted with fishing boats, their triangular sails orange or dark red against the deep blue of the ocean. There are also numerous torpedo boats, and an extensive mine field, but this latter is not visible. A whale or two may wander over to inspect the steamer, but there are no submarines. One wonders, incidentally, how the whales that are so common in the bay of Panama manage to escape the mine fields. Perhaps they don't.

The sunset is apt to be very fine.

It is much cooler now, and those that have been sitting up on the roof of the boat wander down to put cold cream on their faces.

A NUMBER of months after we sailed out of the Panama Canal bound south, we finally found ourselves approaching it again, bound in the opposite direction. War time regulations were still in force. The Chilean steamer which we were on had a native captain that spoke only a few words of English. It was his first voyage into the war zone. We approached Panama very cautiously one evening. About midnight a destroyer came up and hailed us. There is a regular formula that is gone through with, through a mega-

phone, on such occasions. Our captain's English was quite sufficient until the question came,

"What nationality are you?"—No answer.

The question was repeated more impatiently—Still no answer. Every passenger was grouped along the rail, mostly in pajamas, awaiting the captain's reply breathlessly. Some may even have thought that the next thing on the program would be a four-inch shell. Of course we knew that the destroyer knew who we were and all about us, still--the captain hesitated.

"Oh, say!" finally came from the destroyer, "are you a Peruvian?"

The explosive "no" of the captain can only be appreciated by those who know something of the antagonism between the Peruvians and the Chileans.

The pajama-clad audience chuckled audibly, so audibly that the search-light of the destroyer was moved down to rest on the lower deck. The light came from a point not over twenty yards away, and was distinctly dazzling. In spite of this, enough could be seen to make some of us chuckle even more audibly.

DOWN THE
WEST COAST
PANAMA
TO LIMA, PERU

THERE are three lines of steamers running from Panama down the west coast of South America—the Peruvian, the Chilean, and the English. Of these, the steamers of the Chilean line are by far the most remarkable, and, strange to say, probably the most comfortable, although some travelers prefer the Peruvian.

The Chilean steamers are built to a plan that is all their own. It is said that this plan was suggested to the ship-builders in Scotland by the Chilean company owning the line, and that it was designed to meet their ideas of a vessel suitable for the west-coast trade. The Scottish ship-builders, when they saw these plans, threw up their hands in horror. No one but a Chilean could have conceived such a vessel; the plans were impractical, and they would never build a ship according to them. They did n't, either, but introduced various modifications that made the vessels unique, and that nearly caused war between Chile and Scotland when the boats were finally delivered. This was a long time ago, and the story may be a slight exaggeration.

In the first place, the Scottish builders, or maybe the Chilean designers, got the boilers and smoke-stacks so far aft that they tilt the boats down at the stern very decidedly. The front of the boat therefore sticks up, away out of the water, and everything looks as though it were slipping off backward. The builders accordingly added a very rakish clipper bow to increase the effect.

But this is not the most exciting feature.

As far as the passenger is concerned, there is no inside to one of these steamers. This is a remarkable statement but not exaggerated. The state-rooms are all on deck, in a long row, back to back, facing out where all of your friends congregate. This is especially interesting when you come out and waltz down the deck in a bath-robe on a breezy morning. However, there are compensations. You can lie in your berth and listen, through the slats of your front door, to all the gossip going on outside on deck. Once in a while, if your state-room is rather far forward, you won't hear gossip through the door, but the splash of waves, and you are lucky if you only hear these, at that.

On warm nights—but there will be only a few of these on the west-coast trip—if you hear the noise of doors being pushed back, you slip on your bath-robe and join the others along the rail. There is sure to be a portly Peruvian in a red flannel wrapper among the crowd, perhaps a Jap in a blue flowered kimono. Later on the party breaks up, and you slip back to bed, to listen to the electric fan with a flat wheel in the next room, the thin board partition acting as a sounding-board.

The captains, chief engineers, and pursers of these boats are for the most part English, but all of the others are Chileans. The boats are clean and well kept, but service in the dining-room is perhaps not quite as fastidious as one is accustomed to.

The food is, of course, Chilean—very much so—but not bad. We actually got more to eat on the *Aysen* than on the *Carillo* of the United Fruit Company, worked according to the rules of the United States Food Commission. This, however, is not a fair comparison.

The little printed menus of these boats are cheerful things, and very interesting. Some one at some time in the distant past translated most of the names of the Chilean dishes into

English, and the English and Spanish names appear in parallel columns. The trouble is, the combination has since been mislaid, and the two sets no longer agree. When you order one thing, you are like as not to get another, but this does n't matter a great deal. You won't know what you get, anyway.

Mention must be made right here of the national dish of Chile, *cazuela*. This *cazuela de ave* (chicken, literally bird, *cazuela*), *cazuela de buey* (beef *cazuela*), or whatever *cazuela* it happens to be, is a thin, watery soup, decorated with curdled white of egg, and with a boiled potato and a piece of meat swimming around in its center. After you have



The "Aysen" of the Chilean line. The clipper bow and the peculiar location of the smoke-stacks so far aft, give all the boats of this line a decidedly unusual and distinctive appearance, but they are very comfortable.

finished the soup, you take your knife and fork, and polish off the solid ingredients. It might, in fact, be termed a watery Irish stew, if it didn't come at the head of the program. *Cazuela* meets you the first day out on the steamer, and dogs your path down the whole west coast.

There are many other dishes that are equally odd. Maybe you will like these, maybe you won't, but at any rate it is not difficult to get enough to eat of what you do like. As a

last resort you can fall back on boiled eggs, which are plentiful, scrambled eggs, and poached eggs, if you know how to order these last in Spanish—most Spaniards don't.

Early coffee, with fruit and rolls, is generally served in your state-room. The formal breakfast at noon and dinner at seven can hardly be distinguished from each other. Tea is served in the dining-saloon, not on deck, in midafternoon.

None of these west-coast steamers is equipped with a refrigerating plant. All of the meat must therefore be carried along on the hoof. As far as beef and mutton are concerned, you will only hear, not see, this, unless you go prowling around below decks. You come to know the chickens, geese, turkeys intimately, however, before their turn comes, and they disappear into the cazuela. Their cages are on the after part of the main deck—little houses neatly painted white that you pass on your afternoon walk.

No deck passengers are carried out of Panama on these steamers, but further on down the coast this broad open after deck fills up with the mattresses of hundreds of poor unfortunates, who have no protection against the chill trade winds of the South excepting their thin blankets. They huddle up in these and sleep most of the day, with only their noses showing, but suddenly come to life when great buckets of steaming cazuela are carried around by barefooted sailors. An interminable and completely unintelligible card game, played with a greasy pack of Spanish cards, also holds forth back here, surrounded by an excited ring of onlookers. As the game reaches its crisis, even the numerous parrots carried as an apparently necessary part of the impedimenta of these wayfarers, join in the shrill racket.

To travel on one of these native west-coast steamers is an experience that must be had by every one visiting South America, despite the possible superior advantages of the new through American line that is to-day beginning to run regularly from New York clear through to Valparaiso. It

is, in fact, a necessary part of one's South American education. But it is, withal, a comfortable kind of experience, and you will sail on day after day until you probably become so used to your strange surroundings that they will cease to be strange, and you will catch yourself wondering whether the good old-fashioned kind of steamer ever existed.

It must be added, however, that to some travelers these boats will be a nightmare. These are the persons that can't stand *cazuela* and Chilean *panqueques*.

MOST of us would undoubtedly imagine that the ship, after reaching the open sea, would turn to the left, and commence its voyage down the coast with land on that side. As a matter of fact, it does nothing of the kind. Instead, it swings to the right, and until way after dark the first night out keeps close to the right hand shore. This is very confusing. It makes you feel as though the ship had decided to go to San Francisco instead of Valparaiso. However, you comfort yourself with a realization of the perversity of directions in Panama, and don't try to puzzle it out.

The compass would show, if you took the trouble to look, that the course that is being followed is due south. The land on the right is merely a mountainous peninsula projecting in that direction. Both north and south bound vessels follow its coast in leaving Panama. Ships bound up the coast double the point of this peninsula. The *Aysen* knew where it was going, and kept right on south. This was way after dark.

The next day there was no land in sight at all. The coast of South America makes a deep bend to the east just below Panama. Further down it bulges to the west again.

When we did finally pick up the coast of Ecuador on the third day, it was on the left, where it should be. Our sense of direction recovered its confidence, and gave us no further trouble on the entire trip.

Our view of Ecuador was scanty. There were high moun-

tains along the coast, but we only caught a glimpse of them through the heavy clouds of the rainy season. A few offshore islands were more visible.

The equator, which we crossed about this time, was also hidden in the clouds. Either that, or it was high tide. We did n't see it anyway, so there was little excitement on board. There never is on these west coast steamers, but those travelling down the east coast make quite a ceremony of the event.

PAITA is the first sample of Peru that is exhibited to travellers down the west coast. As a sample, it is decidedly a failure, being about as forlorn a place as one could well imagine.

The coast that is spread out before you as the steamer lies at anchor in the little open bay is also a sample—of the utter barrenness that will accompany you nearly all the way to Valparaiso. The strangeness of this barren coast will wear off quickly as you move on southward, but this will not cause you to look back on Paita with much greater respect.

The view is a desolate one—the abomination of desolation—sand hills, gravelly plateaus torn and twisted into odd shapes, and hazy mountains in the distance. There are no signs of vegetation anywhere. The cream colored buildings of the town lie along the shore with dusty sand hills behind them.

There are a few outstanding features of Paita that will be well remembered, namely,—

1. **FLIES**—Millions of them, swarming everywhere in thick black clouds. You can not walk on the little sidewalks without treading on them. Thickest, of course, around the open air market, which is held in the sandy bed of a dry arroyo.

2. **PIRATES**—Paita is the first port where you encounter west coast pirates. These are the *fleteros* or boatmen that swarm around your steamer as soon as the captain of the port in his brilliant uniform, has left.

Most of them along this part of the coast are strong indian types, clad in shirts and trousers of obvious antiquity, and always on the point of parting company.

You are obliged to deal with these pirates. There is no other way to get ashore than in their small boats—this applies equally to the busy port of Valparaiso as to dead and buried Paita. Up here in Peru it is not as bad, as there is an official tariff. Even the least skillful user of Spanish will rarely pay more than double the amount, a moderate one, that it specifies.

3. The Post Office at Paita is a frame building on the waterfront. It is not very pretentious, but you finally find it by dint of considerable enquiry. Everyone will, of course, have letters to mail home.

But you can't buy postage stamps at the post office itself. This is a curious situation that exists pretty universally throughout Peru. The selling of postage stamps is apparently a private enterprise.

At Paita you are referred to the rear of the building, which projects out over the water. You go down a rickety pier and turn into a back entrance that leads you to what may either be taken as a dining-room or an aviary. At least, there is a dining-table and dishes visible, while around the walls are cages of every conceivable size and shape. The birds in them are also of every conceivable size and shape, and color. A parrot was asleep on the floor in one corner, curled up like a dog in an old piece of carpet. An elderly woman, assisted by two girls, will stop their preparation of dinner long enough to sell you the stamps you want.

IT never rains at Paita, at least, that is the popular tradition. Others say it rains once in seven years, fourteen years, or thirty-eight years. There is really a great diversity of opinion, and it is difficult to secure any exact data. The subject seems to be treated in a legendary rather than a historical manner.



Paita, the first city of Peru that is reached going down the west coast, is unkempt, dusty, and flyridden. The plaza is the most pretentious spot of the city, but that is not saying a great deal. The church, while ornate, is merely a shell of frame and plaster.

In order to place the question on a solid footing once for all, I will state that it rained in Paita the day before we passed through there the first time. This was March sixth, 1918. In spite of the great length of time that will elapse before these notes can be completed, a publisher found, and the printed book appear, this record should find its way to Paita long before the next rain is due.

To complete the record, the rain of 1918 was an unusually heavy one. It even partially laid the dust of the city. To have done so completely would have required a deluge which would have been fatal to the mud-plastered buildings.

EVERYBODY that travels up or down the west coast of South America either expects to or is expected to buy a Panama hat.

The only place that this can be done, I was going to say advantageously, but I really mean excitedly, is Paita. Better specimens can be secured at various Ecuadorian ports, but the regular steamers make no stops. So Paita makes the most of

the opportunity. The sale of Panama hats is apparently one of the chief industries of the place. The deck of the steamer becomes a struggling and shouting marketplace.

Show your head out of your stateroom door, and you are surrounded by barefooted scalawags with a score of hats in bundles slung under their arms. The hat that is violently waved in front of your face is always worth eight pounds, or twelve pounds, or even more. You display no interest, that is, if you are wise. They will return to the attack later, or others equally ragged will take their place. Towards noon it will probably be in order to make one of the vagabonds a counter offer, say one pound on an eight pound hat. More pandemonium breaks loose. A deadlock ensues.

You go ashore, and they lay for you when you return. By this time they are down to four pounds, and you are up to a pound and a half. (Peruvian pounds, by the way, are generally about equal to sterling, but actually worth more during the last year of the war. A five dollar bill will do as well.) The last excited bargaining is done as the shore bell rings. As the last ragamuffin goes down the ladder over the side, you get the hat you have been after for two pounds. That is, you do if he has n't substituted another and inferior one when you were n't looking—a common trick.

As a matter of fact, there is almost as much system in this bargaining as there is noise and excitement. The hats that are offered roughly group themselves into three grades; a cheap lot that you can secure for about one pound, no matter what was originally asked, with up to about nine rings in the crown; the medium class that are finally sold at about two pounds, with nine to twelve or thirteen rings; and a very few exceptionally fine hats with fifteen, sixteen, or eighteen rings, that will cost you three or four pounds, but for which as high as twenty or thirty pounds may be asked at the start. No matter how much you bargain, you will never get a perfect twelve-ring hat for one pound, unless the vendor falls asleep.

Once in a great while a slip-up of this kind does happen—probably about as often as it rains in Paita. The secretary-valet of Mr. Guggenheim came in for a beautiful eighteen ring hat through some accident. Later on, he lost it out of the car window down in Chile—easy come, easy go.

For the uninitiated, the number of rings in the crown is not the only criterion for judging Panama hats. The fineness and smoothness of the weave are equally important points. The hat when held against the light should show no thin places. The straw should be continuous and not patched. Seventeen other important details are known only to experts. There will be between twenty and thirty of these on each vessel, so no one need fear a lack of advice. Even one of the Chilean firemen up for a breathing spell and watching the fun, may join in to assist you.

THE coast from Paita on is always in sight, and always desolate and forbidding. If your stateroom is on the inshore side, you can lie in your berth and look out at the Andes through your open door. They are massive mountains, and look interesting, but the foreground of the picture is dreary and barren, and without visible sign of life or vegetation.

Even at the various open ports where the steamer anchors, Pacasmayo, Eten, Pimental, Salaverry, and others, a few buildings only can be made out, a pier at which lighters land their cargo, and perhaps the signs of a railroad running somewhere back into the mountain valleys.

The only exception to this universal desolation is the broad, flat, well irrigated valley in which stands the little city of Trujillo, its white buildings gleaming over the green trees that surround it. Trujillo is several miles inland, but the intervening country is flat, and the city can be readily seen from the steamer, an oasis along the desert coast.

Just above Trujillo on the same flat plain, are the ruins

of one of the largest prehistoric cities of Peru, known as Chan Chan. Some of these ruins can be made out from the steamer, if you have a good glass. This part of the plain has again become a desert, but in those days every inch of it was under irrigation, and the valley supported a large population. A little further up an old Spanish church stands alone in all its glory. It is a church the size of a cathedral, in the very midst of the desert, and apparently miles away from any signs of life.

The Andes behind Trujillo and along this stretch of coast are unusually fine. Coming down to the shore in bold headlands here and there, they pile upon each other in range after range, to the furthest coal black peaks, 15,000 to 18,000 feet high. The very tops of these peaks were just touched by the same setting sun that reflected from the whitewashed façade of the desert church and turned it to a bright pink as the *Aysen* passed.

SUGAR is one of the principal products of the long stretch of Peruvian seacoast between Paita and Callao. The cane is raised in the flat, irrigated valleys leading back into the mountains, and the raw sugar is loaded at various small open roadsteads, Salaverry, Eten, and others, for shipment to Chile, where it is refined. There are no sugar refineries in Peru, although the sugar production is large. No sugar whatever is produced in Chile, although there are several large refineries in operation, a rather curious state of affairs.

The steamer, after leaving Paita, ambles down the coast, and spends hours each day anchored off these loading-places, called ports by courtesy, picking up a hundred tons of sugar here, four hundred tons there, and a couple of hundred tons at the next place. The little lighters lying alongside bob up and down in the heavy swell, and the deck of the steamer swarms with scantily clad stevedores. It is advisable to lock your stateroom door and window while these periods of load-

ing are on. The peculiar arrangement of the ship brings the various hatches directly in front of the staterooms. These side hatchways have been designed to facilitate loading from a number of small lighters simultaneously. At the same time they render the loading and discharge of cargo an intimate and all-pervading process from which there is no escape, a process that goes on right alongside of your steamer chair, and all around you.

It is this intimate connection between passengers and cargo, and the informality with which you can and do enter into a close association with all that takes place in the ship, from its navigation, the bridge is merely a roped off part of the upper deck, to the galley where you watch dinner being prepared, and to the secrets of the lowest hold, that render a trip on one of these west coast steamers an experience that is decidedly different from steamer travel elsewhere. On other lines of travel all of these are things apart. The passengers are herded into what amounts to a floating hotel, and carefully guarded from such things as navigation and cooking. The cargo is all loaded hours before you board the vessel, and half the time you don't know whether your ship carries any or not. On a west coast steamer you are scattered broadcast, and thrown into the midst of everything. The wheels revolve on all sides of you constantly, both figuratively, and, when cargo is being loaded or discharged, literally.

It is a new form of steamer travel to which you are introduced, at many times full of interest, at some equally full of surprises, but gradually becoming tedious, as the ship welters hour after hour in the heavy swells, while the shrieking of the donkey engines and the shouting of the stevedores fill the air so completely that there is no escape.

LARGE numbers of cattle are also shipped from these northern ports of Peru to Callao, where they are fattened on the broad flats of the lower Rimac Valley, and then

consumed in Lima, or shipped up into the mining regions over the Oroya Railroad. Pacasmayo is the principal port for loading these cattle, but a few of the other places suffer from the same affliction.

Loading cattle is, if anything, more tedious an operation than loading sugar.

It is also even more intimate, as a strong cattle odor pervades the ship, and the mooing of the terrified animals is added to the shouting of the men and the rattle of chains and engines. In fact, most of the passengers don't enjoy the loading of cattle much more than the animals themselves do, especially if it keeps up all night just outside your stateroom door, as it does occasionally.

The cattle are brought alongside packed into lighters like sardines in a can. It is sometimes difficult to extricate the first one, but at any rate none of the animals can fall down when the lighter jumps over a swell larger than usual.

In the old days the cattle were hoisted on board by a rope around their horns. This caused too much distress—among the passengers. It has since been changed to using a broad



No steamer gets down the west coast without loading several hundred head of cattle at the various northern ports of Peru. The cattle are brought alongside packed like sardines in small lighters, their horns roped to the thwart.

canvas sling that passes under the body of the steer. While somewhat less offensive to the onlooker, it sometimes seems as though this must be almost as unpleasant to the animal. The sling has the habit of slipping at critical moments, among other things.

Most people prefer to hide themselves in a secluded part of the ship while cattle are being loaded. At least, most of us think we would. Of course, there are n't any secluded corners on one of these boats, but even if there were, I doubt whether they would be quite as overcrowded as expected.



None of the steers appear to enjoy the casual manner in which they are swung aboard the vessel.

There is a sort of fascination about the proceedings that keeps you, and everyone else, at the rail, regardless of your tender-hearted inclinations. The cattle don't seem to enjoy the affair. They announce their discomfort and dissatisfaction most vigorously. Neither do you exactly enjoy the performance, but you stay nevertheless, generally so close that you can reach out and touch the backs of the animals as they sail by in their slings, and are dropped down onto the smooth steel floor of the deck below.

As they strike this floor they slip and stumble, fall down and have to be prodded to their feet again so as to

have the sling removed. Some are so terrified that they refuse to move, and the combined efforts of the gang of bull-fighters armed with sharp-pointed goads is necessary to get them out of the way of the rapidly descending hoofs of the next steer. Others charge the group of barefooted indians as soon as they gain their feet, so vigorously at times that the men have to take to the piles of sugar bags that are handy. This follows the approved bull fight style. When this happens, everyone either cheers, or feels like doing so.

There is, in fact, a good deal of morbidness that roots you to the spot hour after hour. You are constantly keyed up with the expectation that something is going to happen. Whatever it is that you are expecting must necessarily be unpleasant, such as dropping a steer too abruptly onto the steel deck and breaking its leg, but this makes no difference. Generally, your patience is rewarded.

Off Pacasmayo on our particular trip, one of the steers slipped out of the sling while in midair. There was a heavy sea on that day. As the animal fell, a wave carried the lighter away from the side of the ship, leaving a strip of clear water between. This was rather fortunate for the steer, and it took the fullest possible advantage of its good luck. The lighter swung back into place over the spot where the poor beast disappeared. Finally it reappeared—clear on the other side of the lighter, and struck out for the shore only three or four miles away. The unfortunate animal was actually half-way to land before it was overtaken and lassoed by two men in a rowboat, to be ingloriously hauled back to the side of the ship and hoisted on board after all.

When the last animal has swung in over the rail, and the lighters finally drift away, the tension breaks, and everyone breathes a sigh of relief—because it was no worse. The steamer hauls up its anchor and makes off down the coast for the next port, where more sugar, or cattle, or both, will be waiting.

FIVE thousand tons of guano are taken annually from three or four small islands off the Peruvian coast that the steamer passes just before reaching Callao. These islands are not large, merely the peaks of submerged mountains rising from the Pacific some miles off shore. They are for the most part bold masses of smooth rock. Mazorea, the largest, has a hole clear through it on the waterline big enough to sail a boat through.

It is very difficult to give an idea of the stupendous numbers of sea-birds that inhabit these barren rocks. A census of the bird population has, of course, never been taken, so there are no figures available, but some birdologist ought to be able to estimate roughly the number of seagulls and other birds that would deposit this amount of guano each year. This estimate would undoubtedly run up into tens and hundreds of millions, and then probably fall short of the mark. Besides that, it would still be difficult to convey a conception of what these millions upon millions of birds really mean. A single flock of cormorants observed at the Chincha islands along this coast would consume in a year a weight of fish equal to one-half of the entire annual catch of the fisheries of the United States. Besides cormorants, there are albatross, petrels, pelicans, gulls, and any number of other marine species.

Viewed from the steamer, which passed comparatively close to these islands just after sunset, every inch of available surface is so covered with birds that the sharp outlines of the rock are blurred, and the whole island appears as though covered with a gray and white velvety moss. Turn a good glass on this moss, and the imagination is fairly staggered. Above the island hover enormous black clouds, like gigantic swarms of bees, that circle the peak, spread out in a haze over the surrounding water, or shoot hundreds of feet into the air like huge puffs of smoke.

This is only the beginning.

At this time in the evening, more birds are coming from every direction, winging their way home for the night. Puffs of clouds on the horizon resolve themselves into compact swarms as they pass over the steamer. Long undulating lines of black, delicately penciled across the surface of the water, are composed of birds flying in single file. Some of these lines reach clear to the horizon. Others are shorter, or form vast spirals and circles a few feet above the water. There is no timidity displayed. The birds disregard the steamer altogether in their flight, and pass so near at times that every feather is clearly visible.

The air is full of shrill cries, harsh calls, and the beating of thousands and thousands of strong wings.

CALLAO is reached during the night, eight days out of Panama. The roar of the chains as the anchors are let go is guaranteed to awaken the heaviest sleeper. If you are fortunate, you can turn over in your berth and see the many lights of the city across the water. Otherwise you slip on a bathrobe and wander around to the rail on the more favored side. The semicircle of electric lights is only a few cable-lengths away. Occasionally the lights of a car threading the narrow streets is seen. A dull glow on the sky is Lima, nine miles inland. Many ships lie around you with their anchor lights burning. The scene is a brilliant one, until you begin to get cold.

When you come on deck in the morning, you will probably be somewhat disappointed. The city, seen across the smooth water of the little bay, is pretty, masses of pink and yellow and gray buildings, even from this distance a little the worse for wear, and punctuated with palms sticking up like feather dusters. But it really seems much smaller than you had expected, for a city of 40,000 inhabitants and the principal port of all Peru. A part of the lights seen the night before turn out to belong to La Punta, a small residential resort on the



Entrance to the small inner basin at Callao. Red sails, pink awnings, a snowy white lighthouse, buff walls, and bright blue water give the true Italian effect.

point beyond Callao. The same dark blue and olive-yellow mountains you met further up the coast are still plainly in evidence. The country on the whole seems almost as dry as elsewhere along the Peruvian seacoast, excepting where the Rimac valley opens into the bay a little to the left of Callao.

The harbor of Callao is a good one, as west coast harbors go, fairly well protected from the usual southwest swells by a mountain conveniently rising from the sea just beyond La Punta. A small channel between this island and the point is used only by fishing boats. There is less protection from a storm from the northwest, but one rarely comes from that quarter. On the whole, Callao seems completely landlocked, after experiencing the vicissitudes of the open roadsteads at practically every other port up and down the coast.

The harbor is a busy one, with fifty or sixty ships always at anchor there. A long stone jetty, forming one side of the small inner harbor for small boats, cost eight and a half million soles (about \$4,100,000), and is well equipped with cranes and other freight handling machinery. A few small steamers and sailing vessels take advantage of this magnificent pier, but

the bulk of all the freight entering and leaving the port is still handled by lighters. Passenger steamers still follow their time-honored custom, anchor out, and allow the passengers to look out for themselves. This is not so difficult here, where the distance is short and the water comparatively smooth.

Over towards La Punta a group of Peruvian cruisers and torpedo boats attract your attention, one or two submarines among them. Launches dash back and forth, primitive fishing boats with dark red sails thread their way out to sea, and heavy lighters are already making their slow way towards the side of your steamer.

NOT that you have much chance to enjoy the beauties of Callao harbor. The deck around you is already in far too great confusion. Stewards are dashing madly about, dragging steamer trunks, parrots in cages, valises, baskets, potted plants, go-carts, and innumerable and indescribable bundles from the staterooms, making enormous piles of this weirdly assorted impedimenta along the rails.

The port doctor has already arrived. His launch, flying a magnificent red and white Peruvian flag, is being fended off the side of the ship by swarthy barefooted sailors in dirty white. Favored ones that have been allowed on board, strictly against the regulations, are scouring the decks in parties of ten or more, and surround, embrace, and pound their friends loudly and lovingly on the back, to the utter disregard of every one in the vicinity.

The bedlam becomes worse as the doctor descends the ladder and his shiny launch puffs away. In an instant the ship is surrounded by small boats and boarded from all sides at once. Your pile of luggage is assaulted by a dozen barefooted *fleteros*, each shouting that he saw it first. You single out a one-eyed man with the loudest voice, and he drives the others away with the luridness of his remarks. A piece of clothesline is hitched around the waist of one of your trunks, and down

it goes over the rail. You rush to the side with your heart in your mouth, to see it drop into the waiting rowboat below. The rest of your baggage follows in the same manner, generally without serious casualties, but not without keen anxiety. The boat rows away.

In your hurry to keep your possessions in sight, you rush for the companion ladder on the other side of the steamer, and jump into the launch that happens to be handiest. In your excitement, you naturally forget to say goodbye to any of your steamer friends. This makes little difference, as all of them will be at the Maury in Lima that night anyway.

For our part, we had planned to go ashore sedately with a party of our old standbys of the *Aysen*, only to find ourselves in a launch with a perfectly strange Peruvian family, that we had not even seen on board. They made room for us cordially, and we got away in good style.

The run in from the *Aysen* was a pleasant one. Entrance to the inner harbor is through a narrow gap in a heavy masonry jetty.

Nothing more picturesque than this little basin could be imagined,—the yellow masonry walls with stone steps to the water's edge here and there, circular embrasures, parapets draped with idlers, the miniature white lighthouse, red-sailed fishing boats and red-awned rowboats, the tinted buildings of the city behind, and the vivid blue water, reflecting everything like a mirror.

CUSTOM formalities in landing at Callao are not excessive. We were, however, deprived of our little portable typewriter, receiving a formidable receipt in exchange for it, as we could not see why we should pay thirteen dollars duty on it, with no refund, for the few weeks we were to be in Lima.

The courier of one of the hotels, who introduced himself to us at that moment, told us that if it had been any customs guard but this particular one, he could have fixed it for five

soles, about two dollars and a half. This information did us very little good.

We repeat it, however, for the benefit of other authors expecting to visit Peru, so that proper steps can be taken to avoid this incorruptible official.

It is only fair to add that we received our typewriter in good shape, on leaving Callao to proceed down the coast, later on.

CALLAO is rather attractive, seen from the water in the early morning.

It is decidedly grimy, moth-eaten, and uninteresting on closer inspection.

Consequently, you land, find your baggage among the crowds that infest every foot of the landing stage, have it passed, then make a beeline for the electric car to Lima.

And, as a general rule, you don't come back to Callao until you are ready to sail again.

FROM Callao to Lima there is both an electric and a steam railroad. This latter is on the main line from Callao through Lima to the mining regions behind and above—Cerro de Pasco and others. While frequent suburban service is maintained between the two places, the electric line is more convenient, and makes the trip in about twenty minutes.

The country is rather interesting and picturesque—green irrigated fields, pastures filled with yellow, black and red cattle brought here to fatten, rambling stone walls, here and there cottonwoods and poplars, or a crumbling house, the relic of former grandeur. The electric line follows the edge of the broad highway between the two cities that is said to predate the Spanish conquest. It has not been extensively repaired since. In spite of this, the bulk of the merchandise destined for Lima is hauled over it in heavy lumbering mule-carts, this being cheaper apparently than shipping by the railroad. An

occasional ox-cart is also seen, or a rider on horse or mule-back, through the dust that rises in impenetrable clouds as the procession moves on. Maybe a rift in the clouds will even disclose a hardy Ford, poised on the brink of one of the abysmal holes in the wornout road surface, ready for the leap across. Fortunately, the breeze is generally from the side on which the car tracks lie, and one rides with the clear open country on one hand, and a towering and billowing gray wall on the other.

The innumerable spires of Lima quickly come into view, and the car is shortly threading its way among the narrow streets of the city.

LIMA,
THE
CITY OF
THE PAST

LIMA is the "City of the Past."

A violent discussion to this effect took place just outside our state-room door the night before the *Aysen* reached Callao. The Peruvians in the crowd seemed immensely proud of the fact, judging from the emphasis with which they enlarged on the subject. The information was interesting and ably presented, but the door was of slats, and it was long after midnight. Natural result: we lost some of our interest in Peruvian antiquities.

As a matter of fact, we did not even visit the cathedral to inspect the earthly remains of Pizarro, the Spanish conqueror of Peru. Some friends of ours did, though, and we asked them if it was worth while. They said it certainly was, that the guide was most amusing, punctuating all of his remarks by hoping that God would grant them a safe journey home, and ending up by requesting them to give him his fee off in a corner behind one of the big stone columns, where the other guides would n't see the transaction. But our friends forgot to tell us about the bones of "Mr. Pizarro," as the guide persisted in calling him, so—well, at any rate, we know that they are there in a glass case, and we have heard from other sources that Mr. Pizarro was a big man, in size as well as in achievements.

There are also extensive relics of the Peruvian Incas, of the conquest, and of Spanish colonial days, out at the museum in the old exposition palace, which should be visited

by those so inclined. Many other antiquities abound in every corner of the city.

The most interesting of all is Lima itself.

A city of about a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, founded nearly five hundred years ago, Lima was for centuries the capital of all of Spanish South America. It has gradually lost much of the luster of its bygone grandeur—without losing the atmosphere that must have gone with it—which has gradually turned into a sort of dry mustiness that permeates the city and its people to this day. The city is little changed from colonial days in many respects, although it has added a veneer of modern improvements. These neither conceal the century-old appearance of its buildings, nor diminish the pride of its people in their past magnificence.

There is an undercurrent of ultraconservatism, some even call it dilapidation, over not only Lima, but all of Peru, that can be explained only as the result of some strong national characteristic. It is certainly not due to ignorance, because the people are highly cultured, and at least a sufficient proportion of them are keenly aware of the benefits of developing both their material resources and their immediate environment according to modern ideas. There is no mental apathy toward such improvement. These matters are agitated constantly, but the actual physical result in proportion to the amount of debate involved reminds one of the laboring mountain and the mouse.

This characteristic was finally explained to me by a man who had been a Peruvian for two generations. A Peruvian for twenty or thirty generations would certainly not have spoken quite so frankly.

Peruvians do lack initiative in active development work, my friend admitted readily. They make up for this by an excess of oratorical activity. This is a trait that is even to-day strongly characteristic of the Andalusian Spanish. Pizarro and the majority of his original followers came from

Andalusia. More Andalusians flocked to Peru than to other new-world provinces of the mother country. Mexico and Chile were, on the other hand, settled by the more material and progressive Catalonians. This also explains the prevalence of the enclosed projecting balcony in Peru, an architectural feature not found in other Spanish American countries.

This story is interesting, if true.



The heart of old Lima. One side of the "Plaza de Armas" with the "Portales de Botoneros" to the right, and one of the twin spires of the old cathedral in the distance. The automobile has invaded even this sanctuary of sixteenth and seventeenth century buildings.

THE Maury is the best, second-best, and probably the third-best hotel of Lima. After all, the Maury is not a hotel at all, but an institution, typifying in many ways the atmosphere of the whole city. There is the same appearance of genteel dilapidation, of modern conveniences mingled with the antique past, and the same air of having had a remarkable history and being proud of it. It may have had one, at that, but as far as we could learn this also has vanished, as has much of its former grandeur.

As a hotel, no adequate picture of the Maury can be given—it can't be described in terms of the Belmont or Astor. The first time you step inside its doors you are bound to be

startled, and the chances are you will never get over regarding it as an antique curiosity—but when you leave you will be surprised at how attached you have become to the place. And, later on, down in Chile, you will wish yourself back a great many times.

The Maury is comfortable, the service good, and cuisine excellent—better than anywhere on the west coast. The usual rates are rather reasonable, a Peruvian pound a day includes everything.

The main entrance to the Maury is a large Spanish colonial doorway, opening into a little court paved with a black and white marble checkerboard, and containing a rather startling statue. A glass partition with many old-fashioned colored inserts separates this from the dining-room, a large glassed-over patio just behind.

The office and bedrooms are all on the second floor. Up here the Maury wanders over the greater part of an entire block. It is really two or three hotels thrown together. The floor plan therefore is a mystic maze of interior patios, dark passages, many of which are blind, and unexpected steps, archways, and open spaces. We tried to get a plan of the hotel as a souvenir, but there are none in existence. This is not surprising. It would take a regular engineering party to make one.

After a stay of several months, one might navigate to the other side of the building with a compass, but not without considerable practice. We tried several times, but either never reached our destination, or, if we did, were unable to find our way back again. Those that have rooms on the far side prefer to go out into the street and down the block to the main entrance, to reach the dining-room.

The bedrooms are comfortable enough, and rather modernly furnished. Those on the outside have a private sitting-room with a huge barred window onto an interior patio. The sitting-room will contain an upholstered parlor suite, with all

the chairs lined up stiffly around the walls. The bedroom behind it is sure to have a brass bed and an enormous black walnut wardrobe. I never could exactly fathom why all large wardrobes are made of black walnut.

The bedroom opens onto the broad closed-in balcony that projects over the sidewalk and is such a feature in all Peruvian houses. This is, on the whole, a very comfortable arrangement. The main difficulty is that the toilet arrangements are all out on the balcony, the side of which is nothing but a row of windows without shades. The loose curtains that are provided blow about rather freely, and make bathing a public formality, especially to those in the corresponding balcony across the narrow street.

There are some suites with private baths, but these, being on the second floor, rarely get any water, as the pressure of the city service is so low.

Some friends of ours tried filling their baths late the night before, when there always seemed to be plenty of water. In the morning the tub was always empty. They naturally suspected the stopper, and quietly purchased a new one, without better



The Maury hotel is the best in Lima. The continuous balcony is unusual, but by no means the most distinctive feature of this remarkable but comfortable hostelry.

results. One morning early they heard a racket in the bathroom and found a servant of the hotel there putting things to rights. This, of course, included draining their carefully stored water. Thereafter they had no trouble with their morning bath.

There is a new hotel planned for construction after the war. The location chosen for this new hotel is very fine, and it will undoubtedly be a modern and pretentious building, something on the order of the new Colon theatre.

But it can never have quite the same fascination, and I think that most of us will continue going back to the comfortable old Maury.

THE streets of Lima are narrow, and the sidewalks diminutive affairs that cause you to step out in front of the electric trams and automobiles every few feet. Probably because they are so small, the streets have different names for each block. This adds to the difficulty of getting around, and increases the earnings of the drove of cabs that browse around the city. It is cheaper to pay a *sol* to a cabbie than to figure out yourself where you wish to go. The fare is n't a *sol*, but the stranger is n't supposed to know this. The streets are mostly paved with round cobblestones the size of your double fist. The few that have had asphalt on them are so worn that it is questionable as to which is preferable. Most people take the street-cars to avoid both.

The houses are mainly one and two stories in height, with a few higher buildings in the center of town. With the exception of a number of modern apartments and residences on the Paseo Colon, and a few elsewhere, the buildings are all very similar, uniformly Spanish in type, and venerable in appearance, more so than their age would in most cases warrant.

The superb feature of Peruvian architecture is the enclosed balcony. The balconies are conspicuous, and almost as prevalent as the measles. In some places they are



The most picturesque feature of old Lima architecture is the enclosed balcony. These balconies are almost continuous in places. Many of them are handsomely carved. Without them the city would lose half of its charm.

almost continuous. The woodwork of many of them, especially those of the older buildings, is heavily carved. Without these balconies the city would lose more than half its picturesqueness.

Even with its balconies, its century-old buildings, and the multitudinous churches, the city, which is undeniably picturesque and highly interesting, is attractive in a rather quiet, subdued manner. One is constantly and strongly impressed with the feeling that some essential element, something that is instinctively associated with old Spanish cities, is missing. There are no bright-colored native costumes to set off the dingy gray of the dust-laden walls. In Mexico, for instance, the peons, with their white cotton clothing, their rainbow-hued serapes drawn up around their chins, and their high peaked hats, lend a touch of color and quaintness to every scene. There is nothing of this kind in Lima, and its lack is keenly felt.

I have not patented my idea, but if the Lima authorities wish to increase the already remarkable charm of their interesting city, all they need do is to pass an ordinance requiring

the street venders of lottery tickets to wear a red blanket, or a green cape and three-cornered hat, or some other equally loud and distinctive costume. This would produce the desired result, because there are so many engaged in this apparently lucrative trade. There would then be no lack of local color. You could not, in fact, avoid it if you tried. There are, if anything, more lottery-ticket venders than there could possibly be prospective customers, and that is saying a great deal.

It must not be imagined from the foregoing that there are



A perambulating fruit vendor.

absolutely no quaint touches in the streets of Lima. The three-horse teams that are always used with the little trucks constitute one. The burros covered with fruit and pushed around the streets by itinerant fruit venders certainly belong in the list. Milk, too, in Lima is always peddled from horse-back, unless it happens to be a mule that jangles the heavy cans fastened to its high saddle as it makes its way down the street. The milkman is generally a woman.

But in spite of all these attractions, and many others, Lima would be even more picturesque if the lottery ticket venders wore broad striped sashes.

THE main business section, the large wholesale and import houses, the banks, and many of the retail stores, are on a few cross and parallel streets to the Calle Union, up at the Plaza de Armas end of the street. The Maury Hotel is on the Calle Bodegones, one block away. It is also one block from the Cathedral on the Plaza de Armas.

The principal market of the city is about four blocks down the same cross street that passes the side of the Maury. It is well worth visiting, although there are few distinctively Peruvian objects that can be secured there. A large number and variety of native fruits are on sale, and the display of flowers is generally fine. Also the collection of assorted odors, especially in the section devoted to fish and meat. There is a very interesting bird store on the corner near the market, with its wicker cages of parrots, parrakeets, and other brilliantly colored birds overflowing onto the sidewalk.

Surrounding the relatively small business section are the main residential portions of the city, shading off into the poorer quarters. The seventy-odd churches are scattered promiscuously, but plentifully, everywhere. They are all typically Spanish



The broad arches of the "Portales de Botoneros" along the left side of the "Plaza de Armas" make an artistic frame for the grayish buff walls of the cathedral.

American, and many of them are interesting because of the old paintings, tiled wainseotings, wood carvings, or elaborate silver scroll work that they contain. Excepting in a few of the more aristocratic, there is also apt to be much tawdry decoration.

In one of these churches, I think it was San Augustin, there is a remarkable statue carved from wood, entitled "Death." It is said that the monk that carved it died from seeing the completed statue in an attack of delirium tremens. We saw this statue, and consider the report grossly exaggerated and a base libel. In our opinion, there was no need for him to have had the delirium tremens at all. If he did, it was while he was carving the statue.

Most of the churches in Lima, even when built solidly into the block, set back fifteen or twenty feet, in some cases much more behind the other buildings. In many cases these open spaces in front of the churches are raised in a low terrace reached from the sidewalk by two or three broad flat steps. This is particularly true of the cathedral. These platforms are supposed to be the remains of old Inca temples, on which the modern churches have been built.

There is a small section of Lima across the Rimac River that at one time had considerable prestige, and which, in fact, is one of the oldest portions of the city. It is of comparatively little importance today, excepting on bull-fight days, when the greater part of Lima crosses the river to the bull-ring. Lima is one of the few cities in South America that still allow this "sport." The bull-ring is said to be the second largest in the world and by far the finest in the western hemisphere. Fortunately, the season was not on when we were in the city. We had seen bull-fights in Mexico years before.

The oldest church in Lima is also on this side of the river. It is probably the smallest church in the whole world, as well, not over twelve feet wide by twenty feet deep. This



An old Spanish masonry bridge across the Rimac River. The fisherman in the falls below the bridge uses a primitive scoop net of curious shape, something like a broadened lacrosse racquet.

church is about two feet below street level, so you can look down into it from the sidewalk. It is so small, and so solidly built into a solid block of small shops, that it can only be discovered by accident. We were guided to it by a friend once, but could never find it again, although we tried several times.

We also tried a great many times to climb the tall hill of San Cristobal that lies just beyond the bull-ring. Once we even got as far as to drive out from the hotel to the base of the hill. It was too hot that afternoon, and we postponed our climb until another day, which never came. This we deeply regret. The view from the government wireless station on top must be wonderful, taking in not only all of Lima, but the whole plain clear to Callao and the various beaches.

The fashionable drive of the city is the Avenida 9 de Septiembre, which intersects the Calle Union in front of the Zoological Garden. This is a wide, modern street, the only one of its kind in Lima. It has a double driveway, with a central parkway and promenade, and is very popular early in the evening, along towards midnight.

The Avenida is partially built up with apartment houses, and handsome buildings, among these the Exposition Palace.

This is one of the most pretentious structures in Lima, overlooking the fine gardens of the Zoological park at the rear. It is occupied by government offices on the ground floor, and the entire upper floor is used as a museum. The collection of relics of the old Peruvian indians, and of the Spanish conquest and colonial days, is very fine.

As yet the Avenida is only a few blocks long, terminating in a spacious circle, the Plaza Bolognesi, with a fine statue of Colonel Bolognesi, who fell at Arica in the war against Chile. Other similar boulevards to form a girdle around the city from river to river, are planned.

There is nothing much on the other side of the Avenida.



A primitive fruit store.

The whole city is practically crowded into the twelve blocks between it and the river. The width of the city in the other direction does not exceed twenty squares. Lima covers very little ground for a city of 150,000 inhabitants. No Spanish town, in fact, begins to have the area of an American town of the same population. This of course applies to American cities as a whole, and not confining the comparison to a few congested portions, such as the borough of Manhattan of New York City.

THE Plaza de Armas was originally the center of life in Lima. It has, we were given to understand, lost its prestige. At least, our custom of slipping out there to sit for an hour or so in the evening was frowned upon by our Peruvian friends. It may have been plebeian, and Lima is



The celebrated cathedral of Lima is either too broad or too high to be successfully photographed all at once. One either cuts off the towers, as in this case, or has to stand so far away that much of the wonderful detail of its massive façade is lost. The slightly raised platform on which the cathedral is built is supposed to be the site of the chief temple of the Incas.

decidedly hide-bound and provincial, but we couldn't help somehow preferring to watch the crowd of ragamuffins that played soccer football on the broad court around the center fountain, than to go out to the Paseo Colon where the more stylish paraded each evening.

It is quite remarkable, the hold that soccer football has obtained throughout all of South America. We don't generally associate sports of this abrupt and violent type with Spanish countries, but I will never forget the crowd of brown legs, arms, and even bodies, for the rags they wore covered but did not conceal, that rushed and tumbled back and forth under the electric lights, there in the venerable Plaza de Armas. Sometimes the ball, followed by half the crowd, would go over the edge into the broad shallow basin of the

fountain. More often the players, in their excitement, would charge directly at the bench on which you were sitting.

The Plaza de Armas is unusually large, although it covers only a single block. City blocks in Lima are extraordinarily long. The plaza contains the usual fountain, the usual palm-trees, broad expanses of cement walks, benches, and all the usual etceteras that go to make up this Spanish institution, but it inclined to have a rather weather-beaten and antique appearance. This effect is increased by the old arches of gas-lights that still stand. The plaza is now lighted by electricity, but I could n't help feeling that its illumination in the old days of gas must have been even more brilliant.

The real charm of the Plaza de Armas lies in the buildings that surround it. On one side is the massive cathedral, across another the low Spanish colonial palace that really was the residence of the Spanish colonial governors for years, down to about a hundred years ago. A hundred years in Lima is, of course, nothing. The long rows of store buildings that occupy the other two sides of the plaza are two or three hundred years old. I really did know exactly, because there is an old marble tablet set in the wall of one of them, and I spent an hour puzzling out the antique Spanish carved on it. These buildings all arch out over the sidewalk, forming a shady colonnade paved with old flagstones, on which the stores open.

The one modern store building in the row facing the palace has been built to conform with the style of the older ones. This is the best dry goods store in town, but unfortunately it is German. During the war no one of the allied foreign colony would be seen entering it, and many Peruvians also successfully resisted the temptation of the handsome displays in its windows.

The utter boycott of German retail establishments during the war created a fairly difficult situation for the recent arrival. These firms generally hid their identity under Spanish



The Colon theatre and its neighbor represent, perhaps unfortunately, the beginning of ultra modern architecture in Lima. At present they seem decidedly out of place but many others are on the way.

names, and gave no clue to the unsuspecting stranger. Lima is a small town, and your mistakes were apt to be noted, to become a matter for gossip. It was therefore wise to let some old resident prepare a list for you. This list afforded you many surprises.

For instance, the "Botica Aleman" (German Drugstore) did not appear on this list, as the owner was French, but the "Botica Inglesa" (English Drugstore) did, as it was owned by a German. The "Jardin Estrasburgo" (Strassburg Garden), a prominent restaurant on the Plaza de Armas, was patronized by everyone, in spite of its name, but another café near the Maury Hotel, that you had perhaps been tempted to enter because of its comfortable appearance, was strictly taboo.

The stores along the north side of the Plaza de Armas, opposite the cathedral, are not nearly as aristocratic as those on the west side. This makes them more interesting. The goods on display are more vivid, and flow further out onto the sidewalk through the open fronts of the stores. The shops are smaller, some merely holes in the wall.

One of these, devoted ostensibly to jewelry, was the only

place in the whole city where human heads were displayed for sale as souvenirs. I presume, as a matter of fact, that it was about the only shop in the whole world featuring this particular kind of merchandise.

There were four or five of these heads in the little window, each black as ebony and the size of a small orange, but perfect in every detail, even to the hair. They are real human heads, shrunk by a special process by the indians back in Amazonian Peru. This process probably comprises the softening and removal of the skull by some chemical means, and the shrinking and preserving of the flesh by smoking.

These heads have been much sought after by foreign curio seekers, but taking them out of the country is now prohibited. The price of those offered in the Plaza de Armas was high, from £25 to £35 per head. We decided for various reasons that we did not particularly want such a relic, although they were not as repulsive as their description sounds.



Moving day for one of the humbler Limeñas.

FOR some time previous and subsequent to our stay in Lima during March and April, 1918, there was no metallic currency whatever in circulation in Peru. The old silver coins had been driven out by the high value of the metal in

them, and had been replaced by homemade paper notes. The five-centavo note was about the size of a tobacco coupon, but not so well made. There was nothing between that and the slightly larger fifty-centavo note, the next denomination being the regular Peruvian half-pound note worth five "soles," or



The station of the railroad from Callao through Lima up to the Oroya mining district is on the bank of the Rimac.

Prosaic and usually unsightly railroad yards have been turned into an attractive garden.

ten fifty-centavo notes. As a consequence, when you changed a large note on a small purchase, the change was given you in handfuls.

The smaller notes were indescribably filthy. This can be readily imagined. Suppose five-cent tobacco coupons were placed in circulation in New York for a month. The comparison is hardly fair. The average New Yorker has several degrees less dirt with them to transfer to notes passing through his hands than the average Peruvian indian.

One of our friends used to carry the leather case of a kodak, so as to obviate having to put money into his pockets. Another, with some influence at the bank, started out each morning with brand new bills, a sufficient supply of each denomination to meet his daily wants. He never took change

from anyone—generally never had to—he was a Scotchman. But most of us can't be so particular with our money.

When we reached Lima on our way home in October, a new coinage of five, ten, and twenty centavo pieces in nickel had been received from the United States and placed in circulation. They were a great improvement over the paper notes, and were really rather handsome coins.

IT never rains in Lima.

From October to May it is bright, hot, and dusty.

From May to October it is cloudy, raw, and excessively damp. But it never actually rains!

If it did, they say that half the city would disappear down the sewers, because of the amount of mud that is used in building.

That is, of course, excepting in the better part of town. Even there, while the buildings would probably not actually melt, they would undoubtedly be sadly bent by the downpour that they are not built to withstand.

A heavy drizzle is about the limit of actual precipitation, but this is long continuing and penetrating. Besides this, it gets decidedly cold and raw. Your shoes mildew, your clothes rot in the wardrobe, and your sheets are damp and clammy for weeks and months.

It is a most depressing sort of a rainy season, without even a rain to relieve the monotony.

The rest of the year partially makes up for this, that is, it would if it were not for the dust. The heat is perhaps a trifle severe in the middle of the day, but there is generally a fair breeze from the ocean five miles away in the evening.

The dust is by far a greater nuisance than the heat. It rises in dense clouds everywhere, and settles on everybody and everything until the whole landscape seems to turn a uniform gray.

During this season everyone that can possibly do so migrates to the seashore—Chorillos, La Punta, or other similar places.

PERU was not only pro-ally during the war, but actually severed relations with Germany. The knowledge that Peru was therefore one of the nations actively associated with us in the great struggle is, of course, known to many, perhaps all of us. But various remarks made me since my return home have indicated how little most of us here know of either word or deed by which Peru gave us definite support. While any prolonged discussion of this subject would be out of place in a book of this kind, I can not help feeling that some mention of it is in fairness due that country, and I can perhaps in no better way repay the cordial hospitality that we received while there.

When the United States declared war on Germany, Peru, to the enemy's surprise, made no declaration of neutrality. In June, 1917, Uruguay published her article of faith that no American country forced into war with nations of an-



The American Legation is a handsome gothic building in the celebrated Quinta Heeren.



The winding gravel walks, fringed with hedges, the old statues and fountains, and the luxuriant tropical vegetation, wild and seemingly unkept, of the garden of the Quinta Heeren, on which the American Legation faces, reminds one of the setting for some romantic moving picture.

other continent, in defence of rights, should be treated as a foe. To this Peru responded that her international policy had long maintained that an offence offered any one country of this continent ought to be regarded as such by all the others and to provoke in them a common resentment; that Peru held American unity to be the supreme condition of her safety and prestige.

Peru had long before this joined the United States in the protest against ruthless submarine warfare, and opened her ports to merchant ships armed for defense in case of submarine attacks. Germany objected strongly to this, although raiders of her own in the Pacific were using Peru's hospitality to secure information of allied shipping through German agents in that country, this information being sent out by wireless from the German ships interned in Callao harbor and other ports. It was some time before Peru could put an end to this very common practise.

Peru, as has been stated, never committed herself to an attitude of neutrality, and finally, on October 5, 1917, broke off all relations with Germany. This act was primarily based on

the failure of Germany to make due reparation for the sinking of a Peruvian bark, the *Lorton*, which had occurred several months before.

Peru and Brazil recognized far sooner than the other countries of South America the fact that the entry of the United States into the war could not wisely be permitted to lack Pan-American support. It was natural that many young Peruvians should have gone into the armies of France, as the Peruvian army for some time previous had been trained by French officers, and military relations between the two countries had always been close. It was perhaps less to be expected that Peru should afford the United States financial aid to the extent of millions of dollars. Liberty loans were promptly and extensively subscribed in Peru. The country's prosperous condition made it possible for the Peruvian government to assist very materially in supporting the exchange between the two countries. Peru threw its wealth heavily on the side of the Allies, but few statements of her contribution have been made in this country.



*Another view of the American Legation,
through the trees of the garden.*

The utterances of President Wilson have enjoyed a wide popularity in Peru, and were extensively quoted by Peruvian

statesmen. All of his notable phrases, in Spanish, became familiar in Lima.

Late newspapers and advices from friends in Lima indicate that Peru is strongly in favor of the League of Nations.

Peru firmly maintained her sovereignty at the time when the German armies seemed insuperable and defiance of Germany, on the part of small nations especially, an appalling risk. She gave more than moral aid to the Allies. Now that those days seem far away, she should receive the credit for standing by America, and for putting plainly before the world her belief that no danger which threatened an American country could be foreign to Peru.

LIMA is about ten miles from Callao, and is about five hundred feet higher. This means quite a steady climb for the railroad. Beyond Lima the railroad continues this climb up into the Oroya mining district, at an elevation of about fifteen thousand feet.

During our stay in Lima a tank car full of crude oil got loose at a station five miles or so above the city. It was on the main track, and naturally started down the hill. No one apparently thought of throwing this car onto a siding, but someone did have enough presence of mind to jerk a passenger train standing at the Lima station into one so suddenly that it jammed, and could n't be extricated later. It got there just in time. The tank car was heard, but not seen, as it passed through Lima.

At Callao the main track of the railroad ends in a bumping post separated from the plaza by a high board fence. There is, or was, a boot blacking stand on the plaza side of this fence. The tank car naturally did not stop at the bumping post. It merely paused, then jumped into the air and turned a somersault into the plaza, killing a German who was having his boots polished. When I happened to reach Callao some hours later, the plaza was black with people collecting the oil that had been scattered over the landscape. The pools that

had formed had already been completely bailed up, and the work had reached the stage where cloths were being pushed into the trolley slots, and afterwards wrung out.

The German was the only fatality. The railroad is operated by a British company, but there were apparently no international complications.

How the car ever kept the track for fifteen miles of one per cent grade or higher, with plenty of sharp curves, is a mystery. It is said that the time taken for its long coast was exactly seven minutes. This is at the average rate of one hundred and thirty miles per hour. On this basis, it should have arrived at Callao with a speed in excess of two hundred miles per hour. I think this is rather exaggerated. One is apt to hear some remarkable things quite frequently in South America.



"An English Tank at Callao."

A typical Spanish cartoon, appearing in one of the Lima weeklies after the fatal escape of a tankcar down the long hill from Lima to Callao.

Spanish cartoonists are fond of depicting death and kindred subjects. There is a decided tendency towards the morbid in all illustrated Spanish periodicals. Ghastly photographs of the victims of accidents, in their beds in the hospital, or even stretched out in the morgue, are always prominently featured.

THERE are apparently no girls in Lima from fifteen to twenty years of age.

This will strike one as strange, after the fact is finally noticed—it is one of the things that don't occur to you at once—as there are plenty of younger ones in evidence, girls

twelve or thirteen with children's dresses to their knees and long hair down their backs.

This curious condition of affairs always reminds me of the American bank in Lima.

As the commercial center as well as the political capital of Peru, Lima has numerous important business houses, many of them branches of well-known foreign concerns. Most of these latter are English. The United States has, in the past, been represented by only one firm, a house of international reputation as merchants and bankers, but decidedly disliked locally.

The establishment of a purely American bank about two years ago was therefore hailed with much enthusiasm by Peruvian business circles. It has already been extremely successful and has done a great deal of good in the development of American business in Peru. The bank is ably conducted, and growing rapidly. Its chief difficulty has been, in fact, to find larger quarters regularly enough to provide adequately for its constant expansion.

The methods and business of this bank are not only thoroughly American, but its very atmosphere makes you feel that you are back in New York when you are within its walls, in spite of the necessity of adapting itself to many local peculiarities and customs, and of Peruvian surroundings.

It was the manager of this bank that gave me the clue to the riddle of Peruvian girls.

In the course of some business that I had to transact with him, we needed a stenographer. A touch of the buzzer brought one from the general office across the patio. She turned out to be very efficient, but I would have sworn that she was not over fourteen years of age. I naturally expressed my surprise, which was increased when I was afterwards told that she was nineteen, and had been with the bank for nearly two years.

Later on the manager took me around the bank on a tour of inspection, which disclosed at least a dozen others similarly disguised as infant prodigies.

The custom is a curious one, and has no connection with the recent tendency of our own girls to wear short skirts. The effect is entirely different. It is not short skirts that these Peruvian girls wear, but children's dresses—until they graduate into a fully fledged adult at a single jump.

It might be added that the custom is a middle class one. It is decidedly less marked among the better to do, especially among those that have travelled. But girls of the better classes are generally not seen on the streets at all, so my original remark holds good.

There are apparently no girls in Lima fifteen to twenty years of age.



The best restaurant in Lima is in an open pavilion surrounded by the luxuriant trees and plants of the Botanical garden. The spot is an ideal one in which to dine after the glare and heat of the day, and the garden itself is worth visiting.

ONE of the most delightful spots in Lima is the "Jardin Zoologico." The well-kept condition and dense shade of this garden are decidedly restful after the glare and dust of

the city. Vegetation is luxurious, and some of the vistas of long shady walks between rows of palms or other tropical plants are very fine.

The restaurant at the park is really regarded as the best in the city, and is one of the most popular. It is really a large open air pavilion, with broad terraces overlooking the gardens. There is an Austrian female orchestra, marooned in Lima because of the war. The total weight of its five members must be well over a thousand pounds. It can therefore turn out a great deal of music.

The collection of animals is small, but well assorted, and fairly well housed in detached cages scattered along the walks at the rear of the gardens. The most interesting is a small black monkey that claps his hands vigorously and noisily to attract your attention, and throws back at you with considerable force and unerring aim anything you may give him of which he does not approve.

Some time ago one of the lions that had been born in the zoo escaped from his cage. In the course of his rambles over the rapidly deserted park, he took a look in at the restaurant. The waiter immediately disappeared up the iron posts. The lion liked the looks of things in that vicinity, and decided to remain where he was. So did the waiters.

The Peruvian army was called out and surrounded the garden, ready to fire on the "ferocious" beast. At that moment a little Chinaman appeared, with a rope in his hand. One Chinaman more or less didn't matter much, so they let him go, and prepared to watch an interesting catastrophe. The Chinaman walked up to the lion, grabbed him by the mane, tied his rope around his neck, and dragged him protestingly across the slippery tiled floor of the restaurant, through the garden, and out to his cage. The waiters slid down their posts. The army dispersed disappointed.

LIMA is the half-way point up and down the west coast of South America. All steamers on their way down from Panama stop at Callao over at least a day and a night. Every passenger is keen to break the monotony of a long steamer trip by spending the night on shore. Each week the Maury is thronged with a crowd of these transients—Americans, Peruvians, Chileans, English, Japanese—every nationality and from every possible layer. It is usually an interesting assortment, that comes one day and vanishes the next. We watched it come and go four times before we finally joined in and went on with it. And because we began to feel more like old residents, we took much quiet amusement in sizing up the various groups that came and went.

The more permanent guests of the Maury were still more interesting. Take, for instance, the Chinese Prince Lo Hi Chang, the marvelous presdigitateur, and his beautiful American assistant, Olivia. Olivia, we were told, did nothing in their joint performance but exhibit her pulchritude to the delighted Peruvians. We understood that she was a regular "Frankie Bailey," and judged as much from the wonderful riding habit she wore when she paraded around town each afternoon. The hour that she descended and was hoisted onto her horse was a most popular one around the Maury. Everyone in the hotel was of course highly interested in the daily doings of this couple, which were quiet and unassuming enough.

Another Maury celebrity was Paquita Escribano. To say that she was a Spanish *tonadillera* conveys little—some explanation is necessary. The type is one with which our stage is unfamiliar. A magnified and glorified vaudeville singer, with her single act expanded to constitute the entire performance, and featuring a special type of Spanish songs known as *couplets*, is perhaps as good as any other brief description.

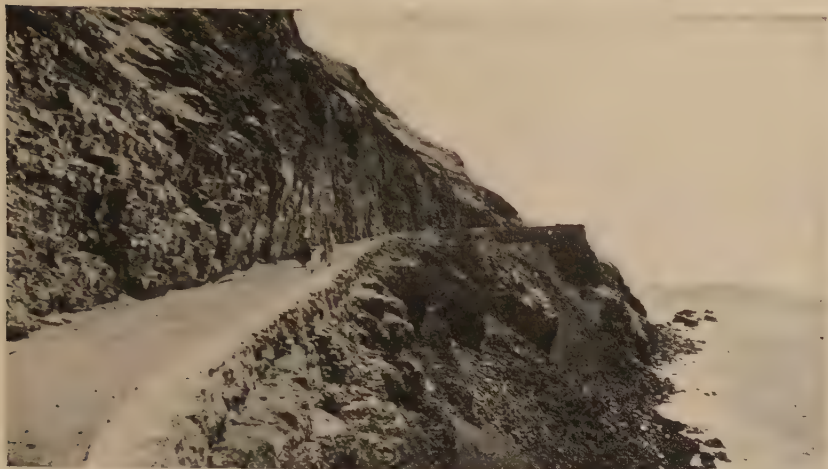
There are, of course, tonadilleras and tonadilleras. Most of them are coarse, if not worse. Paquita Escribano was one of the best of the type, so good, in fact, that we understood she did not take well in some other parts of South America. Lima, however, prides itself on its superior culture. We attended her performance in the Teatro Municipal one evening, and considered it excellent.



Paquita herself was unusually handsome, in a thoroughly Spanish manner—black hair, dark eyes, and so forth. As one of our friends expressed it, she certainly did look like the Spanish ladies that appear on cigar boxes. At one small dinner party that she gave in the public dining-room, she appeared in what is regarded as the Spanish national costume—short full skirt, tight bodice, lace

mantilla, and a huge Spanish shell comb standing up at least a foot above her head. The space in front of this comb was a solid mass of red roses.





A section of the monumental promenade cut in the solid rock around the point at Chorillos, the most fashionable watering place near Lima. A stroll around this bold promontory while the sun sets in the Pacific will be long remembered.

IT has been hinted that the Peruvians are not greatly addicted to initiating and carrying through large development work.

The promenade around the point at Chorillos is a decided exception to this rule.

This point is a huge mountain of rock that juts out into the sea just beyond the little town, and separates Chorillos Bay from Herradura Bay further down the coast.

A level shelf, ten feet or more wide, carved in the side of this mountain for a distance of over two miles, should be enough to brand the exception as exceptional.

The strange part is that all this enormous labor has been expended to afford an ideal place to watch the sun drop into the Pacific among a little group of rocky islands, with the surf thundering way beneath. It is a promenade, nothing more, but a most delightful one after a sea bath at Chorillos.

Here and there little offshoots of the main promenade branch off downwards to detached outlooks on lower levels.

In places you can even work your way down almost to the water's edge. Here the rocks are wet with the spray and the

falling tide, and are covered with enormous pink and red starfish, prickly sea urchins, anemones, and clusters of *señoritas*.

These *señoritas* are not the same kind that frequent the promenade above, but a cross between an oyster and a mussel. They have a very delicate flavor, but a most villainous appearance. The color scheme alone was enough to give one ptomaine poisoning, a vivid vermillion with black trimmings.

We did n't get along very well with the *señoritas*, although we did try them, but we drew the line completely at the sea urchins which are also considered a great delicacy.

EXTREME modesty is one of the celebrated virtues of Peruvian women. That this virtue is most highly developed is fairly obvious after visiting the bathing beaches at La Punta, on the point beyond Callao, or Chorillos.

Its manifestation is startling the first time seen—bathing suits of heavy ticking, made like pajamas with wide flapping trousers down to the ankle and a voluminous jacket. No stockings are obviously necessary. A broad brimmed straw hat tied firmly down on both sides generally completes the concealment. The effect is unique.

We went down every Sunday to witness the unusual spectacle of a hundred or so women thus attired disporting themselves in the water. We also enjoyed the bathing, but this was incidental. It was really excellent, though the bottom in both places left much to be desired, being composed of rounded pebbles the size of your fist and larger.

Of the two, Chorillos is much the more picturesque, both naturally and because more widely patronized. Chorillos Bay is blue, the color of the Mediterranean, the cliffs around it ochre yellow, and the scattered clumps of vegetation deep olive-green. The ever-present mountains hang around in the distance, and form a dark blue background.

The little town of Chorillos itself is on top of the cliffs, with an esplanade along their edge overlooking the whole bay.

The view is superb. In the season a band plays in the evening after the glare of the day has passed, and the esplanade is crowded.

The climb down to the bathing beach below is long and tiresome. The climb back to the esplanade is even more so, unless you pay five centavos and come up in the little inclined cable railway.

Peruvians on the whole are remarkably fond of sea bathing. During their summer months the interurban electric line that serves these, and various other beaches, can hardly put on enough cars to handle the crowds. It was a little late in the season when we were in Lima, but even then the cars were packed each Sunday.

The first time that we saw this Sunday crowd, we thought that half of Lima was on its way to take music lessons—presumably from the other half. We could n't quite understand this, as we had n't previously noticed any signs of such a widespread addiction to music. The mistake was a natural one. It was their bathing suits that they were carrying, done up in black oilcloth to look like music rolls.

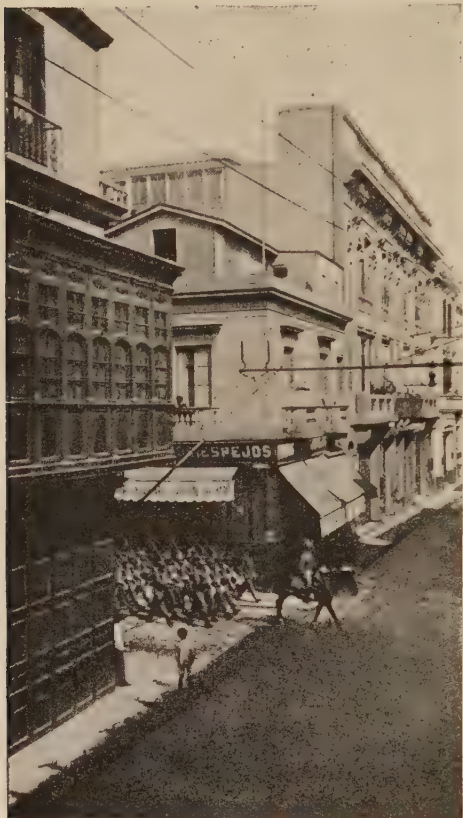
One of our friends varied this universal custom with a rather startling result.

He had just come down from Panama, and had brought with him one of the grass bags made by the Panama indians. The bathing suits of the whole party went into this bag very nicely, but made it rather fat and bulky, so he slung it over his back on the hook of his cane.

We noticed the excitement that was caused among the urchins of Lima as we passed. They laughed and shouted at us most derisively. Out in Chorillos they even followed us up the street in droves.

We could n't understand why at first.

They thought he was carrying a baby!



Passing the Maury hotel corner, Plateros San Pedro and Coca, on the way to the Plaza de Armas for the Holy Thursday parade.

WE were fortunate in being in Lima during Holy Week, as Lima is still the stronghold of the old church régime in South America.

The formalities begin on the afternoon of the Wednesday before Easter, in a contest in which all the women of the city take part, to determine which one will visit the greatest number of churches. As there are over seventy of these churches scattered throughout the city, no one probably obtains a perfect score, although some undoubtedly come pretty close to it. All afternoon the streets are full of women and girls dressed in black and with

veils over their heads, for all go into deep mourning during Holy Week. The stores, by the way, feature new mourning costumes for weeks in advance.

On Holy Thursday the President of Peru attends mass in the cathedral, together with his cabinet, both houses of congress, the ambassadors and ministers of all catholic nations, and many high officials of the army and navy. The event is an imposing one.

Almost before daylight the streets are full of soldiers marching towards the Plaza de Armas. Gradually they take their places, until all four sides of the enormous square are a



Cadets of the Peruvian West Point at Chorillos drawn up in the military parade on the Plaza de Armas on Holy Thursday, the arches of the "Portales de Botoneros" in the background. The entire plaza is filled with soldiers.

solid mass of soldiery. Every branch of the army is represented, infantry of various divisions, light cavalry, heavy lancers, light mountain batteries, heavier artillery, even cadets from the military school. The prevailing uniform is brown, but many other colors and combinations are also present. The men are well set up, and very natty. There is a strong trace of bronzed indian blood in the Peruvian soldier, increasing his ruggedness and picturesqueness.

The scene from the cathedral steps is a brilliant one in the bright Peruvian sunlight, and with the setting of century old buildings in the background. Bands play intermittently at each of the four corners of the plaza.

Promptly at ten o'clock the huge doors of the palace on one side of the plaza open, and the president's guard appears. These hundred men are specially picked indian types. In their bright colored uniforms, leopard skin capes, and copper helmets with black horsehair crests setting their rugged faces into high relief, they might easily have been a troop of old Peruvian Incas.

Following them the president and his procession slowly

make their way around two sides of the square to the cathedral. All are in evening dress, excepting those whose position entitles them to wear a sufficiently brilliant uniform. Everyone in the square is, of course, presenting arms, or waving their hats, or bowing deeply, and the four bands are by this time trying to play the Peruvian national air in unison.

Being stationed at the four corners of a large square, this is difficult. The national air itself is weird and unusual, with varying cadences. The bands are not in exact time. The music also echoes and re-echoes from the surrounding buildings. The final effect is decidedly barbaric, but impressive.

The "Procession of the Green Candles" on the afternoon of Good Friday is even more unique and remarkable. It is, in fact, the most remarkable manifestation of religious fervor that could well be imagined.

We had some difficulty in securing a good place to see this parade, as the crowds around the Plaza de Armas were even denser than on the previous day. We finally landed on a ledge of one of the columns that support the overhanging arches at one side of the plaza. The ledge was only an inch or so wide, but we were close to where the procession debouched into the square from a little side street.

The dirges of the bands up this side street were already plainly to be heard, but the procession was nothing if not deliberate. The leading company of soldiers, with muskets reversed, finally came into view. Then came the green candles—thousands of them—each carried by a woman deeply veiled, moving slowly in two single files, like two black serpents making their slow way up the street. The candles went out, and were relighted—the black tide went slowly on without a pause.

In the space between the two irregular files marched the priests—humble priests in black by the score and hundred,

more important ones in purple, still others in green or scarlet. The dense clouds of incense were stifling, even in the open air.

A statue of the Virgin, so tall that it barely cleared the trolley wires, and heavily draped in black, appeared. It lurched violently as the bearers in its base stumbled or lost step on the uneven pavement.

The volume of chanting, the clouds of incense, the numbers of green candles, increased. We could feel the intensity of the crowds around us, until we ourselves were queerly affected. In spite of our exaltation, we gasped when a huge glass coffin came into sight, carried high on the shoulders of a dozen men. The Christ that was visible—too plainly visible—through its sides, was livid in its naturalness. White tulle draped but did not conceal the lifelike wax body. The illusion was too perfect.

The sensation we experienced was an unpleasant one. We were obliged to look away over the bared and bowed heads that surrounded us like a sea.

More green candles and priests—and then the clang of trolley cars resuming traffic.



Light mountain artillery in the Holy Thursday parade. Every branch of the Peruvian army is represented, light and heavy artillery, cuirassiers, and infantry of several varieties.

IT is possibly not generally known that the number of doors to a Catholic Church is rigidly prescribed. I don't remember what the exact rule is, but at any rate for an ordinary church it is one less than for a cathedral.

A few hundred years ago, more or less, the "Iglesia de San Pedro" was built in Lima, as usual from locally made



The President of Peru heading a procession of his ministers, members of congress, and other officials, on his way from the national palace, which appears in the background, to the cathedral, between files of Peruvian soldiers. Holy Thursday, 1918.

plans. The church was popular, and numbered among its congregation some of the wealthiest and most aristocratic Limeñas, in other words, Limanians.

Some time later, it was accidentally discovered that the church had been built with one door too many. Great consternation ensued. Even the archbishop himself could not remove this glaring infringement of the prerogatives of a cathedral. The church had to be closed while the matter was referred to Rome. In those days this meant that a year or so must elapse before the decision would be received. Permission was finally forthcoming to reopen the church, provided that one door should be closed and never used, excepting in case of fire or an earthquake.

Considerably later on, one of the prominent families of Lima, through donations and other charitable works, came to stand high in the favor of the church. The church wished to bestow some fitting reward. This reward took the form of a special dispensation from Rome entitling them to use this forbidden door. Their descendants enjoy this privilege to this day, and when one of them attends mass is the only time that the door is ever opened.

THE principal street of Lima, Calle Union, although it also masquerades under many other names, is only about twelve blocks long, and fully as narrow in proportion, if not more so.

Beginning at the massive old masonry bridge over the Rimac River, it passes the low building of the National Palace, and then forms a side of the picturesque Plaza de Armas. For four blocks it becomes the main shopping street, and contains many handsome stores, numerous cafés, and the more stylish "cinemas." Swinging in a gentle curve across an open block, on a portion of which the new hotel is some day to be built, and passing the modern Colon Theatre, it is transformed into a residential street, one of the most exclusive of the city. This only lasts a short distance. The next building, a big gothic fortress on the right, is the penitentiary, said to be one of the finest in South America. It certainly has one of the most prominent locations. The park just beyond the penitentiary is the shadiest plaza in Lima. Calle Union here finishes its brief but varied career by intersecting the Avenida 9 de Septiembre and bumping head on into the Zoological Garden.

There is much that is quaint and attractive here and there along this narrow little street, with its enclosed balconies projecting out over brilliant displays of jewelry and the gorgeous concoctions of some pastry shop. At one corner the "Iglesia de la Merced," one of the oldest churches in the city, juts out

and cuts off the narrow sidewalk. Along its side are tucked the stalls of many lottery ticket vendors. Across the street is the most aristocratic café; the only one in Lima that has tables on the sidewalk. Because of a recess in the building, it is the only café in Lima that has a sidewalk on which tables can be put. You can sit here and watch the steady stream of women dropping their black shawls and scarfs back onto their shoulders as they enter the deep cavern opposite. Far back in the gloomy interior you can even see the twinkle of a score of candles.

Another old church on the Calle Union behind the National Palace has two fine towers, and low shops crowded into a narrow triangular slice, leaning against its sturdy sides. The ancient buildings forming the colonnades that face the Plaza de Armas are mentioned elsewhere. There are many other spots along the Calle Union that are equally picturesque. But the main charm of the street is its coziness and air of informality—the feeling of make-yourself-at-home that it gives you. Somehow, I always felt that wearing a hat on it was a discourtesy.

From your carriage in the afternoon parade, you chat with your friends on the narrow sidewalks, study the window displays that are so near at hand you can almost touch them, or glance into the patio garden of some quaint old Spanish home. Not all of the residences on the Calle Union are of this type, however. Some of them are modern and pretentious, but on the whole their style blends in well with that of the older buildings.

THE first few days that we were in Lima we dined at what we considered the stylishly late hour of eight o'clock. The dining-room seemed rather empty, but we thought little of this. Usually we spent an hour or so in the old Plaza de Armas afterwards, getting back to the Maury well before ten. At that hour the streets were quite deserted. We naturally



The statue of the Virgin Mary is borne on the shoulders of men concealed in its hollow base in the Good Friday procession.

Muffled bands of music, and thousands of women in black bearing lighted green candles, lend an atmosphere of the middle ages to this culmination of Holy Week, and it is difficult to imagine oneself in the twentieth century.

received the impression that Lima stayed home evenings and went to bed early.

A little later we attended a "vermouth" at one of the moving picture theatres. A "vermouth" is a special performance, indigenous to South America, that begins at six or a little after and lasts until eight. You can't, of course, get home and dressed for dinner after one much before nine, and we consequently discovered the real combination.

Lima does not go to bed early.

There is nothing much to do in the evening, a few theaters, moving pictures, and cafés, but Lima stays up all night to do it.

At ten o'clock, when we formerly went to bed, people were probably still at dinner. The favorite hour for promenading in the fashionable Paseo Colon is just before midnight. Then Calle Union is nearly as crowded as at midday, and the few cafés that have any real standing full and overflowing.

The theatre attractions in Lima are not usually very pretentious. A Spanish stock company, an occasional light opera troupe working its weary way up the west coast, now and then a *tonadillera*, such as Paquita Eseribano. The event of the year is Pavlowa, who has now made two circuits of South America. Maria Barrientos also visited Lima recently, and was enthusiastically received. There are several fairly good *cinemas*, with the pictures about evenly divided between lurid American and romantic French films.



Amid dense clouds of incense, a glass coffin holding a lurid war Christ appears and moves slowly forward through the crowds on the Plaza de Armas.

The night crowd in Lima is not a very hilarious or unaffectedly happy one. It struck us as being rather subdued and bored, as if suffering from perpetual ennui, but we enjoyed looking on even though nothing ever happened.

The women are well dressed, but there is an indescribable something which prevents most of them from appearing really smart. This impression is far from overcome by toilets that appear almost overexpensive, or by the amount of jewelry

that is worn. Young girls were noticeably overdressed, over-jewelled, and overpainted.

There is undoubtedly a certain artificiality about South American life that we do not perhaps fully understand or appreciate, and which is more prevalent in Lima than in most places. This, and the reserved provincialism of a city that, prior to the opening of the Panama canal, was rather off the main travelled routes, crops out in many ways and places, but nowhere is it so fully felt as when spending an hour or so in the *Café Concierto* late in the evening.

This *Café Concierto* is the most popular in Lima after the theatre. It is a large, handsomely decorated and brilliantly lighted establishment on *Calle Union*, and has an excellent orchestra.

Marron's, under the arched colonnade along the side of the *Plaza de Armas*, is entirely different, and not nearly as fashionable. While always comfortably filled in the evening, Marron's is even more popular late in the afternoon. It is particularly the meeting place and gossip center for the American and English colony, which prefer it because of the excellence of its pastries and ice cream. Fresh strawberry ice cream is served here all the year round, and the assortment of pastries and fancy cakes is astonishing.

The room is a narrow one, rather poorly and garishly furnished. The small iron tables are much too crowded for comfort. There is a jangly mechanical piano, and continuous moving pictures afternoons and evenings. The pictures are mostly tragic or highly sentimental French films, of such interminable length that no one ever sees the beginning or ending of them. A crowd of ragged street urchins, trying to get a peek at the pictures through rents in the old canvas curtain that hangs over the door, hardly move to one side to let you in and out.

The description is not particularly attractive, but you

soon get the habit, and go constantly, to find most of your friends there awaiting you. Marron's as an institution is quite delightful, and our memories of it are among the most pleasant that we carried away from Lima.

SOUTHERN

PERU AND

NORTHERN

CHILE

THE boats of the C. S. A. V. take six weeks to make the complete voyage from Talcahuano, Chile, the southernmost port at which they touch, to Panama and return. Only five steamers are maintained in this service, the *Aysen*, the *Huasco*, the *Palena*, the *Limari*, and the *Imperial*. Consequently, when we were on the west coast in 1918, there was a sailing missing every six weeks. The *Limari* has since then made a brief and unsuccessful attempt to climb the Andes up near Paita, Peru, so that to-day there are only four boats on the run, and two weeks out of every six are without sailings, unless one of the still smaller steamers of the line has been put into this through express service.

We had stayed in Lima considerably longer than we had intended. This is in keeping with the usual custom in traveling in South America. Our decision to be getting on down the line into Chile was sudden. Just after we had made it, we discovered that we had struck the gap. An extra week would have made little difference, but, because it was forced on us, it became absolutely necessary to move on at once.

A P. S. N. C. steamer showed up in Callao in this emergency, bound down the coast from Guayaquil, Ecuador, and we hailed the opportunity. This was a mistake. The only boats of the English line that are fit to travel on are the big through steamers that come out from Liverpool, pass through the canal, and continue down the west coast. All of these big steamers had been withdrawn for some time. The only P. S.

N. C. steamers still operating on the west coast during the last three years of the war were three small boats maintaining an irregular local service between Valparaiso and Panama. These little boats sneak up and down the coast, hunting for small and unknown ports at which to call, and actually find a large number that the through steamers do not make. This seems hardly possible. We had thought previously that the larger C. S. A. V. steamers stopped at every flagpole on shore.

The *Quilpué* was one of these caleteros. It is a small steamer, and old. Its internal arrangements embrace many startling novelties in design. The state-rooms, for instance, are scattered around the deck in little groups, separated by large hatchways, life-boats, piles of bananas, bins of oranges, coops of chickens, and a dozen cattle in stalls amidships—there were many more below deck. The *toute ensemble* was decorated and punctuated by numerous bright-colored parrots in cages. The *Quilpué* was dirty and odoriferous, and resembled a Noah's Ark more than it did a respectable ocean-going vessel. It was an English steamer that had outnavigated the native steamers in all that goes to make traveling disagreeable, without any of their many redeeming features.

The food served on the *Quilpué* was—well, there is no polite word that comes anywhere near expressing it. The dining-saloon was directly over the hatch where the butcher did his daily killing. One could sit at breakfast any day and hear the preparations going on below for dinner. This, and the strong odor of cattle and sour sugar that floated into the open windows, did not increase one's appetite. To add insult to injury, our table was decorated with an enormous bunch of tuberose. We had always been rather fond of tuberose, in small quantities and at a safe distance. We cannot smell one now without imagining the odor of cattle, and the thuds of cutting tough beefsteaks from a newly killed animal.

It is not a pleasant recollection, but it must not be taken

as indicative of what the average traveler will encounter in going up or down the west coast. The *Quilpué* is simply the exception, not the rule, and it is to be devoutly hoped that similar exceptions will not become sufficiently numerous to prove the rule. The usual west-coast steamer is a horse of quite another color, and will be found thoroughly comfortable.

THE coast from Lima down is much the same as the coast from Lima up—vast ranges of mountains rising sharply from the sea in places, at others exposing a narrow strip of barren shore. The *Quilpué* loitered along, always within sight of shore, and gradually made a number of small ports, Cerro Azul, Chala, Pisco, and others. In each instance the steamer anchored so far out that the few buildings on the bleak coast could be made out only with glasses.

An empty barge or two, each in charge of a couple of boatmen with long sweeps, would be bobbing up and down in the heavy swell, awaiting our arrival. Shortly afterward, five or six black specks in the distance would resolve themselves into rowboats, loaded to the gunwale with new passengers and their voluminous baggage, and the usual excitement of scrambling upon the ship's ladder from the unstable craft would ensue. At one instant the rowboat will be down in the trough of the huge rollers, with the landing-platform at the foot of the ladder far above the heads of those in it. As the rowboat rises, the steamer rolls toward it and lunges downward, burying the platform in the next swell. The passenger, poised for the leap, jumps for the first dry step, and rushes up the ladder before it can further submerge. That is, he does if he is lucky. The odds are fifty-fifty that a good ducking will be had instead. If the manoeuver is not timed just right, the passenger comes on board soaked to the waist, to meet the laughter of the large and interested audience crowding every foot of rail. The children are tossed over last, and the stage is then set for the reverse operation.

This latter is even more entertaining. The victim desirous of going ashore runs down the ladder between waves, and stands there helplessly, ready to jump, as the rowboat rises toward him on the incoming wave. Only sometimes—oftener than not—the rowboat does n't rise toward one as it should; or the incoming wave rises first; or the steamer gives an unexpectedly sudden lurch downward. The victim rushes up the ladder to escape, if he has n't been too intent on watching the antics of the small boat. One man at Pisco stayed a moment too long, and disappeared up to his neck in the water as the *Quilpué* rolled. It is exciting sport, carried on to the accompaniment of the shrieks of women victims, and shouts of advice from every one on board.

THE amount of local travel up and down the west coast is always a surprise. Of course, there are no longitudinal railroads connecting Lima and other cities farther up and farther down, so the ocean naturally becomes the great highway. Even at that, the Spanish American is probably a greater traveler than most of us imagine, and when he does travel, it is certainly on a far larger scale—more like a sort of migration.

No one ever appears to travel singly, or merely in couples. Not being able to get up a respectable family party, one necessarily stays at home; or so it seems. By a respectable family party is meant one composed of from three to five adults, three to eight children, two or three nurses and servants; a woolly dog, and two canaries in separate wicker cages. The steamers are always crowded—it does n't take many such parties to fill one—and it is frequently impossible to secure any accommodations whatever. The crowds change from port to port, but there always seem to be as many or more to get on as there are to get off.

Just about the time the extreme limit seems to have been reached, a Spanish light-opera troupe that has been playing

up country somewhere always boards the vessel. These wandering actors are usually drab and uninteresting, lacking altogether the appeal that generally exists elsewhere in the case of stage people off the stage. But it certainly is interesting to see eleven of them try to crowd themselves into the two small remaining state-rooms—that is, if there are two remaining state-rooms.

All of the state-rooms on west-coast steamers are tiny,



The steamer anchors a long way out, and one must row ashore at Mollendo, as at other west coast ports. The coast of southern Peru is, if anything, more barren than in the north. The town, such as it is, is perched on a low bluff, against which the heavy Pacific swells break constantly.

but must be accordeon-pleated in some manner. According to the passenger list, which is posted on one corner of the smoking-room—and on which one's name, being foreign, is never correctly spelled—a family of seven lodged in one such state-room. This is an actual fact, but one of them probably slept somewhere on deck; at least this theory is somewhat plausible, there being only two berths, one couch, and room for one mattress on the floor. On the boats of the Chilean line, four in one of these little two-berth rooms is a regular thing: the back of the couch swings up to form another upper berth. Each one of these staterooms has four

numbers, one for each of the two berths, one for the couch, and one for the upper deck of the couch. However, if you and your traveling companion hold through tickets covering the two berths in state-room No. 1-3-5-7, or No. 50-52-54-56, there is no need for worry. No one else will be put in your state-room without your permission, which you won't grant, no matter how crowded the vessel becomes.

Sometimes the steamers of the Chilean line are as over-crowded as any of the others. At other times you will not be allowed aboard unless there are state-room accommodations available. It all depends, as may be suspected, on politics. There is a Chilean law prohibiting the carrying of saloon passengers in excess of state-room capacity. As the Chilean line is owned by a native Chilean company, it is theoretically supposed to obey this law literally, but generally does not—that is, until some senator or representative from northern Chile, on his way to the capital, is obliged to sleep on a sofa in the smoking-room. The screws then go on with a vengeance, until some other senator is debarred from getting aboard a certain steamer at all because of the strict enforcement of the law. The tip then goes out to loosen up, and the company does so with a vengeance, until the next time. And so it goes, in Chile, as elsewhere.

To return to the *Quilpué*, every state-room was full and overflowing when she pulled out of Callao. So was the main saloon, where every corner and every sofa was staked out by Peruvian families unable to secure other quarters. The overflow from the saloon slept on the benches along the sides of the dining-saloon, and on mattresses placed on deck among the piles of bananas. By nine o'clock the entire ship became a vast dormitory, and one had to watch one's step to keep from falling over sleeping forms shrouded in blankets so that not even their noses showed.

Fortunately, the weather was fine, although, as the *Quil-*

pué was headed south, the nights were becoming sharper and sharper. The ocean, which had been like a vast lake up at Panama and off Ecuador, was also gradually becoming rougher—each day the Pacific ground swell was heavier and heavier.



The small boat in which you row ashore at Mollendo lands at the stone steps. That is, it does if the sea is calm enough, as the little point gives little protection. It usually is too rough, and you land by means of a chair lowered to the rowboat by one of the cranes that are handy. The steamer at anchor is merely a speck in the distance.

THE third day out of Callao the *Quilpué* anchored off Mollendo. Regular steamers come through in two days without stop.

This is the second most important port in Peru, but no one would ever know it. There is no harbor at all, excepting a poorly protected basin for rowboats and small lighters, entirely within the surf line.

We went ashore at Mollendo to see some friends, a young married couple, on their way up to La Paz, Bolivia, where the husband had taken a post with a prominent commercial house. The trip in through the breakers was rough and sloppy, and the landing on the slippery stone steps inside the so-called harbor really dangerous.

Mollendo is perched on the edge of a rocky bluff about a hundred feet from the landing. A stiff climb takes one up to the barren and dusty plaza—all the water available is piped in from Arequipa, over a hundred miles away. The plaza is surrounded by ramshackle frame buildings that shrink from a glare which at this season of the year is almost unbearable. There are a few branches of well-known firms of international importance along the sea side of the plaza, with their backs projecting out over the edge of the bluff. A good view of the roadstead beneath, and of the rocks above the landing-place that are always black with seals, is to be had from the rear balconies of these buildings.

We took breakfast with our friends on the open piazza of the little frame hotel that crowns a rise in the center of town, with the only garden in Mollendo at our side. This garden was only a patch around the hotel, but did contain some fine carnations that had grown up into regular bushes, higher than one's head. The breakfast was about as forlorn as the hotel; but—for the benefit of those who may some day have to put up for the night at Mollendo, awaiting the train for Arequipa or Bolivia—the bedrooms are clean and fairly comfortable. They are in little outhouses, just a step across the little garden from the main building, which, by the way, is principally piazza.

From where we sat at breakfast we could see the *Quilpue* at anchor, a couple of miles out. Judging from the way she was jumping around, the swell must have increased materially since we came ashore. It does frequently increase suddenly, without warning, and for no apparent reason. When we got down to the landing after breakfast, we found that small boats could not land at the stone stairs at all. This was interesting for us. Before we had an opportunity to decide what to do, however, we were enticed to another part of the stone jetty by a most villainous-looking ruffian. My wife was invited to sit down in a solid oak arm-chair. I stood on the back round, and the ruffian and a friend of his



The main street of Mollendo during its period of greatest animation. The five people who were visible when this picture was taken constitute a record.

climbed up on the two arms, and waved their hands. A large crane that had been unloading cargo from a lighter stopped work long enough to swing around and hook to us. In an instant we were sailing up through the air like a sky-rocket, then swinging out over the water, and dropped into a waiting rowboat. It all happened so quickly that my wife didn't have time to get frightened.

MOLLENDÓ is the seaport terminus of the first railway built up to the Bolivian plateau, known as the Southern Railway of Peru. This line is considerably longer than the newer railway that makes the run from Arica, Chile, further to the south, to La Paz, Bolivia, in less than twenty-four hours, and this latter line is therefore preferred by old timers who travel back and forth into Bolivia constantly. The Mollendo route is, however, to be preferred by travelers visiting Bolivia for the first time.

Those proposing to make the side trip to La Paz will do well to leave the steamer at Mollendo, and reach the sea-

coast again at Antofagasta, much farther south. Those that are making the trip in the reverse direction leave the steamer from Valparaiso at Antofagasta, and come down to Mollendo to embark again on their journey north.

The reasons why the Mollendo route is preferred to the shorter Arica line are excellent ones. In the first place, La Paz is over 12,000 feet high, and the Arica road climbs a good deal higher than this to get there. The transition from sea-level to this extremely high altitude over the Arica line is therefore very abrupt, and unpleasant consequences may ensue. The line from Mollendo, while it climbs equally high, does so much more gradually, and besides this, a night is spent en route at Arequipa, at an elevation of about 7,500 feet. This breaks the ascent, and affords one an opportunity to become accustomed somewhat to the thinner atmosphere of these high altitudes before taking the final plunge. This is a reason that will appeal to every one excepting the foolhardy, who will probably get through all right anyway. After all, it is only the occasional person who feels these altitudes severely, although many may experience more or less discomfort at first.

The other reason for preferring the Mollendo route is an even better one. The trip from Mollendo to La Paz is in many respects the most interesting part of the whole South American journey. Arequipa is an old city, preserving many of its unique colonial characteristics, which are entirely different from those of Lima. One of these peculiarities is the prevalence of rounded roofs, instead of the usual flat ones. The city was founded in the middle of the sixteenth century, and is the second largest in Peru, with a population of slightly over forty thousand. It is the center of the Peruvian cotton and wool trade, and therefore worth a visit from a business standpoint. Hotels are somewhat more primitive here than elsewhere along the beaten track, but there is so much that is novel and interesting that one does not mind.

From Arequipa trains run on to La Paz twice each week. The railway climbs abruptly to the summit at an elevation of about 14,500 feet, and then descends gradually to the vast central plateau of Bolivia. The scenery is naturally very fine, but the mountains, while larger, do not rise as abruptly, nor are they as broken, as farther south.

Cuzco, Peru, is reached by a branch of the main line from Juliaca, where a night has to be spent if this most interesting old city is to be visited. This is the prehistoric center of South America. The city is surrounded by marvelous ruins of the ancient Inca empire, of which it was at one time the capital—palaces, temples, and fortifications of enormous magnitude, the walls of which are of huge stones the size of a house, laid without mortar, but fitted so smoothly that a knife blade cannot even to-day be inserted between them. This is always mentioned in books on South America, and to a certain extent one must conform to conventionalities here—to a very small extent, however. All of these ruins can be visited on foot or on horseback. Hotel accommodations are not modern but are improving.

As it requires a day each way on the train from Juliaca and Cuzco, an allowance of four or five days, probably a week because there are only two trains weekly, must be made for this side trip. Those that are not interested in ruins will, of course, not think it worth while, but there are others that come all the way to South America to visit Cuzco.

From Juliaca the main line of the railroad continues to Puno, which is on the world-renowned Lake Titicaca, a body of water one hundred and thirty-five miles long by five miles wide—over two miles above sea-level, and the highest body of water in the world navigated by steamers. The lake is crossed by one of these steamers. It is an interesting sail, or would be if it were not made at night. The Incas were quite numerous up in this neighborhood also, and left many remains along the shore and on various islands, that could be seen if



Sketch Map showing the three railroads from the west coast to the Bolivian highlands and La Paz—the Mollendo, Arica and Antofagasta routes.

The branch extending to Cuzco, Peru, the prehistoric center of South America is also shown, as well as the proposed connection of the Bolivian railroads with the railroad system of the Argentine Republic. When a short missing stretch is completed, it will be possible to travel direct from Mollendo, Peru, to Buenos Aires, overland.

it were not dark. The enormous snow-capped peaks that surround the lake are also invisible for the same reason, but enough of them remain in sight in the early morning to give one an idea of what was missed. The steamer lands one at La Guaqui, where one takes the electric train for La Paz.

La Paz is located in the bottom of a cup-shaped depression in the main Bolivian plateau. The view of the city as the electric train reaches the rim and starts on the long coast

down, is magnificent. The city itself is unique in many ways, the chief of which is perhaps that it presents more truly native and distinctive touches than any other city in South America that will be reached by the average tourist. I will not, however, attempt to point out what these are, preferring to let the traveler regard the llamas, the quaint Indian costumes, and other little details, as purely personal discoveries.

The whole Arequipa-Cuzco-Puno-Lake Titicaca-La Paz district is really the Egypt of South America. Some day it will be widely advertised as such, and tourists will swarm



Arica, the northernmost port of Chile, lies at the foot of an enormous rock, over the face of which the Peruvian army is said to have leaped rather than surrender to the Chileans.

over the prehistoric ruins, be spit at by llamas, take trips on Lake Titicaca on the primitive native rafts made of reeds, and wildly kodak some elderly Indian women calmly removing her ninth or thirteenth varicolored petticoat as the day grows warmer toward noon, this last in the main plaza of La Paz. And of course every such tourist will take home with him one of the marvelously soft pale yellow vicuña rugs.

This prediction is not far-fetched. The movement is already under way. A few trifles, such as modern hotels and improved traveling accommodations are necessary, but that

is all—the rest of the things are there and only waiting to be gone into rapture over. Taking vicuña rugs out of Bolivia is, however, now prohibited, but inferior ones can be purchased at higher prices in Chile or Peru.

Leaving the steamer at Mollendo, and reëmbarking at Antofagasta, the trip up into the highlands of Bolivia, or vice versa, one can make comfortably in three weeks, although a leisurely traveler, or a business man, will probably want more. A hurried traveler can condense it into two weeks, or even a single week, if Cuzco is omitted from the itinerary. One week, of course, really means a week and three days away from the steamer, because one comes out three days of steamer travel farther, either up or down the coast from where one went in.

WE ourselves did not make this interesting trip, but kept on to Antofagasta by steamer. This was not because we had become attached to the *Quilpué*, or because we did not realize fully what we were missing. Cuzco and La Paz were the two places we had looked forward to most enthusiastically from the inception of our trip, and we were keenly disappointed in our inability to visit them. When we left Lima the Southern Railroad of Peru, from Mollendo up, was in the midst of a strike, and there was no assurance as to when traffic would be resumed. This is one of the little things that occur which can't be taken into consideration when one is making plans before leaving home. There are many such encountered in South American travel. As it turned out, this strike was settled before we reached Mollendo, and the friends that we went on shore to see off got through without difficulty. It was then too late to change our plans again, and we were rather strong in our language over our bad luck—that is, for a while.

Afterward, we learned that our friends had reached La Paz just in time to run into a rather peculiar epidemic of



The plaza is an unusually delightful one, with a profusion of flowers and shade.

smallpox—peculiar in that it raged principally among the small foreign colony, instead of among the native population, as is usually the case. Both of our friends were stricken, and only the husband finally recovered, but it is only fair to add that such epidemics are comparatively rare, and one need ordinarily give little thought to them in visiting Bolivia.

Small epidemics of various kinds may possibly be encountered in any trip embracing as many diverse localities as one covering all South America. Precautions, such as vaccination against smallpox and inoculation against typhoid fever are naturally valuable, particularly in the peace of mind that they give the possessor, but the traveler has one advantage over the permanent resident—he can move on to another place at the faintest suggestion of any trouble of this kind.

A VERY curious phenomenon frequently occurs in the Pacific in this general locality. At times large areas of the ocean turn milky white, and a disagreeable odor arises from the water. The line of demarcation between these white areas and the unaffected water is sharp and distinct, but the water sometimes turns milky while the steamer is on the very spot. This phenomenon is undoubtedly connected

in some way with submarine volcanic activity, although as far as I know it has not been thoroughly studied. No other symptoms of such an eruption are visible, and the water is not even agitated.

Captains of west-coast steamers dislike greatly having to sail through these discolored areas. Whenever they see them first, the ship's course is altered to dodge them. Otherwise it means a complete repainting of the vessel, as white paint is almost instantly affected, and eventually turns black. Brass-work is corroded, and the damage extends clear to the top of the masts and funnels.



Otherwise, the city is rather commonplace. A typically Spanish provincial town, untouched by modern improvements, and dominated by the massive rock.

ARICA, an overnight sail from Mollendo, is the first port in Chile that is touched at going down the coast. It will therefore be of special interest, although only a quiet town of a few thousand inhabitants. This interest will be increased at learning that Arica is a part of the bone of contention between Peru and Chile, being in what is known as the Alsace-Lorraine of South America.

The town is dominated by a hill of solid rock, with a sheer precipice to the water's edge, over which a Peruvian army of

1,700 jumped rather than surrender when a Chilean army of 4,000 stole up behind them. Those that did not are reported to have been massacred anyway, and the bravery of Colonel Bolognesi and his little force has never been questioned, not even by the Chileans. This was in 1880. I mention this date, contrary to my usual custom, as it is one of the few that I could not forget. The innumerable reproductions of a picture entitled "The Last Cartridge" that one sees everywhere in Peru, even on one of their postage stamps, drive it so firmly into the memory that nothing can efface it.

The town, or rather the anchorage, is also dominated by a very powerful odor from some rocky islets barely projecting from the water. These rocks are the home of thousands of gulls and pelicans. After our experience at Mollendo, we had decided not to go ashore at Arica. The odor caused us to



It is certainly a mystery how a Spanish town as Arica ever came to have a church of this ultra modern type. The use of gingerbread and sloping tin roofs is common in this country but is decidedly out of the ordinary in South America, and Arica is the last place in South America where one would expect to find it.

break this resolution. The shape of the little bay and the very islets that were so offensive, however, do break the force of the southwest swell, and the row in was a very tame affair.

IMPRESSIONS OF ARICA

A few narrow streets, paved with cobblestones so round and small that walking on them is most uncomfortable. Many shade trees. Everything clean and well-kept, a welcome change from Peru.

One-story pink, blue and yellow houses in the usual Spanish Style, overtopped by a church that is a hideous modernism—must have grown somewhere else and been transplanted.

A densely shaded plaza. Masses of verbenas, garden pinks, larkspur, dahlias, and other flowers. An enormous arbor of purple wistaria. Comfortable benches. Very restful and quiet—we sat in this plaza for hours.

Another plaza without shade, but with even more flowers. Also decorated with Peruvian cannon and piles of cannonballs. The usual statue of someone, probably O'Higgins.

A restaurant on a rickety pier projecting over a little bathing beach, one side open giving a view of the water. Day uncomfortably warm, but theoretically too late in the year for many bathers. Restaurant serves good Scotch highballs, and a passable breakfast—better than on the *Quilpué*.

Large piles of sulphur in sacks from somewhere up in the desert. Equally large piles of pumpkins—these last could not have come from the desert, must have come from Tacna.

Arica is the terminus of the shortest railroad to the Bolivian highlands. This railroad today handles most of the freight to and from La Paz formerly moving over the Molendo line. There is also a short railroad to Tacna, a sort of oasis in the desert of Northern Chile.

There is no business at Arica itself, excepting transshipment business. The only signs of activity that we could find were on the long iron pier, where we were nearly run over by two flat-cars of pumpkins. The switch-engine was a yoke of oxen.

On the whole, an improvement over Peruvian cities of the same size; to be highly recommended if absolutely quiet is desired. There is a "cinematografo," sea-bathing, and probably enough of a foreign colony to make up a set of tennis.

IQUIQUE,
ANTOFAGASTA
AND THE
NITRATE DESERT

THE *Quilpué* had now gotten into the habit of travelling only by night, and resting during the day. The next morning when we woke up we were bobbing at anchor, rather harder than usual, off Iquique.

Iquique is a city of 50,000, and a very busy place. Only a few years ago it was, in fact, the chief port for the shipment of Chilean nitrate. It therefore deserves special attention, which we went ashore to give it at considerable risk of a ducking. Right at the point where the waves break most violently, there is a little breakwater with an opening only a few yards wide. Our rowboat shot through this on the crest of a wave, a part of which climbed in with us. The breakwater was lined with pelicans, which laughed at us as we went by.

Unfortunately, the effort was largely wasted. We had entirely forgotten that it was Sunday. After one has settled into the fairly comfortable rut of travel on west coast steamers (barring the *Quilpué*) it is easy to forget anything. One gets to reckoning time by ports, not by days.

Iquique is a typical western city of the mining camp order. The dingy frame buildings, while a little different in style to what we are accustomed, are strongly reminiscent of American cities of the type mentioned. The streets are wide and unpaved, but have a businesslike appearance. The little mule-cars are an anachronism, but this was more than balanced by the fleet of heavy motor trucks that came by, bringing in nitrate from one of the *oficinas* back on the desert.

There is a fairly good plaza, a solid mass of flowers in full bloom, but no shade. In fact, the only place that there was any relief from the glare was in the large public room of the principal hotel. This was cool and restful. The floor was dark and highly waxed, and there were plenty of easy chairs, also some late English magazines (there is a large English colony in Iquique). We anticipated a pleasant hour or two here before returning to the *Quilpué*.

The place was, however, almost immediately invaded by a crowd of Naval Reserve sailors from an American ship down for nitrate. They were not in for a quiet time, so we went back to the steamer and passed the afternoon watching a number of seals playing around the vessels at anchor.



From this picture, one would assume that Iquique was a city of considerable architectural attainment.

AMONG these vessels at anchor off Iquique, there were a number of German steamships and sailors that had been lying here since the beginning of the war in 1914. Theoretically, they were in the harbor of Iquique, and therefore safe from capture by the British cruisers constantly patrolling the coast. As a matter of fact, there is no harbor, but only an open anchorage, fully exposed to storms from every direction.



Whereas it is a city of frame structures—rather unusual ones at that. The popular form of decoration seems to be enormous display signs.

All of which goes to prove that Iquique was built for business before pleasure.

There is always a heavy ground swell along the coast this far south, and living in one of these ships day after day for years must be thoroughly uncomfortable and decidedly monotonous. As the ships rolled heavily, they exposed their sides below the water-line, and a growth of barnacles over a foot thick could be seen.

Altogether, nearly eighty German vessels took refuge in Chilean waters at the outbreak of the war. For four years they were kept in good condition by their crews, only to be most deliberately and thoroughly damaged under orders from the German minister to Chile, two months before the armistice was signed. This was in September, 1918. The masts of the sailing vessels were sawed completely through and held in place solely by their stays. The vital parts of the machinery of the steamers was dropped overboard. The incident created considerable excitement in Chile at the time, as it was claimed that a direct violation of Chilean sovereignty was involved. In spite of the very strong German influence existing in the country, all of the ships in Chilean waters were finally taken over by the Chilean navy, and the German crews

put ashore. It is said that the decision to damage these ships at this late date was due to heavy pressure that the United States was bringing to bear on Chile to take over these vessels to transport nitrate to this country.

Late in the afternoon two officers of one of these German ships came out in a sharp-pointed, decked-over canvas canoe that danced over the waves like a cork. They circled nonchalantly around the *Quilpué* several times, apparently to display their skill with the double-bladed paddles, but did not come quite close enough for any of us on deck to drop a brick on them.



Awaiting the end of the war. Four years at anchor off an unprotected coast.

THE appearance of the coast along this part of northern Chile is distinctive. The main ranges of the Andes that were visible from the steamer further up in Peru, have moved inland and can no longer be seen. The strip between the mountains and the ocean is an absolute desert, a plateau ranging from 2,000 to 5,000 feet in height. All of the Chilean nitrate comes from this desert.

From the steamer the edge of this plateau appears as a huge wall from 1,500 to 2,500 feet high, extending up and down the coast for several hundred miles. This wall is for the most

part unbroken and uniform, variegated in places, but generally dull yellowish-brown in color. There is barely room between it and the ocean for the various nitrate ports, the back streets of which run some distance up its slopes.

Across the face of this wall at Iquique two thin lines have been traced, as straight as though laid out with a ruler. These



Square frame buildings like packing boxes, painted in dark colors, constitute Iquique's chief architectural feature.

The city is still served by antiquated horsecars, but an electric line is under contemplation.

lines start near the bottom, and are drawn diagonally upward on a gentle slant, suddenly to reverse themselves and continue upwards in the other direction.

One of these lines is the railroad that climbs up from Iquique to the top of the plateau, and then branches out to all of the various nitrate *ofcinas*. The other is the new government railroad, graded, but without rails, that is destined to connect with the state owned longitudinal railroad, running the length of the country. Both lines look like threads from the deck of the steamer, but with glasses the afternoon train on the nitrate railway can easily be seen as it comes down the long hill into the city.

Directly above Iquique, almost at the very top of the wall that crowds it into the sea, some enterprising and industrious

individual has created enormous advertisements for "Te Ratanpuro," one of the popular brands of tea in Chile, and other articles, by a very simple process. The letters of these advertisements are formed by cutting away the disintegrated and darkened surface rock, exposing the lighter colored rock beneath. Some idea of the amount of work involved may be had when it is realized that even the smallest of the letters is over fifty feet in height.

These signs are not pretty. Nothing in this ultra-desolate part of the world is pretty excepting the sunrises and sunsets. But the signs are striking, and indicate the spirit of business activity that prevails here.

More than a thousand vessels call at Iquique annually. As the surrounding country is an utterly barren desert, all supplies for the city and for fifty or sixty nitrate *oficinas*, with a minimum average of a thousand persons depending on each, have to be brought in by sea. Formerly even the drinking water was "imported" in tank steamers, but a pipeline 150 miles long, running to the mountains behind the desert, now gives a more copious and certainly a more dependable supply.



Reversing the process.

Unloading cattle at Iquique, to feed the thousands of laborers connected with the nitrate industry back on the desert.

ANTOFAGASTA is the same as Iquique, only more so in every way. The city is larger, having a population of 75,000. The buildings are more substantial and showy. The streets are paved with asphalt, and troops of Fords and automobiles charge around them faster, and with less regard for pedestrians, than in any city of North or South America. This gives the place an air of activity that is strictly in keeping with its vigorous commercial development.

The exports of nitrate from Chile in December, 1917, amounted to 527,098,739.86 pounds. (This figure is a little too exact for comfort, but is given on the authority of the United States government. Personally, I rather doubt the eighty-six-hundredths of a pound.) Of this, fully 40 per cent moved through Antofagasta. This means 105,419 tons and a long decimal. Assuming the average steamer to hold 5,000 tons, this calls for the loading of 21.08 vessels, one nearly every work day during the month. (It will be noted that I have tried to be as exact as the United States government, but I admit I was tempted to discard the eight-hundredths of a vessel.)

Possibly some of the marvelous speed of the automobiles in Antofagasta may have been due to the extreme activity in the nitrate market during 1918. If this is the case, they must today, early in 1919, be moving at a snail's pace.

Antofagasta is, however, in a somewhat better position than Iquique, as it has one source of income that is not connected with nitrate. The railroad that climbs the hill behind the city does not merely spread out through the nitrate fields behind. One of its branches continues on up through Bolivia to La Paz. It is a longer line to that city than either the Arica or Mollendo routes further north, and therefore does not get as much of the through business. But it goes straight through the heart of the Bolivian mining districts, Oruro, Potosi, and Uyuni, and the ore traffic that is developing is already threatening to swamp the little railroad.

The handling of Bolivian ores, and the supplying of food and materials for these important mining districts is becoming a very valuable item in the commercial activities of Antofagasta.

Every pound of nitrate or ore, and every pound of supplies going out of or coming into Antofagasta must be handled in small lighters through a sea that is never quiet, and that is frequently so rough that all work must be suspended. At times it is even impossible for large steamers to remain at their anchorages, which are from one to three miles off shore.

Extensive port works have been planned for several years. The cost of these is estimated at \$15,000,000, but it is doubtful whether the expenditure of even this sum of money will bring much relief, as the ocean drops off so rapidly that adequate breakwaters are almost an impossibility.



The passenger landing at Antofagasta is generally animated, as steamers up or down the coast arrive or depart nearly every day. There is no protection from the Pacific swell, excepting to a limited extent in the slip itself. To reach the steamers lying at anchor a couple of miles out, it is frequently necessary to row through actual breakers.

SPEAKING of nitrate reminds me of a story they tell in Antofagasta. This story may or may not be true, but it is told to illustrate the sharpness of the "norteamericanos," as they call us, and the advantage that we take of poor innocent South Americans in business transactions.



Piles of nitrate of soda sacked and awaiting shipment at Antofagasta. Every pound of this nitrate has to be placed in lighters and towed to vessels at anchor a mile or so out, before it can be loaded.

When the United States entered the war, the nitrate market had been comparatively quiet for some time. It was known that this country needed powder, and it was of course expected that we would immediately plunge in and buy enormous quantities of Chilean nitrate. The large nitrate firms sat back and anticipated a heavy rise in prices due to this demand.

The official buying representative of the United States finally reached Antofagasta, but nothing startling happened. Instead of going into the market for hundreds of thousands of tons, as expected, thus giving the nitrate producers the opportunity to boost prices they had been looking for, he finally asked the various nitrate houses for firm quotations on a lot of ten thousand tons only. The amount was really too small to bother much about—not worth running the price up on—so twenty-six firms bid simply the existing market. Each one of these firms immediately received an order for the ten thousand tons of their quotation.

The various nitrate firms got together later and compared notes. The indignation that is said to have ensued is better left undescribed.

WE abandoned the *Quilpué* without regret at Antofagasta, and spent a very pleasant week in that city, including a trip up into the nitrate region.

There is a fairly good hotel, but it is run by a German. Our friends who were expecting us were Chileans, but very pro-ally, and had decided that we could not go there. As a matter of fact, we found out later that the German was a Swiss, and that his hotel was still patronized by the English, but it was then too late. We were definitely booked at the *Londres*, which was not so bad. Our room had no windows, but plenty of ventilation through a sky-light about a mile above our heads. However, we had been used to living on the *Quilpué*, so did not mind.

In honor of our arrival, the city held a municipal election. This produced political parades every night during our stay. Some nights the paraders carried red flags, other nights white ones. This seemed to be the only difference. The same band always appeared. We also noticed that many of the same individuals paraded every night. There were plenty of torches, and a mild amount of excitement, gradually increasing as the evening wore on, and ending up one night by a num-



A modern bank building, that of the Antofagasta branch of the "*Banco Español de Chile*", on the corner of the plaza.



The main street of Antofagasta resembles that of a town in the western United States more than it does a Spanish city. Antofagasta is wideawake and progressive. Note the modern moving picture palace near the center of the block on the left.

ber of shots fired in front of the hotel. We were, however, injured by this time, and were told the next day that it was merely exuberance of spirits anyway—which kind not stated.

There were also numerous laughable incidents. One very fiery orator did all his speaking from the tonneau of a large automobile as it dashed up one street and down the other. Neither, as far as we could make out, ever stopped. This particular orator must have been on both sides of the fence, because he appeared every night.

One of the parties, I forget whether it was the reds or the whites, was apparently at odds with the existing administration. The favorite place for speech making was on a corner of the plaza near the bandstand. It was not a regular band concert night, but the municipal band showed up anyway. Every time one of the opposition party endeavored to speak, the band started in also. The speakers finally gave up and moved around to the far side of the square. Most of the spectators stayed and listened to the music.

THE Antofagasta and Bolivia Railroad, running from Antofagasta back across the nitrate desert, and then up through the length of the Bolivian mining-districts to La Paz, is only thirty-inch gage. This seems almost too narrow to carry the formidable title, the heavy traffic that moves over it, and the comfortable coaches that are used. The trains, however, make up in length what they lack in width. The through train from Antofagasta to La Paz that leaves at eight o'clock on three mornings of the week, consists of



Along the east side of the plaza, Antofagasta.

two locomotives, six, eight, or ten freight-cars, several day coaches, the dining-car, and two real but miniature Pullmans.

Here, as in most parts of South America, the dining-car is the most popular and comfortable in the train, and becomes a sort of sublimated chair-car, with Scotch high-balls and warm beer always handy, even this early in the morning. Every one rushes to the station a half-hour or more in advance of the starting-hour, so as to be sure of seats in the dining-car, wedges himself and all his belongings into and around the seats and under the little tables, and camps there until his destination is reached. How the poor mortals that are forced to sit in the ordinary coaches or even the Pullmans

ever get their meals is somewhat of a mystery; but some one must get up and leave occasionally. It is an odd custom, but has many good points—if you get there first.

For a long time after leaving Antofagasta the train, despite its two locomotives, travels at a snail's pace. At times it hardly seems to move at all, but the sea-shore and town gradually drop farther and farther below you, and the horizon rises slowly until the ocean seems like a huge blue dish-pan. The train is slowly but surely climbing the top of the rock wall that has followed you down the coast from above Iquique, and which at this point is over two thousand feet high. Suddenly the train turns sharply to the left into a dry gully, where all the rocks are red and blue and purple and yellow and barren and desolate—huge masses of rock that had been thrown there to build something with, probably mountains, but forgotten by the builder. Later on you climb out of this gully to the desert.

A desert to the most of us means cactus, sage-brush, rattle-snakes, horned toads, and other unique forms of life; some sand, and no water excepting every ten, twenty, or even fifty miles. The nitrate desert has none of these refinements. In fact, it has no refinements at all. It is a plain of dust and rocks, with here and there a barren hill in the distance. There is no vegetation of any kind. This is absolute, not relative or figurative. It never rains, and there is not a drop of water within two hundred miles. The desolate expanse of brown and ochre yellow is not baked daily by the heavy sun, because baking implies some form of moisture; scorching, in turn, implies something to scorch, and there is nothing excepting the human ants that prowl around digging nitrate. The desert is simply sterilized day after day, and has been for a million years past. The heat rises in great swirling waves until the air boils, and the barren hills are distorted and vanish, their place taken by mirage after mirage—great lakes of clear water, palm-trees, white palaces—and you and every

one else pull down the shades to the lowest possible notch that will allow the electric fans to blow the heavy smoke that fills the car out at the windows.

Hour after hour the train rumbles along through utter desolation, passing one nitrate *oficina* after another, only the high chimneys of which can be seen through the waves of heat.

Presently the waiters gather up all the empty bottles and glasses, and you put away your cards or books and papers. White clothes appear on all the tables, and late breakfast is served. Cold meat—all well-regulated South American breakfasts begin with cold meats—soup, fish, a roast, salad, and a dessert follow one another in rapid succession, all excellently served. The whole meal costs but five pesos, in times of ordinary exchange only about a dollar. The attention of the United States Railroad Administration might have been respectfully called to this excellent repast, with the additional note that every article of food served on these trains comes from a distance and under conditions that are amazing.

After the coffee the tables are cleared, bottles and cards reappear, and every one settles down for a long afternoon. The crowd is a rough one—superintendents and engineers of nitrate *oficinas* on their way back from a run to the city, prospectors in leather boots and flannel shirts, miners en route to Bolivia, deeply tanned and streaked with dust; Chilean, English, Bolivians; a sprinkling of tired-looking women, the wives of desert dwellers; even a few children, long past the fretful stage, and sound asleep on the leather seats. The air is heavy with smoke, and rank with the fumes of whisky and beer. Some of the men in the front of the car are becoming noisy. A heavy-set Chilean in a suit originally black but now gray, with leggings and heavy spurs, gets into a dispute with an Englishman in corduroy. Another Chilean sings obscene songs in Spanish. A child wakes up and cries. The car becomes more and more of a bedlam.

The first puff of the cool afternoon breeze comes in at



The narrow-gauge train that takes one from Antofagasta up into the vast nitrate desert, and through this to the highlands of Bolivia and La Paz itself.

the window as the train slows down for the particular nitrate *oficina* you are to visit. In another moment you find yourself out on the barren desert, and the train vanishes in swirling heat waves. The station is a box-car without wheels. A little tram, drawn by a mule, stands ready to take those that desire over to the *oficina* a short distance away. A few workmen and their families that have come out, riding on top of the freight-cars in the fore part of the train, are piling into it. As you stand in indecision, the superintendent of the *oficina* you are to visit, advised of your coming by telephone, comes up and greets you cordially. A hardy Ford rushes up and carries you off. Your introduction to the vast and curious nitrate pampas of northern Chile has begun.

NITRATE, or *salitre*, as it is called in Spanish, is a wonderful enricher of soils, and much of the scientific agriculture of modern times depends upon its use. Also, enormous quantities of nitrate were used during the war as an ingredient of high explosives. Chile is remarkable in possessing a world monopoly of the natural product, and has built up an industry of almost inconceivable magnitude and

importance in its extraction. For the past ten years the exports of nitrate from northern Chile have ranged from two and a half to four million tons annually. It constitutes the chief single item of export from that country, and contributes, through duties levied on its exportation, over eighty per cent of the entire revenue of the Chilean Government. It is, in fact, the white gold that has made Chile wealthy and powerful.

This white gold is found on the vast deserts of northern Chile, a strip averaging a hundred and fifty miles in width by several hundred up and down, varying in altitude from a few thousand feet, near the sea-coast, to five or six thousand back near the Andes.

Nitrate is not an ore or a mineral in the ordinary sense of the word, but an impregnation of the thin spongy rock cap of the desert. This thin layer, ranging from eighteen inches to a few feet in thickness only, covers vast areas, generally near the surface, but sometimes several feet down. Nitrate of sodium could not, in fact, exist in nature except under conditions that prevail in this utter desert. The least moisture would dissolve and carry it down to lower strata—its presence at the surface indicates that it has not rained in this region for tens and thousands of thousands of years—not since this barren plateau was thrown up from the bed of the Pacific.

The process of extracting nitrate is simple. The soft, friable rock of the thin surface layer known as *caliche* is dug from the ground by native hand labor. The men work in pairs on a piece basis, having a certain definite area allotted to them and being paid so much per cartload of *caliche* dug. Powder made on the *oficina* itself is used for loosening the *caliche*, and the rock is then sorted and placed in piles, to be hauled in huge carts drawn by a dozen mules, to the nearest point on the network of private narrow-gauge railroad covering the property of the *oficina*.

Oficina, by the way, is the word used to express the whole

property of the nitrate concern, or to refer particularly to the plant for extracting the nitrate from the *caliche*.

The *caliche* finally reaches the main plant over this little industrial railway, and is dumped into a battery of large rock crushers. The pulverized rock is then placed in vats, called *cachuchos*, furnished with coils of pipe through which live steam is passed. Water is added, and the mass is cooked for some hours to dissolve the nitrate. This process really re-



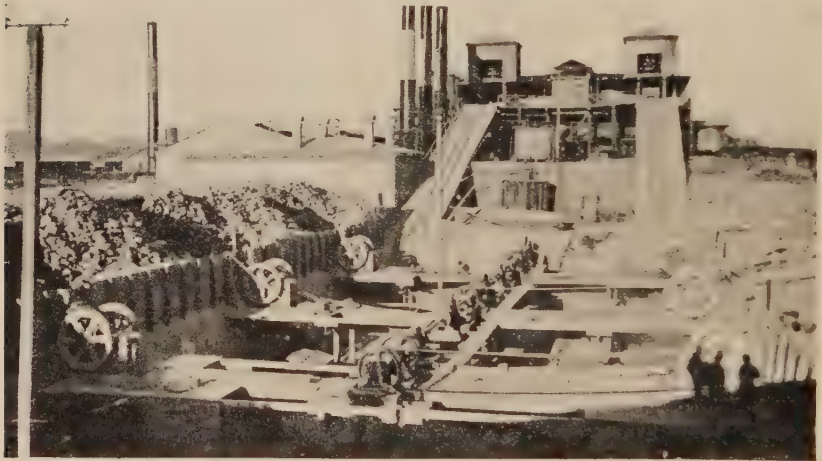
The "caliche," or nitrate rock, is still excavated by primitive hand methods. Laborers working in pairs cut their way across that portion of the desert allotted to them, digging out the layer of soft rock near the surface which is impregnated with the soluble nitrate of soda, and sort and pile this rock to be hauled to the "oficina."

The ground which has been worked over in this way looks as though it had been plowed and harrowed by a giant.

quires from seven to eight hours, a temperature of about 110 degrees Centigrade, slightly above boiling, being maintained. The *cachuchos* discharge the undissolved rock through traps in their floors, and the work of emptying these is strenuous and well paid. The liquid resulting from the cooking of the *caliche* is known as *caldo*, and is used over and over again, until it contains a certain desired percentage of nitrate in solution. The *caldo* is passed through settling tanks, to free it from the fine mud of the pulverized *caliche*, and afterward

pumped into large flat tanks, called *bateas*, where the water slowly evaporates, leaving the snow-white crystals of sodium nitrate. These crystals are scraped from the sides and bottom of the tanks, thrown to the court below, dried, sacked, and shipped to the nearest seaport.

It is the vast scale upon which this work is done that renders it most interesting—that, and the fact that all of it is done on an absolute desert. Every drop of water used in Antofagasta, Iquique, and the other towns on the seaboard, as well as all of that used on nearly two hundred large *oficinas* scattered throughout the desert, has to be piped in from the mountains a hundred miles and more back toward Bolivia. The Oficina Filomena, which we visited, employs nearly a thousand men, and houses over three thousand in the little village that surrounds and belongs to the plant. The company



The lumps of "caliche" rock, as they are brought in from the "pampa," are run through large crushers. The crushed "caliche" is then taken up the inclines, and loaded into the cooking tanks of the building in the background.

Chileans, by the way, apply the word "pampa" to the nitrate desert, while we generally only associate it with the broad pampas of the Argentine.

furnishes living-quarters, electric lights, and an ice-factory, and maintains a remarkably well stocked department store and a moving picture theatre for its workmen.



The crushed "*caliche*" is cooked in the tanks of the building to the right to extract the soluble nitrate.

The solution is then run into the open air tanks, barely visible to the left, to evaporate and crystallize.

The production of Filomena is about five thousand tons of nitrate a month; about sixteen hundred tons of *caliche* being used daily to give this amount of the finished product. The plant is equipped with twenty-four *cachuchos*, each of these cooking-vats having a capacity of about seventy tons of *caliche*. There are two hundred *bateas* for crystallization of the nitrate from the *caldo*. The power-plant that moves the six enormous *chancadoras*, or crushers, and all of the numerous pumps and other machinery, is of 240 horse-power. The electric-lighting plant is separate, and there is also a completely equipped machine-shop.

Filomena is not one of the larger *oficinas*. Its size is only about the average of nearly two hundred similar plants that dot the desert every few miles in every direction. Incidentally, about forty of these nitrate *oficinas* are operated by English companies, four or five by Germans, and one by an American concern affiliated with the Du Pont powder interests; and the rest are owned and operated by native Chileans.

THE nitrate industry of Chile is, of course, described in every book on South America, excepting only those dealing exclusively with the upper Amazon River. There is therefore no one to whom the subject is not moderately familiar. The foregoing notes have been inserted merely to follow the usual custom. There are, however, some phases of the industry that may be of greater interest.

Many of the individual items of machinery used in a nitrate *oficina*, the crushers, pumps, power units, etc., are of the most modern and improved type. The system employed to obtain the finished product is, on the other hand, as old as the hills—not these hills only, but any hills—lixiviation of a soluble substance at a high temperature, and its subsequent crystallization by evaporation.

The percentage of extraction is not high as it should be. This is admitted quite freely. Any amount of study has been given, and is being given, toward improvement, both by those that have been in the business all their lives and those expecting to revolutionize existing methods in a few days. The majority of these improvements, even when theoretically sound, seem to run up against some practical snag. When they do not, they run up against the innate conservatism of the nitrate-operator, this being almost as prevalent as the nitrate itself. When an idea is proved to be good, it takes root and flourishes slowly, probably because the desert is so barren.

The Oficina Delaware, owned by the Du Pont powder interests, introduced steam shovels to dig the *caliche*. These shovels pushed in under the shell of *caliche* rock, and pried it loose in great chunks. Unfortunately, this was one of the theoretical improvements. It struck a snag rather bigger than usual. The shovels raised such a terrific dust that no one could stay near to operate them without a gas-mask, and as this was during the war, all the gas-masks were in use else-

where. The whole nitrate region enjoyed the joke on the progressive North Americans.

The American company countered by using the drag-line excavator instead. The shovel part of this apparatus is out at the end of a steel cable, a considerable distance from the engine. By working against the light breeze, so that the dust did not reach the engineer, the operators were able to use this excavator successfully. The cost of excavating *caliche* was cut down one-half over the usual hand and power method. This was and is absolutely demonstrated, but so far not one of the other two hundred *oficinas* have followed



The piles of nitrate of soda, known here as "salitre," thrown down into the courtyard from the crystallizing tanks, glisten like snow in the bright sun of the Chilean desert. The nitrate is then sacked and shipped by rail to the nearest port.

the lead. Not that the Delaware people care a great deal, but the situation is not one to encourage American engineers to go to South America with "missions."

The excavated *caliche* is everywhere hauled to the nearest point on the railroad by huge carts drawn by six to twelve mules. Every pound of mule feed has to be brought in from southern Chile by steamer and railroad. The cost of operating a number of such teams is therefore a considerable item.

Tractors were actually introduced to do away with these mules; at least a few of them were. They struck the usual snag. The surface of the desert is, for the most part, an impalpable dust, mixed with boulders. Especially in those areas where the slightly solider *caliche* has been extracted, the wheels of the tractors—in fact, the tractors themselves—almost disappeared into the ground. Perhaps a good caterpillar tractor might stay on the surface, but, even so, no one would probably get rich on their sales for the first five or ten years after they had been proved successful.

There is one modern improvement, however, that all of the *oficinas* have immediately adopted. This is the Ford car. The only snags the Fords ever struck were those in the road. There are no roads in the nitrate desert, so the Ford had an easy introduction. The absence of roads does n't materially affect the operation of a Ford. They are hardy animals.

Most of the *oficinas* are perhaps a mile or two away from the railway. All of them have little railroads of their own connecting with the main line, and run a mule-car service to meet trains. At every station from one to half a dozen of these miniature outfits can be seen.

These cars are antediluvian, but they run on smooth rails. The Fords do not. Still, the mule-cars are for the laborers. A real visitor must be met in state, that is, in the Ford. We were so met by the manager of Filomena. We climbed into the tonneau. The manager pointed the car in the general direction of the *oficina*, the buildings of which could be seen in the distance, and pushed the throttle all the way up. At first we were caught unprepared, and banged the top of the car with our heads. Afterward we gripped the seat, and only occasionally bounced that high. It was not a comfortable ride, but of course the fact that we had traveled in state must be taken into consideration.



The "patio" of the manager's house at Filomena.
These plants are kept alive by water brought from the Bolivian mountains, in pipe lines over a hundred miles long.

THE average tourist to South America will not, of course, visit a *nitrate oficina*. Such a visit is strictly an invitation affair, as there are no hotels up on the nitrate desert. One is consequently dependent entirely upon the hospitality of the *oficinas* themselves. Even if this were not the case, the trip is a tiresome one, and would not appeal to the general traveler. Those that make the trip up into Bolivia will, at any rate, get a distant view of the nitrate desert on their way between Antofagasta and La Paz. This will probably more than suffice, as the sight of it thus afforded will hardly lead to a desire for closer inspection. The business man, interested in large-scale industrial development, or in securing ideas that may lead to a large and unexpected market for certain lines, provided that they can be adapted to meet these ideas, should by all means arrange to visit a *nitrate oficina*, if it is at all possible to do so. In most circumstances arrangements for this can be made through the owners or representatives in the various nitrate ports, such as Iquique or Antofagasta.

Once this invitation is secured, the hospitality extended

will be unbounded. This is not, perhaps, surprising. Visitors to a nitrate *oficina* are comparatively few and far between, and must make a welcome break in the monotony of the daily routine. The surprising thing is that the means of according one this hospitality are so great.

The manager's house at Filomena—and this is only typical of other *oficinas*—is a rambling building, one story high, built around an enormous patio, or central court. The walls are thick, and the rooms are in consequence delightfully cool, despite the midday heat of the desert. The patio is a dense garden, kept alive by water brought in over a hundred miles, with numerous aviaries, and roofed in with thick vines that rustled invitingly in the slight breeze, as we took tea, seated in deep wicker chairs in a brick-paved recess.

Twelve men, the manager and his assistants, the various engineers, bookkeepers, and the storekeeper, made this house their home. There was still an enormous room left over to serve as a guest chamber, the most comfortable bedroom we encountered on the west coast of South America. The two brass beds were at opposite corners, and the rug that reached almost from one to the other must have been sixteen by twenty feet in size.

The dining-room was even larger—so large that the candles on the long table down its center left patches of darkness in its corners. The table was a brilliant mass of fine china and glassware. A broad strip of pink sateen ran down its center. Bowls of pink cosmos were interspersed with decanters of dark-red claret. The pink shades of the candles increased the rosy effect, and must have had some effect upon the dinner, which was superlative. Course after course appeared, until you forgot that you were up in the center of an absolute desert—in fact, that you were in Chile at all.

We had not at this time had as much experience with hotels in that country as we came to have later on, but there

is one thing certain. It ought to be a splendid investment to start a nitrate *oficina* down near Valparaiso or Santiago. Of course there is no nitrate in that part of Chile, but that wouldn't matter. All the *oficina* would have to do would be to take boarders, and it would drive all the hotels in that vicinity out of business.

There were fourteen of us that sat down at dinner that night. My wife was the only woman in the party. Only one man of the *oficina*, a minor book-keeper, spoke English, and was delegated to the place of honor at her side. The other eleven and myself discussed everything from the European war and the Chilean nitrate situation to the latest styles in New York. All but one of the party were Servians, of whom there are large numbers in the nitrate regions. After dinner a large phonograph was hauled out into the patio. It was late before the various groups dissolved, in spite of the early hours at which work on the *oficina* starts in the morning.

It is not a highly exciting life to live day after day for months and years, in the desert, but there are certainly worse ones. It is lonely, without question, but occasional runs to Antofagasta break this monotony, to some extent. There are also other *oficinas* near at hand to be visited once in a while. One doesn't realize this very fully during the day, as the various buildings blend so thoroughly into the landscape, until only a chimney here and there in the distance is to be seen. After dark the manager took us out to the high bandstand in the center of the open square in front of the house. The air was as clear as a bell, and every star had been turned on full force, including many that are not used at all on ordinary nights. The lopsided southern cross had recently been cleaned and shone more brilliantly than usual. The desert also had been lighted up. On every side were the twinkling lights of other *oficinas*—single lights, lights in groups, lights in dense masses, lights in complete constellation. We counted eight of these brilliantly lighted cities.

The whole feeling of the desert was completely altered. It was no longer lonely and desolate, a region of isolated workers lost in its swooning heat waves, but became a single jeweled community of industry.

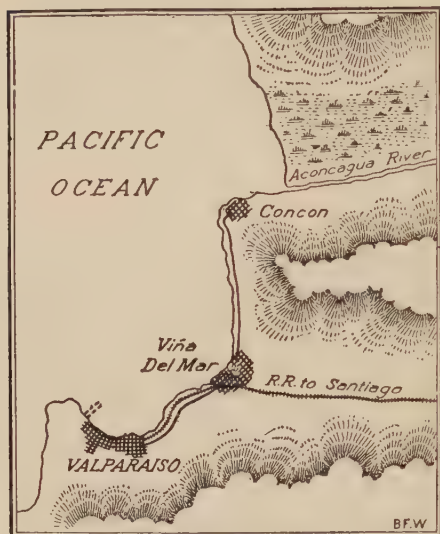
VALPARAISO

AND

VIÑA DEL MAR

THE Bay of Valparaiso is a broad semicircular indentation in a coast rising abruptly into low mountains on every side. The indentation is a shallow one, however, so that it is actually little better than the open roadsteads farther north. There is virtually no protection for vessels at anchor, and severe storms occur occasionally, with heavy damage to shipping. To remedy this, the government is trying to extend a break-water from the southern headland but its construction is a herculean task, because of the depth of the water. Load after load of enormous concrete blocks, each the size of a small house, have been dropped overboard. So far these have utterly disappeared, and made no impression whatever. As usual, there are conflicting plans for this highly necessary improvement, and acrimonious debates take place, in Congress and elsewhere, so that the work proceeds by fits and starts. Eventually—in forty or fifty years, perhaps—something may have been accomplished that will at least alleviate the unfavorable conditions despite which Valparaiso has become the chief port of the South Pacific.

The view of the city as the steamer approaches is a marvelous one. The hills rise almost from the water's edge to form a vast amphitheater, on which are piled street upon street and building upon building, until the eye is bewildered. The city seems to stretch for miles along the bay. At night the illumination of this vast theater makes the city seem even larger. To the left, and also climbing the hills behind it, Viña del Mar is plainly visible. Scattering buildings line the hills between the two cities, and trains can be made out running along the shore. It is to this little stretch of the bay between



The Harbor of Valparaíso is completely exposed to the terrific southwest gales that sweep across the Pacific Ocean.

Some attempt is being made to build a breakwater which is indicated by the dots on the sketch, but the mountains behind the city continue their rapid descent under the water, and render such efforts almost abortive. In spite of this, Valparaíso is by far the most important shipping port on the west coast of South America.

hint of the ruthlessness with which Nature can frown.

Valparaíso and Viña that the interned German steamers and sailing-vessels were removed from their five-year anchorage in front of Valparaíso, to be later cast on the rocky shore in a hurricane long after the armistice had been signed.

Farther to the left are frowning promontories and higher mountains. The scene is a beautiful one in the bright Chilean sunshine, and reminds us of some bays in Italy, or of some parts of California. But there is nevertheless beneath the smile that Nature generally bestows on the incoming traveler a

MENTION has already been made of west-coast pirates. Those that surround the vessel at Valparaíso, for landing-facilities here are as primitive as at Paita or Mollendo, are the worst of the lot. There is no regular landing-tariff for either passengers or their baggage. The boatmen, more numerous, vociferous, and voracious than farther up the coast, are out for blood, and generally get it. Charges of five pesos for taking a single steamer trunk ashore and delivering it at the Royal Hotel, a few blocks from the landing, are not uncommon. One is, in fact, lucky to get off this easily.

These Valparaiso pirates also have a little habit of halting half-way between the shore and the steamer, and demanding double pay to proceed. This trick is more frequently played when one is in a hurry to catch a steamer lying with its chains straight, ready to leave, than it is when one is going ashore. The story is still told in Valparaiso of how an Englishman and a German were forced to take the same



Waiting for the next victim.

At Valparaiso the landing facilities are as primitive as at any of the smaller ports along the west coast, but the boatmen are more voracious.

boat to catch a steamer about to sail. The two were naturally not on speaking-terms, but necessity knows no law, so the German occupied the bow while the Englishman sat astern. When they were half-way out the final whistle of the steamer blew. The boatman promptly laid down his oars—fifty pesos were to be paid at once or he would not go on. The two passengers were unable to discuss their predicament. The Englishman preferred to miss his steamer rather than speak. The steamer pulled up its anchor and got under way. Moved by a common instinct, the two enemies closed in on the boatman. There was a splash. The Englishman and the German took an oar and caught the steamer hands down.

Such extreme measures are only occasionally necessary.

The traveler will have no trouble going ashore, other than to his pocket-book. Formalities at the custom-house near the landing-stage are not severe, and one is soon in a cab on the way to the Royal Hotel.



The other side of the Plaza Prat.

The Intendencia, or City Hall, is the large building that partially shows to the right. The three story building behind the electric car drawing the double deck trailer is the Post Office.

The Plaza Prat is simply a large paved square where all the trolley cars of the city congregate.

VALPARAISO is a rather soiled commercial beehive that is distinctly cosmopolitan in its character. It is, for one thing, the most anglicized city in South America. But, being a great seaport, it has caught in its net all kinds and conditions of people. The languages spoken are as numerous as the nationalities of which its population is composed. The greater part of its business is done by foreigners. The bulk of the wholesale importing and exporting trade is in the hands of the British, Germans, Americans, French, and Italians, more or less in the order named. The Italians and Spanish virtually control the small retail business.

All of the business part of the city is cramped into the narrow strip between the shore and the hills behind. Its

center is a broad open square of asphalt known as the Plaza Arturo Prat. On this are the post office, city hall, railroad station, custom-house, and landing-stage. From it lead the two principal business streets, Prat and Cochrane, narrow lanes that start only a few feet apart and within a short distance unite to form Esmeralda, leading into the unpretentious retail district. There are many old-fashioned rookeries, but few really modern business buildings, other than the new Bolsa. Either natural conservatism or the very activity of the place seems to have prevented attention being paid to such material improvements.

The very atmosphere of Valparaiso is one of concentration on commercial matters. It is the keynote of the city, and is one that will have a strong appeal to the visitor on business. Such a visitor will feel more at home than in almost any place in South America, and will find much of interest to detain him.

IN other respects, Valparaiso will be more or less of a disappointment. The city is built along the shore of a broad open bay. There is n't much of this shore—only enough for two or three narrow streets following the curve of the water.



Some of the narrower hill streets frequently turn into staircases.

The rest of the city climbs up the sides of steep hills and hangs directly above your head on all sides. These hills are the sole redeeming feature of the place. There are no other sights worth mentioning, no public buildings worthy of the name, no system of parks or boulevards, and few places of amusement.

If one has any of the proclivities of the Rocky Mountain goat, however, one can discover many corners of exceeding picturesqueness—narrow alleys twisting their way up almost perpendicular slopes amid tenements like boxes piled one on top of the other; streets that are nothing but flights of stairs, down which a pack-horse laden with firewood stumbles from step to step; quaint gardens in nooks in the rocks, overhanging the post office, these and many others will be met at every turn. Wonderful vistas of the narrow city below, of the ships at anchor, of the broad bay clear to the dim mountains in the far distance, alternate with these picturesque glimpses. Some of the little streets that you will find hang out over the edge with only a flimsy wooden rail between them and the roofs of buildings a couple of hundred feet beneath. The view from the deeply shaded and crumbling-walled esplanade in front of the Naval Academy is one of the finest. The whole city and crescent-shaped bay lie before one from this shelf cut in the side of the hill, and you are far enough to one side so that all of the other hills are included in the magnificent panorama.

Most of these hills are equipped with escalators, perilously inclined elevators that take you part of the way up for ten centavos. Some of these are almost perpendicular. While they are the same in principle as those used in Pittsburgh and elsewhere in this country, one car being drawn up as the other descends, they strike one as much more frail and less reliable. It is said that regular city inspections insure that no accidents will happen, and that the cars are equipped with every possible safety-device; nevertheless, they do not inspire one with any too much confidence. Any resi-

dent of the city seems to be too willing to tell you of this or that escalator coming down the hill quicker than it went up. Even though they hasten to assure you that no one was hurt, you have n't a wholly comfortable feeling as the city falls below and spreads out before you. Besides this, the single cable seems much too thin, and the cars creak and groan



For the benefit of the lazy, most of the hills of Valparaiso are equipped with elevators. The cars are drawn up and down the almost perpendicular slopes on threadlike cables, and one's heart is apt to spend most of its time well up in one's throat during the creaking passage, but accidents are not really common enough to be regarded as every day affairs.

too much. Thousands of Valparaisonians climb to their aërial homes in these escalators each evening, but, as far as we were concerned, we preferred to walk.

At present there is no way to get from hill to hill without climbing down and up again. This will eventually be remedied by an avenue that is slowly but surely being cut around the city far enough up so that it will be above all of the smaller hills. When this is finished—many years will pass before it is—Valparaiso will have one of the most wonderful avenues in South America.

IN view of the wealth and cosmopolitan character of Valparaiso, it will be a distinct shock to the traveler to find that there is not a single hotel in the place worthy of the name. By this is not necessarily meant a modern hotel—the Maury in Lima is decidedly not modern, but it is comfortable, and there is a certain fascination about it that makes one loathe to leave. Up in Bolivia and in the cruder nitrate regions of northern Chile one doesn't expect anything very pretentious, and finds living-conditions more passable than expected in the circumstances. In Valparaiso they are also, perhaps, passable, but that is all; and one expects a great deal

more of a city of its size and importance.

The Royal Hotel is the best in the city, and all travelers visiting Valparaiso for the first time will undoubtedly stop there. It would probably never be patronized by any one the second time if there were any other even passable hotel in the city, but a few do learn how to avoid it by running out to the Gran Hotel in Viña del Mar. The Royal Hotel is not a hotel at all, but a practical joke, that becomes more and more painful to the victim as his stay is prolonged. It is really a magnified boarding-house, with some of the



A sharp curve where one is protected only by a flimsy wooden rail from landing on the housetops many feet below.



Some of the hills of Valparaiso are covered with fine residences, others with shacks that rise in distorted masses, one above the other, until the whole hill becomes a gigantic tenement. Plenty of light and air, but imagine living on the tenth floor of a hill!

attributes of a hotel—an elevator that occasionally works (but carries you to your room when it does only if this is in the small central portion of the building, which it never is), type-written menus, a head waiter in a dress suit, and flowers on the tables—just enough to deceive one into thinking that, after the long trip down the west coast, one has really arrived somewhere, only to have this feeling of satisfaction recede in a day and vanish in a week.

Other than the few special points already noted, there are plenty of long and gloomy corridors, a dining-room three sizes too small, and a unique lounge lighted by a grimy skylight. When it rains, this lounge is artistically decorated with buckets and tin bath-tubs. Possibly the skylight has been repaired recently, but this is doubtful. In fair weather it is n't necessary, and in rainy weather it is impossible.

One's mail at the Royal has a cheerful way of losing itself in the dark recesses of the cubbyhole by courtesy called an office. This happened to us twice within a week, and I can't believe that we were unduly favored.

There is only one thing that is strictly modern about the

Royal Hotel. That is the scientific manner in which extra charges are applied to one's bill. The regular rates of fifteen, eighteen, twenty, or twenty-five pesos per day are, to say the least, highly deceptive. Coffee and rolls in the morning are for some unknown reason not included, but are charged for extra. So is fruit served at meals, although the finest grapes at times are a drug on the market. Everybody consequently buys his fruit outside and brings it into the dining-room in a paper bag. Baths, if you can get any, also appear prominently on your account—but why go on with an unpleasant subject? I prefer to digress, because mentioning baths reminds me of the way that we were obliged to turn the bath water on in the morning to secure half a tubful by evening. In the meantime it was necessary to mount guard in relays, so as to prevent any one else from taking advantage of our foresight. There is plenty of room in Valparaiso for a really first-class hotel. Some day one will undoubtedly be built, and the Royal will pass into oblivion. In the meantime it has a monopoly.

The Gran Hotel at Viña del Mar, only a fifteen-minute ride out, is infinitely pleasanter, with its magnificent open courts, wonderful old-fashioned garden, and modernly furnished rooms, all opening upon piazzas. The food, however, is not so good as at the Royal, but passable, and this is more than balanced by its other superiorities.

The situation in Santiago is not much better. This statement will, of course, be questioned by those who regard the Savoy there as the finest hotel in South America. As a matter of fact, the Savoy did start out to be one of the finest, but it just as certainly failed dismally en route. Just where it got off the track it is hard to say. The building is a fine one, and the furnishings new and costly. Unfortunately, they impress one as not being in thoroughly good taste, and there is a stiffness and ungainliness about the place that is very noticeable. One would say that there was more than a touch

of German influence lurking somewhere in the distance, and not be so far wrong, at that.

It seems, or at least so the story goes, that plans were drawn up by a Chilean architect for a thoroughly first-class modern hotel, along the most approved lines. These plans were accepted, and the lowest bidders turned out to be a large firm of German contractors in the city. These contractors offered to reduce their price considerably if certain changes were made in the plans, and the owner unwittingly—or perhaps wittingly—fell into the trap. The result is very apparent. The Germanized Savoy is just about what one would expect it to be.

The Savoy is new, has steam heat, plenty of baths, and running water in each room. The bedrooms are modernly



Looking off across the tile roofs of one hill to other hills in the distance. No two houses are, of course, ever on the same level. Little attempt can be made under the circumstances at architectural style, but the general effect is decidedly interesting and picturesque.

furnished, and, barring some incongruities, one could imagine himself almost anywhere where modern hotels exist. The main drawback to the Savoy is its expensiveness, for example, thirty pesos for a double room without a bath, and without meals. Other charges are in proportion. Frankly, the Savoy



These narrow curving alleys that lead up to the heights were never made for automobiles.

is comfortable but not worth the price, unless one is a millionaire.

For those that are not, there is the Grand, but the Grand is a second Royal, only shabbier. Incidentally, the Savoy and the Grand, in Santiago, and the Royal, in Valparaiso, are all run by the same man, a German-American from Newark, New Jersey. This probably explains a great deal. He has made a fortune out of these hotels, but that is only what would have been expected. Any one would who gave as little for the money.

Fortunately, for those who do not care to pay the extravagant charges of the Savoy, there are other hotels in Santiago that are passable, even though not strictly modern. The Oddó is inexpensive, and certainly preferable to the Grand.

BECAUSE of the war, woman conductors on tram-cars have become familiar sights in all parts of the world. It is a well-known fact, because it is always featured in books on South America, that Chile led the world in this particular. Woman conductors were employed on the tram-cars in that country as far back as the time of the Chilean-Peruvian War. This was in 1881. Judging from appearances, all of these original conductoresses are still in the service. Their aver-

age age must be close to sixty, but the coarse black hair of the strongly Indian type that seems to have a monopoly of this business is deceiving: perhaps it is closer to seventy. Most of the cars in Valparaiso and Santiago are double-deckers, and the agility displayed by these elderly fare-takers in scaling the steep circular ladders that lead aloft is nothing short of marvelous.

The fare on the electric cars, both in Valparaiso and Santiago, is ten centavos, at normal exchange about the equivalent of two cents in our money. The upper deck is second-class, at half this price. When exchange went up to three pesos to the dollar, making the first-class fare equal to about three and a third cents, a strong agitation for a reduction in the fare developed. Exchange did not stay up at this high level long enough to bring the matter to a head, but the fact that the agitation was taken as serious by the company, which is German, is interesting in view of the tendency in the United States to increase fares above the old established five-cent standard, in itself over double that of the Chilean tram-ways. It is true that wages in Chile are much less than in the United States, perhaps sufficiently so to justify a fare considerably lower than



At the top of the hill just beyond the Intendencia.

A group of charming residences crown this hill, with little gardens tucked into odd corners. Leaves falling from these gardens would almost land in the heart of the business district.

in this country. On the other hand, a great deal of this saving in wages must be eaten up by the much higher cost of fuel, equipment, and all supplies used by the public-service companies in Chile.

THE price of "The Saturday Evening Post" in Chile—you can secure an occasional copy at the various English bookstores—is one dollar; of the "Cosmopolitan," two and a half. The cheapest pair of near-silk stockings that we could find in Santiago were fifteen dollars. It cost three dollars and a half to have a six-exposure kodak film developed in Antofagasta; later on, in Valparaiso, the charge was only two dollars, but neither included printing. Shoes ranged from thirty dollars per pair up to one hundred dollars and more. Admission to the better class *cinemas* was two dollars, to regular theatrical performances, six dollars to maybe fifteen or twenty dollars. If you bought chocolates between the acts, you paid for them at the rate of eight dollars per pound. The price of clothing and hotel bills run into high finance, and would be too startling to record.

These prices are, of course, in Chilean paper pesos, not American dollars. This makes a big difference. Chilean paper currency, of which the peso is the unit, has no redeemable value in either gold or silver, and is celebrated as one of the most elusive currencies in existence. It generally hovers around ten pence sterling, or about twenty cents, to the peso, but fluctuates so violently that no national lottery is permitted or needed in Chile. Horse-racing and speculating in paper money afford all the excitement necessary.

It is this paper currency that is in use in all ordinary retail transactions throughout the country. Most of the paper notes were engraved in the United States, and resemble our own bills in size and shape to a somewhat greater extent than the paper issues of other South American countries. The designs and colors are rather unattractive, however, and the



The Monument do Arturo Prat.

The plaza on which it stands bears the same name and is the commercial center of Valparaiso. The building to the right is the railway station.

paper is coarse and heavy. A few two-peso notes are in existence, but the five-peso is the smallest generally seen. Fractional currency is of such base metal that the coins turn green in the pocket.

In addition to this fluctuating paper currency, there is also a rather mythical gold peso, with a definitely fixed value of eighteen pence sterling, or about thirty-five cents. One hears of this gold peso occasionally, but never sees one. As a figure of speech, it serves as a basis for quoting on these larger transactions where the seller can not afford to assume the risk of the paper peso declining thirty or forty per cent in value before the deal is completed. Even when the price is quoted in gold pesos, actual payment has to be made in the usual paper currency, at the exchange rate of the day. All of this, however, does n't concern the average traveler at all.

A Chilean five-peso note is therefore worth about one dollar. Actually, it has a purchasing-value of one half of that, or less, especially as far as imported goods are concerned. On this basis, an article ought to sell in Chile at just about ten

times in Chilean paper pesos what it sells for in this country in dollars. Taking everything as a whole, this average is pretty well maintained, although the tendency is certainly upward rather than downward.

This works out into a neat little system. If the price you are asked for something is only ten times what you would pay for it at home in dollars, you are getting off cheaply; if fifteen times, you are probably not getting stung badly; but if it is twenty times as much, you may be able to buy more cheaply elsewhere—and maybe you won't. It is a fair rule to work on, anyway, if you are good at mental arithmetic.



Not all of Valparaíso consists of odd shaped buildings slipping off the sides of steep hills.

The Calle Esmeralda, which is the main retail street of the city, also contains many handsome modern residences.

DESPITE all this, Chile has not in the past been regarded as an unusually expensive country to live or travel in, as South American countries go. In all of these countries manufacturing is on a most modest scale, and confined to major necessities for the most part. All luxuries, and many things that we do not think come under this heading, are imported, paying high freight rates and in many cases almost prohibitive duties, and are naturally expensive. This concerns the

lower classes of the native population much less than would be imagined. Local grown produce, and many of the actual necessities, are much cheaper than here in this country.

The actual cost of living in Chile has, on the whole, always been regarded as somewhat higher than in Peru, but not in the same class with that in the Argentine. During the war living-costs in Chile did not increase to anything like the same extent that they did elsewhere, although there was, of course, the usual agitation and complaint.

Imported goods actually became cheaper, but the cost of traveling in that country, for an outsider, increased enormously, over sixty per cent, in fact. This paradox is easily explained. It was, as may be guessed, due to the erratic and perverse behavior of our friend, the paper peso.

In 1917 and early 1918, an extremely favorable balance of trade, due to heavy nitrate shipments out of the country, and restricted importations, carried the value of the paper peso from its normal of about ten pence to the absolutely unbelievable figure of seventeen pence sterling. The effect of this on a traveler passing through Chile was, to say the least, decidedly awkward. A New York draft for one hundred dollars, on which about five hundred paper pesos would normally



Leading up from a narrow gully between two hills.

be realized, did not bring quite three hundred. From the point of view of the native Chilean, this made little difference. He still received the same number of pesos for his labor, and spent it much as usual. The importer reaped a harvest. The appreciation of the value of the paper peso more than offset the greatly increased prices of manufactured articles purchased abroad, and retail prices remained the same.

The poor traveler did all the suffering.

From his point of view, Chile suddenly became by far the most expensive country in South America.

Hotel bills of from twenty to thirty pesos daily at the Grand in Santiago or the Royal in Valparaiso seemed only moderately high for the indifferent accommodations furnished, with exchange at five pesos to the dollar. At three to one, paying seven to ten dollars for the same identical accommodations became pure robbery, and the less said about it the better.

Fortunately for those that still have to travel in Chile, the value of the paper peso started cracking at the first symptoms of peace, and declined so rapidly after the signing of the armistice that within two months the peso was back approximately at its old level. This is good news, but there is a fly in the ointment, as usual. Prices were not, of course, lowered as exchange went sky high. This does not prevent their being raised as exchange has fallen. In fact, it seems rather natural to suppose that such has been the case.

THERE is one restaurant in Valparaiso that is so good that it stands like a lighthouse among the hotels and restaurants, not only of the city, but of all of Chile. I refer to the Trocadero restaurant, in the basement of the Bolsa. It is modern and up-to-date in its appointments, the service is really first-class, and the food all that could be wished for.

The much heralded Santiago restaurant in Santiago is only a poor second to the Trocadero. One could tell this by a glance at the brewers' lithographs that adorn its walls. It remains to be seen how the new restaurant of the Savoy

Hotel pans out. When first opened, the hotel had none, but this was finally added late in 1918, and may be good, though I have my doubts. To be so would render it decidedly out of harmony with the Royal-Savoy-Grand tradition.

Even if it were, a country with only three places where a thoroughly first-class meal may be obtained, cannot be said to be highly favored gastronomically. As a Peruvian on the west-coast steamer said, "They don't eat well in Chile." This is true, at least as far as eating in public is concerned.

From our experience, we are rather inclined to think that they treat themselves somewhat better in private. In order to allay any suspicion at the outset, I will state that we received our first invitation to take midday breakfast with these particular friends in Viña under such circumstances as to guarantee a lack of premeditation. Despite this, we sat down to the following, all served as separate courses:

COLD MEAT

[Every South American breakfast begins with cold meat.]

SOUP

[We were offered Worcestershire sauce with this, in case, as our host naïvely expressed it, we should not like the soup. It was not, however, needed.]

FISH

POACHED EGGS WITH A HEAVY SAUCE

ROAST CHICKEN AND RICE

ASPARAGUS

[Chilean asparagus is the equal of any grown in California.]

BEEFSTEAK AND POTATOES

SALAD

PUDDING

CHILEAN PANCAKES

[Enormous ones, known as *panqueques*, as light as a feather.]

CAKE AND FRUIT

CHEESE AND COFFEE OR TEA

I have the impression that there was something else, but have forgotten. Three kinds of wine were served with this

twelve-course banquet. If the rest of Chile lives half as well at home, no wonder there are so few good restaurants.



Old fountain in the Plaza Victoria.

There is not enough level ground in Valparaíso for many plazas. As the Plaza Prat up in front of the Intendencia is merely an open paved square, the Plaza Victoria becomes the center of the city's open air activities.

CHILE is generally regarded as having been pro-German during the war. Nevertheless there was also a vociferous pro-Ally element, and it was not so easy as it seems to form a reliable estimate of the relative standing of the two factions.

It was even contended, and I have this on authority that inclines me to believe that it is perhaps a fair statement of the case, that from a popular standpoint, fully sixty per cent. of the people favored the cause of the Allies, but that the German element, although numerically in the minority, was so much more influential officially that it completely outbalanced the pro-Ally sentiment, and dominated the situation. I do not think that this latter fact can be doubted. Plots, counter-plots, vituperation, and all the manifold Machiavellian diversions so enjoyed by the Teutons flourished on all sides, but these methods of German diplomacy have become so well known that the details have lost interest, and need not be

mentioned here. As usual, the Germans overdid their part magnificently, and that they were successful in keeping the Chilean nation from openly espousing the cause of the Allies, at least to a limited extent, was due solely to the sudden termination of the war. Some months before the armistice Chile was fretting under the raw work of the various German guests enjoying its hospitality, and the steps that the government finally took in September, 1918, in taking over the German vessels that had sought refuge in Chilean harbors four years before could only have led eventually to strained relations with Germany.

The German element has been strong in Chile for a number of years. The Chilean Army has been trained and



The two principal business streets of Valparaíso are Prat, on the left, and Cochrane, on the right. It will be noted that neither of these names is distinctively Spanish. The two streets come together to form Esmeralda, in a narrow angle that will one day be the site of a real flatiron building. Today it is occupied by a small photographer's studio.

officered by Germans, who were recalled only at the outbreak of hostilities in Europe. As a consequence, the Chilean Army has a very pronounced Teutonic cast, from the uniforms and bearing of the private soldier, up to the large gray Prussian capes of which the officers seem so proud. As in Germany, the army is much in evidence, and Chile has come to be re-

garded as the Prussia of South America. This reputation predated the war, and causes the country to be looked at askance by its neighbors, who regarded it—and for that matter still regard it—as a potential firebrand, apt at any time to upset the delicate equilibrium of the southern continent, just as William, with the help of Gott, upset that of Europe. In the circumstances, it is little wonder that Chilean officialdom suffered, or appeared to suffer, from a decidedly Teutonic taint.

There is also a large German colony in Chile. This is particularly true of the southern part of the country, down around Concepción. In the nitrate districts of the north the German element is not so marked, although there are one or two large German firms operating in this product. These concerns were, of course, blacklisted, and their activities greatly restricted, as Chilean nitrate could be sold only to the United States or the Allies.

The British Chamber of Commerce in Valparaíso assumed charge of the suppression of German commercial propaganda and activities in Chile, as far as the British Government was concerned, and rendered very efficient service in this connection in a manner that was regarded by all firms with no German tendencies, as eminently fair, notwithstanding a natural inclination to favor certain strong commercial interests of their own nationality. The necessity of acting arbitrarily in such matters as recommending certain firms for blacklisting, and lifting the ban on others, is something that lends itself readily to the charge of favoritism. The fact that the British board performed its labors with so little dissatisfaction speaks well for its impersonal impartiality. Unfortunately the same feeling did not exist toward the special representatives of the United States Government engaged in the same work, although the regular representatives were well liked.

There is one feature of the German invasion of South American countries in which they have settled widely, such

as southern Chile and southern Brazil, that will always make the German element of comparatively greater importance than the English, or even the French. This is the greater tendency to intermarry with the local population and to thoroughly assimilate themselves into local activities. It is rare that you see an Englishman, or even an English-Chilean, identified with the politics of the municipality in which they have chosen to settle. Turn to a directory of the officials of Concepción, or of any number of small towns in that part of Chile, and fully half of the names are German. In some of these cities and towns almost as much German is heard on the streets as Spanish.

“EL SUBMARINO” was a violently pro-German weekly published in Santiago, to give the Chileans the true news of the war, “in spite of the blockade and censorship,” and to afford amusement to the pro-Ally population. It was really a comic weekly, although this fact was unsuspected by its publishers, and, apparently, by the bulk of its readers, who took it seriously. It was by all odds the most humorous feature of German propaganda in Chile, or, for that matter, in all of South America. Its eight pages weekly were a mass of scurrilous cartoons, coarse slurs at anything and everything



“El Submarino.”

The violently pro-German publication in Chile. Note John Bull being blown into the air by a submarine. This particular number appeared only one month before the armistice was signed. It was tame in comparison to other issues, but sufficiently scurrilous at that.

pertaining to the allied cause; but contained no news excepting that manufactured by its publishers. The sarcastic humor that appeared in its columns was excruciating. Take, for instance, the following interesting news item, from the number dated September 21, 1918.

THE ONONDAGAS DECLARE WAR ON GERMANY

Syracuse, September 13. The Onondaga nation, composed of North American Indians, after a solemn council celebrated by the chiefs of the nation, has just decided to declare war on Germany. The tribe gives, as its reason for making this decision, the fact that when the war started, in 1914, seventeen Onondagas that were traveling in the central empires were insulted and imprisoned, only securing their liberty after all sorts of indignities.

Monaco, San Marino, Liberia, and the Onondagas!

The same number contained a lengthy argument to the effect that German soldiers never mutiny in any circumstances—this being late in September, just before the armistice was requested. A reduction in marine insurance on vessels going into the submarine zone that was made just about this date—the piratical menace had all but been stamped out—was described as another trap of the Allies to entice sailors into serving on vessels that traversed those waters, with the remark that “this artifice is now too well known to be efficacious, and it is certain that the effects of the submarine war cannot be arrested by the artificial reduction of insurance rates.” The gradual advance of the Allies that was assuming gigantic importance, was of course, minimized. All of this is tame—it would indeed have been almost pitiful, if pity could be directed toward those that know none. The following is much more in keeping with the usual style of “El Submarino.”

MENDACITY, PERFIDY, BLUFF, AND TREACHERY

These are the elements that compose the Entente. Ever since it was born in 1914, after long and painful preparations by Edward VII and his namesake Grey, it has had no other means of fighting save the beautiful qualities that head these lines, and which it uses with admirable talent and persist-



One of the most attractive automobile rides from Valparaíso, in fact, almost the only one, is along the coast to Con Con, out past Viña del Mar. The road, excepting for the stretch to Viña and a little beyond, is a good one, following the shore, and giving a succession of charming views of the rocky coast, with picturesque headlands and many small bays.

ency. This the pro-Ally residents of Santiago and Valparaíso have ably demonstrated, when, recognizing the immense superiority of "El Submarino" over "El Tanque," and seeing this latter going to pieces, had the humorous audacity to steal the title of our well-known weekly, believing that they would thus do us an irreparable injury, instead of which the only result has been to assist our propaganda.

Every Chilean of good judgment will see in this repugnant action the manifest sign of their impotence and despair.

Although the Allies indiscriminately possess all of the characteristics indicated, each one of the nations of the Entente, nevertheless, makes a specialty of one or the other of them.

Thus, Great Britain is a specialist in lying, faking, and perfidy.

The Gr-r-r-rand Nation in faking and in "La Gloire."

The United States in bluff.

Italy in treachery.

Beautiful Combination!

And thereby hangs a tale—a most remarkable one, so remarkable as to be almost unbelievable, in view of the well-known German super-efficiency, but of events which nevertheless actually happened.

"El Submarino" of course had a rival—as strongly but

not as abusively pro-Ally as "El Submarino" was pro-German. This pro-Ally weekly was well named "El Tanque," and is the publication that is referred to in the foregoing reprint from its hostile competitor. It is needless to say that this rivalry produced a constant exchange of anything but polite sentiments. That the pro-Ally publication occasionally stooped to tactics comparable with those of "El Submarino" is unfortunate, but at no time did "El Tanque" sink to the low level of its antagonist in the vituperations and wild frothings at the mouth that the former constantly employed. There was certainly no love lost between the two publications, at any rate.

In August of the last year of the war some friend of the Allied cause made a startling discovery. This was nothing less than that the publishers of "El Submarino" had never registered their title—a striking instance of Teutonic thoroughness. Under the Chilean law, any one has a right to register any title or trade-mark whatever, provided only that no one else has previously done so. In this case, the publisher of "El Tanque" jumped in, and actually secured registration papers covering the title of his bitter enemy. Not that this would have made much difference to the Germans. They would simply have gone on using the same old title, and it would have taken months and years for the new and now legal owners of the "El Submarino" title to have dragged the case through the Chilean courts to put a stop to their doing so. This was never the intention of the publishers of "El Tanque."

"El Submarino" always appeared on the streets of Santiago and Valparaiso at a certain hour on Saturdays. About an hour before the regular number was due out on this particular Saturday, however, a new and remarkable submarine appeared in the offing. To every appearance, it was the real thing: "El Submarino" had been copied in every particular, excepting the tone of its contents.

Germans and pro-Germans hastened with their usual avidity to buy their favorite publication, and rushed for their trains to Viña or Villa Alemana. The result can easily be imagined. Valparaiso exploded and boiled over, either with anger or amusement.

The Germans did their best to buy up the entire issue of "El Tanque" camouflaged as "El Submarino." Cards appeared in the show windows of all of the German firms, warning their compatriots and friends of the fraud, with a torrent of denunciation, which was mild compared with what the regular "El Submarino" contained the following week. Condoners of the burning of Louvain and the ravishing of Belgium were aghast at the effrontery of the coup. The mildest terms were "counterfeiters, forgers, thieves, and fakers." This, of course, was to have been expected. It was a merry war while it lasted, without casualties so far as is known, other than a sadly damaged German sense of serious importance. Valparaiso certainly laughed heartily.



There is a small inn at Con Con, where refreshments can be secured, and from the terrace of which there is a marvelous outlook.

THERE is a great deal in the appearance of the country immediately around Valparaiso, and in its climate, that is strongly reminiscent of that portion of California in the

vicinity of San Francisco. This has been frequently noted.

Most Californians, as a consequence of this similarity, feel quite at home in Valparaiso.

The same fogs from the ocean that infest San Francisco are common here—the same remarkable clearness and tang in the air exist at other times.

Just as in San Francisco, an anchor to one's hat is a necessity after two in the afternoon during certain months, while the wind raises the same cyclonic dust clouds.

The temperature runs through a similar gamut of change—never very hot in their summer, never very cold in their winter, but cold enough and raw enough to be intensely disagreeable, because of the lack of even an apology for artificial heat. San Francisco has n't much of this latter, but Valparaiso has none, or virtually none.

The winter season down here is the rainy season also; only this comes in June, July, and August, instead of in our winter months. The rainfall is not excessive, storms rarely lasting over a few days at a time, with stretches of magnificent clear weather between, although there are also apt to be a good many dull, overcast days also—regular San Francisco weather.

The climate in Valparaiso has still another point of remarkable similarity to that of San Francisco. Valparaisonians are as fond of talking and boasting about, and are apparently actually as fond of their particular brand of this institution, as San Franciscans are. This must be due to some unusual peculiarity that grips one after a prolonged experience with either kind. An outsider reaching San Francisco or Valparaiso in one of their damp, penetrating fogs or damper, more penetrating rains, would hardly be as enthusiastic about it.

The hills of Valparaiso also remind one strongly of California. The scanty vegetation here is similar, and, on a bright day there is the same golden cast to the landscape,



Viña del Mar, like Valparaíso, also takes to the hills, but in a more dignified and less violent manner.

broken by the dark shadows of the gulches, and contrasting so strongly and splendidly with the deep blue of the ocean. In the immediate vicinity of Valparaíso the hills in September and October are a solid mass of bright orange California poppies, and the illusion is complete. As a matter of fact, however, these poppies are a comparatively recent importation. Some enthusiastic Californian brought in the seeds only a few years ago. The resulting poppies must have felt at home, so rapidly have they spread. They are, perhaps, overdoing it a trifle, as some tendency to regard them as weeds is beginning to manifest itself.

There is still one more startling similarity between the two places. Both cities were nearly destroyed by an earthquake in 1906. In Valparaíso, as in San Francisco, the filled-in part of the city, lying on the low, flat land along the water, suffered most; it was, in fact, utterly destroyed. Buildings on the hills suffered very little, although a few insecurely supported on the steeper slopes did slide down to join in the *mêlée*. The main business portion of Valparaíso was virtually wiped out, but, just as in San Francisco, the inhabitants accomplished wonders in rebuilding, and little signs of the

catastrophe remain, unless one can consider as souvenirs of the event the better types of buildings that have replaced the older ones.

THE Best Bronx cocktail to be had in the whole of South America is made at the bar in the handsome new Bolsa, or stock-exchange building, in Valparaiso. This information is inserted for the benefit of those who are looking for the best place to settle, now that the United States has gone dry.

As a matter of fact, cocktails are not drunk to any great extent in Chile, excepting among the resident Americans. A Chilean friend of mine has, however, recently written asking for the name of the special poison to which I introduced him. Cocktails are, by the way, much more prevalent in Buenos Aires, where a Martini is, of course, known as a San Martin. In spite of this, Chile is much more intemperate than the Argentine. This would be a strong argument for allowing cocktails as well as two seventy-five per cent beer, if it were not too late for any argument whatever.

The native drink of Chile is known as *chicha*, which is made by throwing all the left-over fruit one has into a press, and allowing the pressed juice to ferment until it has acquired a rare kick. Chicha may therefore have a number of sub-flavors, and be good, bad, or indifferent, depending on what particular fruit happened to predominate in its constitution. It is made and consumed in large quantities in Chile.

VIÑA DEL MAR—"The Vineyard of the Sea."

One of the first things a traveler arriving in Valparaiso will do is to run out and take a look at Viña del Mar. The wonderful beauties of this the fashionable watering-place of Chile have been pretty thoroughly advertised, even in the United States. It has, perhaps, even been somewhat over-advertised; if I remember aright, many descriptions of the place appeared in our papers during the course of a celebrated murder trial a few years ago.

We naturally followed precedent, and were horribly disappointed. It was not the season, of course, but the driver of the rickety carriage that we subsidized to show us Viña certainly played a ghastly joke on us. Later on we spent two whole weeks at the Gran Hotel there, and saw the place in quite a different light. Even then it was not in season, but we know now that Viña is beautiful, and can imagine what it must be when it is thronged with pleasure seekers from all over the country.



*The beach at Viña is a combination of smooth white sand and jagged rocks.
Castles built on the rocky promontories look down on the fashionable drive, with its pavilions, band concerts, and tea houses.*

It is built on a different plan from our own resorts, one that cannot be appreciated by the casual visitor. There are a few show places, veritable castles crowning the various hills, some of them like palaces that have stepped from the Arabian nights. But Viña consists mostly of charming villas and chalets hidden behind high walls and on side streets. It requires many leisurely strolls around the place, and much hunting in out-of-the-way corners, to discover its real beauties.

Here the beach is not the scene of informal, open-air amusement, as it is with us, but something to be enjoyed formally, by means of drives along the avenue that fronts it,



Viña boasts of a modern reinforced concrete church, but the cold gray of its walls does not harmonize as well with the light green of the hills behind, or with the deep green of the palms, as the usual deep buff of the more old-fashioned Spanish buildings.

or of tea at the various tea-houses, while the band plays on the esplanade. The social center of Viña is rather the race-track, or the exclusive Casino, and one feels instinctively that all of these are subordinate to gatherings of one's friends in charming gardens behind thick hedges, and by dinners, dances, and the usual round of gaiety than depends upon one's knowing every one else in the most informal and intimate manner.

It seems to me—but I admit this is pure conjecture—that Viña del Mar would hardly be the place for an utter stranger to visit expecting to enjoy a few weeks or a month in the way that one packs up and goes to some strange and previously unpatronized resort at home. But if one has friends, or has just the least bit of an entrée into the charmed and hidden circle, I can imagine that a season spent at Viña would be most delightful.

BETWEEN Valparaiso and Viña del Mar the hills come in close to the bay. In many places there is hardly room for the tracks of the railroad, those of the electric trams,

and the highway, all of which hug one another, and form the triple artery that connects the resort town with the commercial metropolis.

The highway is a disgrace to Chile. In summer it is unbelievably dusty, and so rough that automobiles can move over it only at a walk. In winter, when it rains, they cannot even do this unless each car is provided with a yoke of oxen, as the mud is over one's head in places. All of this despite the fact that at least a thousand automobiles pass along this road daily. It is by far the most important stretch of road in the entire country, and its condition reflects strongly the lack of municipal responsibility that exists in Valparaiso. Various measures are regularly introduced in the council there, but year after year goes by without action.

Viña would undertake the improvement of this road in a moment, but can do nothing without the coöperation of the larger city. The automobilists of the two cities banded together, had plans prepared, and offered to macadamize the road at their own expense, charging a slight toll to cover interest on their investment. The city refused, on the grounds that a highway of this importance should not be subject to toll charges of any kind whatever. The automobile owners



This picture was taken in Viña del Mar—not in England.



The Grand Hotel at Viña is a rambling old building, around a magnificent "patio," and with a still more wonderful old-fashioned garden in the rear. All of the bed rooms open out onto the piazzas that look down into the "patio."

retorted by offering to waive the toll, making a clean present of their work to the city. It was calculated that the total expense would not have exceeded one hundred dollars gold on each automobile in the two cities. The city authorities replied to the effect that it was not within the dignity of the city to accept such a present from private individuals, that it had plans in view for making a good road between the two places, and that sooner or later the work would be done. And so the matter rests.

As a matter of fact, the problem is more complicated even than this, because the space between the cliffs and the bay in many places is really too narrow for the three parallel roadways, and some comprehensive plan for all three, involving a widening of the shore and the shifting of the railroad, must be developed.

A GREAT many business men of Valparaiso have their homes in Viña del Mar, and live there the year round, commuting to the city daily. The train service is excellent. The trip in to town requires only about fifteen minutes, and the round-trip fare from Viña is only about equal to sixteen

cents in our money. Many people make the trip in and out by automobile.

There are, in fact, a great many automobiles registered in both Viña and Valparaiso, but, owing to the topographical surroundings, they get little exercise. There is, of course, the main highway between Valparaiso and Viña, but this is only five miles in length, and cannot by the wildest stretch of the imagination be considered an automobile road, although it is at all times covered with cars and the parts thereof. A few intrepid drivers occasionally make the trip on from Viña to Santiago and return, but this is only a more protracted nightmare, lasting over a hundred miles.

There is, however, one short stretch of road available that is a gem. This is the road from Viña del Mar northward



A palace that reminds one of the Arabian Nights—at the end of a quiet street of comfortable "villas."

to Concon, about ten miles up the coast. It is a wonderful drive, hugging the water's edge, and swinging around headland after headland, with the waves breaking on the rocks immediately beneath. One delightful view of the bay after another spreads out before one until the broad mouth of the Aconcagua River is reached. The little inn at Concon, set on the top of a hill in a grove of eucalyptus, looks out over

this broad green valley, on the other side of which rises range after range of lofty mountains.

ALL of the railroads of Chile, excepting a few of the small nitrate roads in the north, are owned and operated by the government. There is the usual outcry as to the utter incompetency of the management, but no one maintains that the personnel is more than double what it need be. Much of the criticism is undoubtedly deserved, but a part of the trouble that existed in 1918 was due to hopelessly run-down equipment and road-bed, new materials being almost unobtainable because of the war. Freight wrecks were somewhat too common to be lightly passed over, but the chief complaint was the extreme inadequacy of the freight-handling facilities. Whole train loads of perishable products rotted on sidings, and all shipments, even between Valparaiso and Santiago, the two most important cities in the country, spent so much time in transit that they were given up for lost more frequently than not.

The standard gauge of all of the Chilean state railways is five feet six inches, with the exception of a narrow-gauge portion of the northern longitudinal system. This wide gauge is nearly eight inches broader than our standard railroad gauge.

The main trunk-line of the entire system is naturally the hundred-mile section between Santiago and Valparaiso, a portion of which is double-tracked. From Santiago this main line strikes off to the south, and extends for four miles to Puerto Montt, with branches to Concepción, Talcahuano, and other cities in this, the most important agricultural section of Chile. This southern portion of the country is therefore comparatively well served, although many additional branches are planned.

The longitudinal line to the north that connects with the Valparaiso-Santiago line is quite another matter. This line is narrow-gauge. It extends several hundred miles, passing out of the semi-arid central section of the country into the



An attractive "villa" with a wonderful garden.

Many of these villas are the all-the-year-round residences of men who commute to Valparaiso daily—others are tenanted only during the comparatively short season in midsummer.

dry northern deserts, finally actually reaching the nitrate fields, and giving through rail connection between Valparaiso and Santiago and Antofagasta and Iquique. No one makes use of this recently opened northern longitudinal railroad. It would not pay any one to do so, as it is much quicker to take the boat from Valparaiso north—also much pleasanter. Any one who has ever ridden over the hot Chilean desert for three days in a narrow-gage train can appreciate this properly, but it will not require much imagination on the part of others. No through freight moves over this railroad either. Nothing less than a car-load of diamonds could afford to pay the high freight rates. Fortunately, this line is n't supposed to pay. It was built mainly for strategic reasons, and does n't count for much, excepting as a curiosity.

The main part of the real railroad system of Chile is in the southern part of the country.

DESPITE criticism against the Chilean State Railways, the traveler between Valparaiso and Santiago sees little cause for complaint. An excellent service is maintained.

Three express trains daily, at 8 A. M., 1 P. M., and 7:30 P. M. made the hundred miles in about four hours. This is really good time, considering that a divide over three thousand feet high has to be crossed, and the mountainous nature of the country necessitates excessive grades and curvature.

The trains are thoroughly American—big, easy-riding day coaches with broad leather seats. These cars were all made in St. Louis. The morning and night expresses have Pullman parlor cars in addition.

On leaving Valparaiso the road follows the shore of the bay as far as Viña del Mar, then climbs up through a narrow notch in the coast range into a succession of small flat interior valleys. The scenery up here is beautiful—stretches of vineyards, pastures full of cattle, rows of poplars bordering the fields,—with mountains always close at hand to form a magnificent background. The numerous small towns that are passed look rather dusty and uninteresting; certainly they are much less attractive than the open country.

As far as Llai-llai, two hours out of Valparaiso, the railroad has worked inland in a due easterly direction. The main line to Santiago here turns abruptly to the south, and only a branch continues on farther east to Los Andes, the connecting point for the transandine railway to Buenos Aires. Llai-llai is interesting only because of its peculiar name, and because of the number of elderly women in white caps and long white aprons who sell grapes and other fruit at the station. The grapes are excellent, as are the pears, both equal to any grown in this country, and sold at very moderate prices—for Chile. Several minutes are spent here, so there will be plenty of opportunity to stock up for the remainder of the run.

After leaving Llai-llai, the road climbs abruptly to the top of a sharp divide. The train twists and squirms, and at places hang out over the edge of the precipice in a very alarming manner. Tunnels are frequent, and interrupt magnificent views of the flat valley spread out hundreds of feet

beneath. This valley is a succession of wheat-fields cut with rows of poplars and cottonwoods, with a golden haze in the distance where it merges with the dark purple of the mountains, over which the sun sets in a riot of carmine and turquoise streamers.

Near the top of the divide this wonderful scene vanishes, and the train coasts down, twisting its way through tunnels and over mountain torrents, until the broad central valley of Chile is reached. It is too late now to see much of the country, but the lights of Santiago soon come into sight.

There are three railway stations in Santiago. The principal one of these, into which the train from Valparaiso brings one, is known as Mapocho. This station is a fine one, with a handsome train-shed and all up-to-date conveniences and appurtenances. It is one of the best examples of modern construction in Santiago, and makes you feel more at home than you have felt since leaving Panama. Close your ears to shut out the Spanish of the hurrying crowds thronging the concourse, and you can imagine yourself anywhere, unless the unusual cleanliness of the place makes it seem strange to you. To the South American traveler Mapocho station will represent something that does not exist elsewhere on the west coast, and leads one to expect great things of Santiago.

L LAI-LLAI is the Spanish equivalent of some ancient Auricanian word. There are any number of these Indian souvenirs to be had in Chile. So many of them are double-barreled that one naturally wonders whether the Auricanians were not a race of stutterers. I was assured that such was not the case, but that a word in their language was repeated in order to express the idea of "much."

Tiltil, near Santiago, is therefore supposed to mean "much gold." The name rather disproves the theory, or else the Auricanian miners were very thorough and left little behind them; for there is certainly none there now to speak of.

Taltal, meaning "much silver," is a better example. It is farther north, and there is considerable of that metal in its general vicinity. Llai-llai, Concon, and any number of other places come under this ruling also, but I never learned just what it was that was so prevalent in them. As far as Llai-llai is concerned, it might have been dust, or grapes, or fruit-venders.

There is another Auricanian Indian word in common use to-day throughout Chile that is a wonder. I refer to *guagua*. This word not only means "baby," but actually expresses "baby" better than any other word possibly could. If you don't believe this, try it for yourself. The pronunciation is about half-way between "gwah-gwah" and "wah-wah."



The former German vessel "Petschile," cast on shore in Valparaíso Bay during the hurricane of July, 1919. Other German vessels at anchor can be seen in the background. Just about half way between Valparaíso and Viña del Mar, and directly in front of scores of villas on the hills above.

TO return to Chilean railroads, there is one thing about them that will strike an American traveler most forcibly. This is the smooth way in which the trains glide into a station and come to a pause. Starting is equally painless an operation. Not only is one not thrown into the lap of the person opposite, but a glass of water placed on the seat beside one would not even be spilled. This is hard to believe, but true.



Five years at anchor in an almost unprotected harbor, to be wrecked eight months after the signing of the armistice. Another German vessel wrecked during the same hurricane. The railroad and highway between Valparaiso and Viña del Mar run just to the left of the group of people on the rocky point.

Jerking a train either in coming into or leaving a station renders the engineer subject to a heavy fine. Incidentally, he would be discharged also. The idea is a good one, and should be captured and brought up to the United States. The Brotherhood would probably not stand for it, however.

Most of the locomotives on the Chilean state railways are either of German origin or built in the locomotive plant at Viña del Mar. The majority have their works concealed underneath, in the true continental fashion.

The freight-cars are about evenly divided between large eight-wheel cars of the usual American type, and diminutive four-wheel wagons. The appearance of a Chilean freight-train, in which these full-size and half-size cars are mixed promiscuously, is interesting.

Shipping an automobile on a Chilean railroad is a real undertaking. You have to run it upon and strap it down on the flat-car yourself. Then you have to send a man to ride in it to its destination. Otherwise, the car would arrive minus lamps, cushions, tires, and everything else that could be extracted from it.

Passenger fares on the Chilean state railways are com-

paratively low. There are two classes, first and second, and an additional extra-first class, which entitles one to ride on a Pullman of the fastest express trains, but an extra-first-class ticket does not include the cost of the seat in the chair-car, which must be purchased separately. A ticket must also be purchased for your trunks, as there is no free-baggage allowance.

SANTIAGO,
THE
CAPITAL OF
CHILE

SANTIAGO, the capital of Chile, has a population of about four hundred thousand. It is more modern and European than Lima, but for that very reason there is less that one can say about it. This is unfortunate, because the city is really a charming one, and deserves better treatment. It is supposed, incidentally, to have the most beautiful location of any city in the world, other than Rio de Janeiro. This estimate of it may be slightly extravagant and is mainly a matter of taste. Nevertheless, the surroundings are unusually attractive.

The city lies almost at the head of the long valley extending for several hundred miles south through the center of the country. This valley is level—not comparatively, but absolutely, flat. A few hills stick up in the broad plain; one of them, in the center of the city, has been turned into a wonderful park that will be mentioned again later on.

In every direction, miles away, and yet apparently almost overhanging the city, are the mountains. It is these that give the place its wonderful charm; without them Santiago would at once become commonplace. Many of the peaks are tipped with snow, contributing a setting of white jewels around the city, converted into an emerald by the masses of foliage that rise above its walls. These diadems are eternal—larger and more gorgeous in winter, but always present, and always compelling and beautiful.

There is not a corner of Santiago from which the moun-

tainis are not prominently visible. They dominate everything, and form the background for many attractive parks and avenues, for handsome public buildings, for glimpses from windows and balconies, and for every phase of life in and around the city.

THERE is much wealth in Santiago, both invisible and visible on occasion; for instance, at the Club Hípico on its gala day, the eighteenth of September. There are many charming people, and incidentally a good deal of old Spanish exclusiveness and aristocratic pride. As it is the political capital of the country, there is naturally much more leisure and ostentation here than in Valparaiso. Santiago is also the fashionable center of Chile. During the winter season especially there is a great deal of gaiety, but, oddly enough, this gaiety of the ultramodern society type is intermingled with a stronger reverence for some, at least, of the old Spanish customs than is to-day the case even in conservative Lima.

Everybody of any importance still turns out and parades around the Plaza de Armas on Thursday and Sunday evenings, when the band plays. The broad walks of this magnificent plaza are crowded, the procession of girls and women, with some sedate married men among them, moving slowly in one direction, while the men circle in the other. The two streams flow past each other endlessly and without pause, just as they have in the plazas of really Spanish cities for centuries. The only modern touches are the electric lights, the more brilliant costumes, and the deep circle of automobiles banked two and three deep along the curb, each the center of a constantly changing group of friends. It is a pleasing custom, carried out in Santiago on a more extended scale, and displaying more magnificence of costume and jewels, and incidentally more beauty, than in other South American cities where it yet prevails.

It is contended, by the way, that Chilean girls are the most

beautiful in South America. The contention is disputed by Uruguay, but anyone who spends an evening or two on the Plaza de Armas will require considerable convincing when he reaches Montevideo. I will not, however, comment further on the subject, for obvious reasons. All I will say is that the many evenings we spent listening to the music were very enjoyable.



The "Plaza de Armas" is more the center of social life in Santiago than in most of the more modern cities of South America. On two or three nights each week it is thronged with promenaders, ostensibly to enjoy the music of a fine military band.

The Plaza is well-kept, and unusually attractive.

THE crowning glory of Santiago is Santa Lucía.

This mass of solid rock is a miniature mountain peak set down in the very heart of a city built on a level plain. It rises to a summit four hundred feet above the housetops, and is overgrown with shrubbery, masses of brilliant bloom, and vines so dense that only here and there can the rock be seen. Around its base is a fringe of eucalyptus, acacias, and other century old trees. Santa Lucía has, during the course of over a century, been converted into a fairyland that completely beggars the prosaic description that I must unfortunately give it.



The formal entrance to Santa Lucía, one of the most remarkable public parks imaginable.

A hill of solid rock in the center of the city has been converted into a fairyland of terraces, gardens, densely shaded walks, and magnificent vistas.

There is an imposing formal entrance to Santa Lucía from the Plaza Vicuña Mackenna. The double circular staircase encloses a little fountain set in the midst of beds of bright colored flowers, and leads up to an ornate triumphal arch. From this a short but steep climb up zigzag stairs cut in the rock bring one to a broad open terrace overlooking the city. Here there is an open-air *cinema* and a restaurant.

The first time we climbed up to this point, a military funeral passed on the Alameda directly beneath. The soldiers in the cortége looked like ants, until the late afternoon sun finally struck their polished helmets and cuirasses. Then they became fireflies.

This formal entrance, and the large open terrace with its modern accoutrements, are not the real Santa Lucía. They are out of the ordinary, it is true, and the view off across the city in three directions is magnificent, but the true charm of Santa Lucía is something quite distinct.

The real Santa Lucía lies off behind, down any of the numerous winding walks that lead back around the rock.

Take one of these walks, and you immediately plunge into deep shade and utter quiet. The vines that grow on the rock above your head hang down at your side in an impenetrable curtain. You walk on a narrow shelf, with the damp rock on one side, and the roof and other side of your tunnel a bright green. In places the curtain lifts, and you catch a wonderful glimpse of the spires of the city below you, perhaps of the snow-capped mountains beyond, framed in the green verdure. Your path twists and turns, rises and falls, splits into other paths, or comes out into little glens where a trickle of water among masses of ferns growing around a marble bench put there perhaps a century ago, invite you to pause.

While you are wandering, aimlessly if you choose, but delightedly, through this labyrinth of quiet paths, you realize gradually that you are also travelling backward through time. The spell is one that you can not shake off, even if you would. A rift in the green wall, a short flight of steps downward, and you are at least in the middle of the last century.

A succession of terraces present themselves below you, half hidden by the masses of acacias that shade them, each terrace with bastions and para-



The tops of century old eucalyptus trees growing around the base of the rock lend artistic value to one glimpse of housetops and snow capped mountains after another.

pets of brick, crumbling with age. These terraces are gardens, with an air of constant attendance, and yet with the air of neglect that always exists with gardens as ancient as these—gardens of old-fashioned perennials, of brilliant colors, yet subdued by time. Pools of water hide themselves among the gardens—pools that are constantly refilled by a trickling waterfall that is artificial, yet built so long ago that it seems wild and natural. Even the bent old gardener, brushing up fallen leaves from the smooth dark red gravel of the terrace with a broom

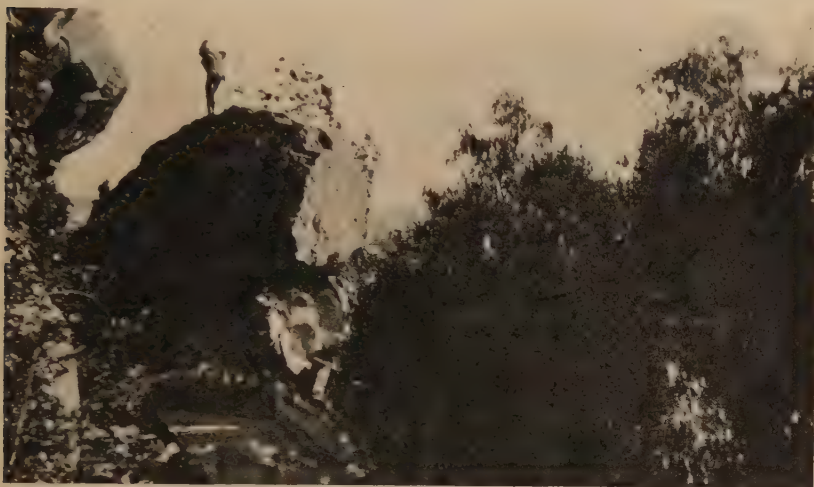


From the crumbling brick ramparts of one of the terraces of Santa Lucía, across the flat housetops of the city, to the snow-capped mountains in the distance—an incomparable view.

made of twigs, adds to the spell. At the edge of the pool he stands and calls softly, a chirrup that brings a stately swan from some concealed retreat. This is the real Santa Lucía.

The lowest of these three old terrace gardens is a quaint out-of-doors dining-room. There are only a few iron tables, but many flowers, and the restaurant itself is so completely tucked away in the rocks that it is hardly noticed. At a farther corner one of the tables has wandered off into a sheltered nook, partially hidden behind many bushes, and at the very edge of the old brick ramparts. Tall eucalyptus trees growing

just beneath barely overtop this wall, their uppermost branches framing in marvelous views of the city below, and of mountains eternally snowcapped beyond.



The walks around Santa Lucía lead up and down, and in and out, between gigantic boulders, on one of which a statue of one of the aboriginal indians, once masters of Chile, startles the stroller by its naturalness—through dense ivy covered passages, around dripping waterfalls, to the wonderful terraces at the rear.

If you clap loudly enough, a waiter will finally appear, and bring you tea. You will then sit there, as we often did, until the setting sun turns the snow on the mountains to bright pink, and dark blue shadows cover the world beneath.

It would then be time to come back from the distant past.

A long flight of old brick stairs down through the wall, brings you to a magnificent old brick gateway, with wrought iron gates looking like lacework against the orange colored sky to the west. Step through these gates, and the bustle of the city closes in on you at once—until the next time that you return to Santa Lucía.

THE main business section of Santiago is relatively small, most of the retail stores, banks, and business offices lying within a few squares of the Plaza de Armas. A few of the large jobbing-houses, of which there are many in the city, are some distance out the Alameda.

There are a number of large retail establishments and many fine shops, and the range of goods carried is so much broader than anywhere on the whole west coast that there is really no comparison. The most prominent department store is Gath & Chaves, a branch of the well-known firm operating three large establishments in Buenos Aires, and others in a number of cities throughout the Argentine. The Gath & Chaves building is remarkable from the fact that its entire frontage on the two streets it faces are solid windows of plate glass. These windows are curved into bays that extend to the roof, and virtually no walls are visible.

One feels quite at home in this store, unless one happens to look at the price tickets, or to ask for an article in English. To do this latter invariably produces the official interpreter of the store, whose English it is almost impossible to understand. You can get almost anything you want here, unless this happens to be some sensible little thing like hair-pins. In some ways, shopping may prove to be more of a disappointment in Santiago, after all, than even in Lima. In Lima, one does n't expect anything. Here, one sees magnificent displays of Parisian gowns, furs, handsome jewelry, and other similar goods in profusion, but discovers somewhat too frequently that just what one wants is not carried.

Still, considering everything, the stores in Santiago are excellent.

DURING the latter part of May, which is late in the autumn in Chile, we attended a charming dinner party given by some Chilean friends out on the Avenida Vicuña Mackenna. It was a formal affair, necessitating much digging into steamer trunks for the proper *regalia*. Dinner was set for the fashionable hour of nine o'clock.

When we arrived at the house, we were cordially greeted by the host and hostess, and advised by them to keep on our

overcoats. Others arrived and did likewise. It was a delightful affair, and the table appointments, service, and small talk were just what one would expect in New York, London, or elsewhere. The women were gorgeously gowned and jeweled—at least, that is, I believe, a safe assertion to make, though it is not based on actual knowledge. The fur coats, ulsters, and opera capes in which we all dined, and in which we later spent the evening in the drawing-room, effectively prevented direct observation.

Such an experience as ours is not an unusual one during the winter months in Santiago. We regularly wore our overcoats to dinner at the hotel, in spite of the small portable kerosene heater that was later installed, presumably to heat the large room. Even this ineffectual concession to the cold is not usually made in private residences, and a fortune probably awaits a tailor who will successfully introduce in Santiago a cross between an ulster and a spike-tailed dress coat for evening wear. Of course, there would be the same difficulty in securing the adoption of such a novel but sensible gar-



Looking down from the first terrace of Santa Lucía onto the formal entrance and double circular staircase leading up to the memorial arch.

A military funeral considered this an opportune time to pass off the "Avenida de las Delicias," called the "Alameda" for short, below.

ment as there would be in inducing the people to install even small heating-facilities. Still, it might be done, while the latter has been tried for many years in vain.

This, it will be understood, is among the wealthier and better classes, the people that ought to and really do know what modern comforts mean. The poorer classes keep themselves nearly warm by herding together in small bedrooms and closing every door and window. The result is readily seen in the high mortality from tuberculosis and similar affections.

Despite all this, the climate of Santiago is as nearly perfect as it is possible for this fickle but essential feature of any locality to be. It is not only perfect, but it is wholly delightful, and as healthful as pleasant.

The city is about twenty-five hundred feet high, and is about as far south as Charleston is north. The elevation is sufficient to counteract any heaviness and the lassitude of oppressive heat, and yet not so high as to be disagreeable. The nearness of the snow caps of the mountains surrounding the city give the air a snap and zest that are like wine in their stimulating effect. The combination is an ideal one, giving a climate that is probably the most enjoyable in the world.

The only possible criticism is the chilly weather in the few months of winter, but this criticism should really be directed at the lack of even modest heating-facilities. Even during these months the days are magnificent. On the other hand, even in the summer months, when the days may be very warm, the nights are still cool enough to make a blanket necessary. Rainy days do occur, it is true, but there are about as few of them as the law allows.

In the summer months, the temperature is not excessive. It does, however, become very dusty, and it is this fact that is used as the excuse for the annual migration to Viña del Mar and the country. Indeed, the custom has become so well established that no climatic excuse is necessary. This is a



One side of the double circular staircase that forms a part of the formal entrance to Santa Lucía.

good thing, because none really exists. The true reason for spending the summer months elsewhere than in the city is that it is simply the thing to do. No one of any importance would think of remaining in the city. That is all there is to it.

One of the most frequently told stories in Santiago is of families, too poor to go away for the season, shutting themselves in the back part of their homes for a couple of months. During this period, these poor victims of fashion are unable to put their noses out of doors. All of their provisions are sneaked into the house by trusted servants. What is done to make the time pass it is impossible even to conjecture, but it is easy to imagine the state of the nerves of these unhappy individuals at the conclusion of their self-imposed exile.

AFTERNOON coffee, or tea if you prefer, is as much of an institution in Santiago as in other South American cities. This takes one naturally into the handsome Café Rio Janeiro in the corner of the Savoy hotel. Others of the many cafés in the city may be preferred by some for one reason or another, but none come up to this one for the attractiveness of its appointments. It is also the fashionable café of the

city, and an hour spent there in the afternoon, listening to the excellent orchestra in the balcony, affords one a close-up glimpse of many of the local celebrities, both political and social.

On the whole, Santiago is rather poorly provided with places of public amusement for a city of its size and importance. There is little night life, and the streets are deserted early in the evening. The few theaters, and the opera during its short season, disgorge their crowds late, but these disperse rapidly and the city is again quiet. A few cafés are open at this hour, but the only one that seems to be fairly well patronized is the Olympia. This is rather dismal, but has continuous moving pictures during the evening. They are the same interminable Italian pictures with which one has become familiar in Lima, the kind that always develop a mysterious twin brother as the villain, and require close attention for an hour and a half to obtain the slightest inkling of what it is all about.

Santiago apparently conducts its dissipations at home, behind closed doors.

THE White House of Chile is called the "Palacio de la Moneda," which really means the mint. No sarcasm is intended, as the mint actually does occupy one part of the building. The departments of the Interior, Foreign Relations, and Finance also keep the President company. The building off-hand would seem to be overcrowded, but as it has been standing for over a century, it will probably stand the strain for a few years more. Its antiquity is its chief beauty, and even this is not excessive.

The capitol is much finer, occupying a whole square just back of the cathedral. As is usually the case with modern public buildings, it is Grecian in design.

The Museum and Art Gallery, out in the Parque Forestal, is a remarkably fine example of ultramodern public architee-

ture. The building is an imposing one, handsomely conceived and executed. An excellent collection of modern sculpture, together with reproductions of our well-known friends of greater age, occupy the large central court. Large rooms surrounding this court contain many fine examples of paintings by Chilean artists, as well as the usual material encountered in a well-regulated art gallery. On the whole, the selection and arrangement of the entire collection is well above the average, and the gallery is certainly worth a visit.

Speaking of Chilean art, it is not, perhaps, generally



The Chilean Chamber of Congress at Santiago is a modern structure along conventional lines.

known that the well-known statue in Central Park, called the "Last of the Mohicans," is by a Chilean sculptor, Nicanor Plaza. At least, the statue in New York is a cast of one in Lota, Chile. The original is supposed to portray an Auricanian Indian, one of the aborigines of Chile. In the circumstances, the cry of nature-faking is in order, but few of us probably recognize the difference between a Mohican and an Auricanian, anyway.

There is also an excellent collection of colonial and other relics in one corner of the Art Gallery. Prominent among these are, of course, the uniform, sword, chair, and innum-

able other souvenirs of O'Higgins. In fact, O'Higgins appears more or less to dominate the situation. However, there are many other objects of interest, if one is inclined to look at them. The caretaker will explain what they are, provided that there is not another party making the rounds at the same time that he considers better worth while.

In any list of the public buildings of Santiago mention should be made of the Municipal Theater, but I hardly know what to say about it. It is undeniably handsome, and cost a great deal of money, how much, I do not know. The usual comment upon it is the old standby which serves in the case of all the handsome public theater buildings that grace nearly every Spanish American city of any importance. This is to compare these buildings with the utter lack of any similar edifice in the United States. The comparison strikes me as rather difficult, and I will not attempt it.

IT is a curious fact that, though there is such excellent material available, there are few really handsome post-cards of either Santiago or Valparaiso. Even Lima is better provided with this indispensable article. The best to be had in Chile are to be found in the various English book-stores.

In fact, there are few curios or distinctive souvenirs of any kind to be carted off by those who delight in collecting something typical of every place they may visit in the course of their travels. The nearest approach to anything of this sort are perhaps the tiny baskets that are made, I believe, by some of the native Indians farther south, and sold in the market at Santiago. I understand that these baskets are also to be obtained in Concepción, but they are certainly not to be found in many places.

These baskets are of every size and shape. It is almost inconceivable, but the smallest are no larger than a pea. These are made of colored horsehair, and are perfect in every detail. It seems incredible that they could be fashioned by

human fingers. The covered baskets are perhaps the most attractive. Some of these can be found, about the size of a quarter, that contain six or eight smaller baskets nested inside. They are really wonderful little objects, and not expensive.

THERE is no distinctly residential section in Santiago. There are, of course, some parts that are more fashionable than others, but the city extends rather uniformly in all directions from the Plaza de Armas as a center.

Santiago homes are more modern than those in Lima. A number of them are very handsome, some extremely pretentious, but, on the whole, their style is not so diversified as in Buenos Aires. In fact, there is a uniformity about residential architecture in Santiago that renders it hard to describe. The nearest approach to such a description would be to call it a modernized Spanish, omitting many of the attractive features of the older Spanish, without adopting much of anything to replace these—a style of boxes with varied cornices and porticos, but not much else. This is not said in derogation, as the general effect is pleasing, giving one the feeling of being in a distinctively Spanish city and a semimodern one at the same time.

Despite its modern appearance, there is still a lack of many of the refinements that one would naturally associate with a city of the cultivation of Santiago. Plumbing, excepting in a few of the most pretentious homes, is either inadequate or antiquated. Artificial heating does not exist. The usual floor plan calls for huge rooms without closet accommodations. There are many other touches which make a home really livable that are conspicuous in their absence. These things, it is true, come slowly anywhere.

One Chilean engineer, educated in the United States, returned to Santiago and built for himself a four-story reinforced concrete residence facing the Parque Forestal. The



*Another view of the square on which the public buildings are located.
To the left, the façade of Congress.
To the right, the Supreme Court of Chile.*

house contains steam heat, an automatic elevator, and every possible modern convenience, even including clothes chutes to the basement. In fact, the owner admits frankly that he overdid it somewhat, but there was, of course, method in his madness. At least, in normal circumstances, he feels certain that there would have been good results. The various features of his house have been admired without stint by his friends, but so far that is all, to his intense disappointment. However, the war has been more than partially responsible, as little new building of any kind has been done during the past few years, so it is still too early to predict what the eventual outcome will be.

SOUTH AMERICAN cities have one striking peculiarity that distinguishes them from our cities. I refer to the total lack of that well-known, and generally much abused institution, the ordinary back-yard. Back-yards don't exist in South America. Every foot of ground of a city is entirely covered. This is true even in smaller towns, and results in

the sudden transition from the built-up city to open country that is so noticeable. It is only in a few of the larger and more modern cities that real suburbs, with detached houses, have been laid out. The scheme of city-planning still remains, for the most part, exactly as it has been for centuries.

In most of these cities the blocks are extraordinarily long. This makes little difference, as a house can be as deep as necessary, one patio behind another giving air and light to the various rooms. A succession of three such courts, all belonging to the same house, and carrying one to the dim recesses of the block, is not uncommon. This is particularly true of buildings in the older residential sections. Sometimes these rear interior courts are separate, have entrances of their own from the street, and form distinct dwellings. In those parts of the city devoted to business, these patios form store-rooms, and are used in various other ways, perhaps even as hidden office buildings, reached by fascinating passages. In some places—and this is particularly true of ancient Lima—these vast insides of blocks, even in the heart of the city, have been abandoned and apparently forgotten. I remember very well wandering into one of these mazes of courts and twisting corridors, all empty and filled with dust and cobwebs. This happened, incidentally, to be in the block that faced the National Palace, in the very center of Lima.

Santiago, however, is not Lima.

Here, while the general scheme of things may be similar, and there are undoubtedly as many interior cubby-holes as in any well-regulated Spanish American city, in many blocks in the down-town section large passages have been run clear through from one street to the other in both directions, intersecting in the center of the square. These passages are known as *galerías*, and form little interior streets, on which front small shops and offices.

There are many of these *galerías* in Santiago, and they constitute one of the few especially interesting features of the

city. All of them have names, such as the Galería Matté, from which the main entrance of the Grand Hotel leads. They are glassed in, paved with handsome tiles, and some are even ornamented with statuary. At night they are brilliantly lighted. On rainy days, in particular, they are certainly a great convenience.

The business streets of Santiago are narrow, as is usual in Spanish-American cities, and vehicular traffic is permitted to move in one direction only. Most of the streets in the downtown section are paved with asphalt, and are kept in excellent condition.

The new Stock Exchange building, known as the "Bolsa," is the only really modern office building in the city. It is a five-story structure, occupying the whole of an odd-shaped, three-cornered block, and possesses elevators and other up-to-date appurtenances.

AMONG my customers in Santiago there was a very genial Anglo-Chilean. He and his brothers and sister lived in the second floor apartment of a big, old-fashioned Spanish dwelling—full of antique furniture brought out from England two generations ago. They were a most interesting and delightful family, thoroughly English, and yet thoroughly Chilean. We enjoyed knowing them immensely, and thereby hangs a tale, which, although it is distinctly on me, I can not help repeating.

My early acquaintance with Mr. J—— was of a purely business nature. This finally progressed to the point where he suggested that I take dinner with him one evening. The invitation was, as far as I could determine, a semi-business one, designed to bring me in touch with a friend of Mr. J——'s, the manager of a prominent American company in Santiago. I knew that Mr. J—— was unmarried, and rather expected that the dinner would be at some club. I accepted, and arranged for Mrs. S—— to spend the evening with friends in the hotel.

I mention all this in advance, because of the startling events that followed, and which I will relate backwards from here on.

Every so often an American theatrical company makes a trip through South America. These companies of second-rate and highly deluded actresses and chorus girls start out from New York with high hopes. At Rio Janeiro their disillusionment and disintegration begin simultaneously with their first performance. By the time Buenos Aires is reached all of the principals and the more attractive members of the chorus have either returned home in disgust, or, well, at any rate they have vanished. Eventually the skeleton of the original troupe wanders into Chile, and attempts to secure passage money to reach Peru or Panama by giving the Chileans an idea of what American musical comedy is *not* like. Later on, the hat is passed among the local American colony to complete the job.

There was what was left of such a company in Santiago at this particular time. This company enjoyed the title of the "Rag Time Revue," but otherwise the less said about it the better. To judge by the newspaper notices that appeared, it was a regular Winter Garden performance, but we knew better. We had spotted some of the woebegone individuals belonging to it wandering the streets. We were under no illusion when we decided rather vaguely that we would drop in on the performance later in the week. We were rather interested in seeing how bad it was, and how the Chileans would take what we knew it would be.

Unfortunately, this vague intention crystallized that very night, both on the part of my wife and her friends at the hotel, and on my part, independently but unknowingly. At least, Mr. J—— had decided to end off his dinner party, which turned out to be a formal affair at his home, with several invited guests, instead of a bachelor performance at the club, by attending. Of course my wife knew nothing of this. I did n't myself until I was forced into an automobile with a tall blond English girl that had been one of the guests.

The first indication that my wife had was when I suddenly showed up at the theatre escorting this young lady down one of the side aisles to our seats, considerably in front of the other party. I could feel myself growing redder with confusion every moment. I could also feel the coldness with which Mrs. S—— avoided my eye when I glanced around. Finally the rest of our party showed up, but I could not help wondering what explanations would have served, if the second automobile had broken down.

The curtain went up for the first act to disclose a drop with a few palms, and a few bunches of imitation grass on the floor. This was Hawaii. Five hula dancers reposed on these rugs, until the music struck up. Then they arose slowly, but the slowness with which they found their bare feet was the only pretense at gracefulness. The rugs rose with them. They were all they had on, and they were not large rugs at that, only doormats. The expanse of bare legs was, well, it was rather startling.

I was still somewhat dazed at the general situation, but I did hear the irrepressible sister of Mr. J—— exclaim:

“My god! If they do that down here, what must New York be like?”

This she followed after a moment's pause by, “I want to go to New York!”

It was useless to explain that the “Ragtime Revue” out-New Yorked New York by about fifty-seven degrees. I was too much preoccupied with other matters.

Finally I mustered up my courage, and explained my unfortunate predicament to my host and his sister. Miss J—— was a brick about it, although dreadfully embarrassed. Her brother, the soul of geniality, was slower of understanding, and we found out afterwards that he had n't grasped the situation at all. Personally, I don't think that he even caught what I was saying—the hula hulas were too much for him.

I took him around after the trick bicycle riders had fin-

ished—they were the best part of the show—and introduced him to my wife. Even then he didn't realize who she was. Some time later in the evening he asked me how long I had been in Santiago. I told him a few weeks only. He studied over this for a while, and then electrified the whole party by very audibly expressing his surprise that I should have gotten so well acquainted with anyone in this short time to call her "dearie."

This brought down the party, but I confess that matters in the Sherwood family were strained for some time thereafter, in spite of the fact that my wife became fast friends with Mr. J——'s sister later on.

Before this, the Spanish custom of having the man wear a wedding ring also hadn't appealed to me greatly. It does now. I wish I had had one on to wave carelessly in front of Mr. J—— the morning that he invited me to a business dinner. I understand that they have the same custom in Boston.

HORSE-RACING is generally regarded as the sport of kings, crowned, uncrowned, decrowned, and financial. In Chile it is the ruling passion of the entire population, only a few members of which come within the foregoing classifications. Nearly every one can raise at least two pesos during the week to play on the favorite, or on a tip, or even on a hunch, and Sunday would not be a holiday without the races.

Every city of every size in the country, even in the arid deserts to the north, has its *cancha*. These are the mecca of the masses every Sunday afternoon during the season. Local enthusiasm runs high, and much money changes hands.

The track at Viña del Mar, near Valparaíso, and that of the Club Hípico, in Santiago, are naturally in a class by themselves.

Of the two, Viña is regarded by many as the more attractive. It certainly is beautiful. Lying at the foot of the hills that fringe the town, the entire grounds have been con-

verted into an incomparable garden, and solid masses of brilliant bloom are banked against the walls that surround it. The stands and buildings are perhaps on a larger and more magnificent scale than those at Santiago. They have been built in a uniform style, a sort of old English, that fits in most harmoniously with the surroundings. The season at Viña is a long one, lasting from early spring to late in the fall. It is at its height during the three months in the year during which Viña acts as the great fashionable resort of all Chile. The scene at the track on Sunday afternoon is then a most brilliant one. Many special trains are run out from Valparaíso on these days, and every foot of the big stands is taken.

For our part, popular opinion to the contrary, we don't think that the Viña track can hold a candle to that of the Club Hípico in Santiago. We base our opinion mainly on the wonderful panorama that is thrown in with the races there, without extra charge. From your seat in the stand you look down onto the tiled promenade with its constant procession of handsomely dressed women. Beyond this is a small section of a little garden for club members, a mass of chrysanthemums, in which nestle white benches and tables. Then comes the bright green of the turf, cut with the low whitewashed barriers, and shut in at the rear with a solid band of dark green acacias. Behind this sharply contrasting wall rise the Andes, their snow-capped peaks forming the background of a picture that will never be forgotten.

There is one other feature of the Club Hípico track that appealed to us most strongly. This was the coziness of it—the informal formality of an afternoon spent there in the brilliant sunshine. Between the races, every one flocks out to the paddock lying just behind. The paddock here is a little garden, with a trickling fountain, clean gravel walks, and immense masses of bright-colored chrysanthemums, dahlias, and other flowers. Chilean chrysanthemums are something of which they are immensely, and it must be admitted, justly



Going out for the fourth race.

The "Club Hípico" in Santiago is one of the most attractive race courses in the world, barring none.

The bright green turf and closely clipped green hedges, whitewashed barriers, and the dark green of the band of trees across the farther side, lead up to the wonderful panorama of snow-capped mountains beyond.

The races, incidentally, are also excellent.

proud. Here one meets friends, discusses the next race, consults the returns on the big board to learn how much the winner of the last one paid, and perhaps takes tea—or something else. The stalls of the horses are just at the back of the garden. You can, if you desire, walk over and watch the horses being groomed for the next race. This is really unnecessary, though, as before they go out on the track, they will be ridden around and around the walk of the garden, boring their way through the crowd, so close at hand that you can touch them if you wish. A last glance at your favorite as he makes a final round, then a rush to get your money down at the booths under the grand stand before you resume your seat above, and the flag drops for the next race.

There is something decidedly insidious about these races at the Club Hípico that brings you back, Sunday after Sunday, even though you have never before cared for horse-racing: Perhaps it is the wonderful beauty of the spectacle and its surroundings, and the appeal of an afternoon spent in the

open air amid such pleasant conditions, that attracts one. We are inclined to think that it is something deeper than this—the closer contact with horses and riders and with the entire mechanism of the occasion, the feeling that you are a part of, rather than merely witnessing, the spectacle. Gradually you come to feel that you know Baratija, Viking, Pizarro, Last, and all the others, intimately and personally, and look forward to the coming Sunday to see them again. Last, by the way, was our favorite, based on her name, which she belied in a hotly contested race one week, bringing us in something like twelve to one on our modest single ticket on her.

The races at the Club Hípico are well managed, and stoutly contested, with as many exciting finishes as anywhere. Most of the horses are fine specimens of their breed, and would make a good showing for themselves on any track. As a consequence, the sport is maintained at a high level, and justly deserves its great popularity. The excellence of the races at Santiago will be a distinct surprise to many lovers of the sport in this country.

The season at the Club Hípico in Santiago is also a long one, lasting from late fall through the entire winter, to the middle of spring. It thus supplements the season at Viña del Mar, and one can have racing either at one track or the other, throughout the entire year. Races are held every Sunday and holiday during the season, about eight contests being run during the afternoon. While racing in Santiago starts in the autumn, it is not considered fashionable until later in the winter, and during the early meetings only real lovers of the sport, who go regardless of whether it is the thing to do or not, attend. There are enough of these, however, to make the scene in the main stand a brilliant one. Later on, the events become more and more of a function, until the crisis is reached during the double Chilean national holiday late in September. On these days society turns out en masse, and the display of Parisian gowns, Chilean beauty, and all that

goes to make a holiday de mode, render the event one of the most notable in South America.

THE *pari-mutuel* system of betting is employed at all the race-tracks in Chile. Five per cent is deducted to cover operating-expenses, and the balance of all money played on the race is divided among the holders of winning tickets. The odds therefore depend entirely upon how much is placed on each of the horses in the race. Enormous sums are wagered. I do not remember how many hundred thousand pesos it was told me were posted at the Club Hípico during the course of one afternoon, but the amount was almost unbelievable. The prohibition of all lotteries, which are so popular in other Spanish-American countries, undoubtedly does much to divert what is regarded as a passion among people of Latin blood, to this more spectacular form of gambling.

The betting booths under the reserved grand stand are always surrounded by a pushing, jostling crowd. There are at least a dozen of these booths selling tick-



The blocks in Santiago are long, so long that many of them in the business section are split by intersecting passages. These passages are glassed in, and handsomely tiled and ornamented.

Such "galerías," as they are called, afford very desirable office accommodations.

ets at ten pesos, and a few that handle nothing but fifty-peso chances. Over under the unreserved stands the crowding is even greater. Here the booths sell tickets at the more popular price of two pesos. These tickets are stuck up on the back wall of the booth, a pad of tickets for each horse, and the serial number of the top ticket left on the pad indicates at a glance how many have already been removed on various animals. This does n't give one a real idea of the odds, because at one of the other booths the proportions may be different.

Tickets on the various horses are sold either to win, *ganador* (literally winner), or *place* (for place). This last is always pronounced "plah-say" with the accent on the "say." Separate calculations are made for the two sets of tickets, and some very curious anomalies occur. The odds on a horse to win and for place are always different, because each depend on how many play the horse each way in proportion to the entire field. Generally the odds on a horse to win are greater than for place, but sometimes this is reversed, and you actually win more by playing the horse for place than you would if you played the same horse to win. You can always win more on a rank outsider that you played for place, and which barely managed to come in third, than is made on the winner. A heavy favorite may win and actually return you less than your original ten pesos, because of the five per cent deduction. This does n't often happen, but a winning favorite frequently returns only eleven or twelve pesos on the original ten-peso "investment." In the same race, the third horse may pay sixty or seventy pesos for place. It sounds unreasonable, but is all mathematically correct, and the races at Santiago probably come as near being fair for every one as any in the world.

Place money is paid on the three first horses if there are eight or more in the race, on the first two if there are from five to seven, and only on the winner if there are four horses or less running. In a four-horse race playing for place is

exactly the same as playing to win, only the odds may be somewhat different.

This question of the number of horses place money is paid on nearly got me into serious trouble on one occasion. A friend whom I met in the paddock gave me the usual tip, this one being that Harry Lauder was due to win the next race. Somehow, we had never cared for Harry Lauder, that is, the Chilean one, and I consequently discounted the tip by playing only for place. The finish was exciting, and Harry Lauder came in third. I knew that the odds would be heavy, and counted on a killing, but in my excitement did not notice that



At the corner of the "Plaza de Armas" in front of the Post Office. The cathedral to the right is neither modern nor ancient, and presents no special architectural merit.

one horse of the eight entered had been scratched. Only seven had run. Meeting my friend on the way down from the stand, I put my foot in it by thanking him in my very best Spanish for the tip. He, knowing that third place in this particular race paid nothing, was rather annoyed at my thanks, and I had considerable difficulty in convincing him that they had been tendered innocently.

On the whole, we did not come out very well in our few and modest efforts to beat the game at Santiago, but we did

get a great deal of fun out of it. Just to show the perversity of the beast, another friend from Valparaiso, unable to attend the races at the Club Hípico in Santiago one Sunday, sent me a hundred pesos with explicit instructions as to how to lay it for him. Personally, I could n't plunge as heavily as he did, but I did trail along with him to some extent. I also made one or two bets not on his schedule. As a result, at the end of the afternoon, his hundred pesos had grown to over two hundred, while I had lost forty.

At the end of the six weeks we spent in Santiago, during which we attended the races seven times, I think we broke about even. My wife, however, insisted that we had made the price of a new hat. Maybe we did; at any rate she got the new hat when we reached Buenos Aires.



The Art Gallery in the Parque Forestal is a finely conceived and well carried out example of ultra-modern architecture.

The collection of paintings and statuary that it contains is well mounted and lighted, and worth a visit. It contains a number of unusually fine pieces of work, many by native artists. There is also an interesting museum of historical exhibits in one corner of the building.

THE central valley of Chile, in the upper end of which Santiago is located, is the chief agricultural section of the country. Properly speaking, it is not a valley at all, but a

wide plain that was once a longitudinal valley, but which is now crossed by numerous streams rising in the mountains to the east and flowing directly into the ocean. The further south one goes on this plain, the more excellent become the possibilities for fruit and agriculture, and the more dense the forests. The climate is temperate, not tropical, and the appearance of the country more and more resembles many parts of the northern United States. It is the garden spot of Chile.

There are naturally many thriving modern cities in this southern portion of the country, such as Talca, with its fifty thousand inhabitants, Chillan, Concepción, as large as Talca, Talcahuano, the port for Concepción, Coronel, Lata, Valdivia, and many others. Concepción is about two hundred and fifty miles south of Santiago. Coronel and Lota are in the center of the Chilean coal producing district. All of these places can be reached by excellent train service, with sleeping cars, from Santiago. A return from Talcahuano to Valparaiso can be made by boat if preferred.

Everyone that visits Chile on business will find it well worth while to spend a week or so in this southern section. So distinct is it from the arid northern section, and even the country around Santiago and Valparaiso, that no impression of the country as a whole can be formed without having made such a visit. It will also probably be highly profitable. American firms have left too much of the work of introducing their goods into southern Chile to the large importing firms in Valparaiso, and have not made themselves as well acquainted with the southern field as they should be.

Many tourists will also desire to take this side trip into southern Chile, to visit the celebrated Chilean lake region, popularly and justifiably known as the Switzerland of America. As much or as little time can be given to exploring the beauties of this chain of lakes and enjoying the wonderful scenery as desired. Beaten tracks, of which full information

can be had in Santiago, may be followed, or may be left for a plunge into even remoter and wilder beauties. Some special preparation for such roughing-trips as these is, of course, necessary.

Duck and other bird-shooting is excellent, even in the immediate vicinity of Santiago, and heavier hunting can be secured, if desired, in the far southern country.

OVER THE ANDES
TO THE
ARGENTINE
REPUBLIC

VALPARAISO, in Chile, and Buenos Aires, in the Argentine Republic, are virtually on a line with each other. South America narrows in considerably this far down. This line is only about eight hundred miles long as the crow flies, a trifle less than the distance from New York to Chicago. It is also nearly two miles high in one place, so the crow would have to be a high flier, but, as the passage has recently been made by an *aéroplane*, I imagine that a crow would have little trouble.

This is the route of the celebrated transcontinental railway across South America.

The fact that it is possible to cross the southern continent by such a railway is, of course, well known. As far as most of us are concerned, information regarding this rather remarkable road—for any railroad that climbs a wall two miles high is bound to be remarkable—ends here. A few words about it may therefore not be taken amiss, even though the relation of mere facts is rarely interesting.

Topographically, the line drawn across South America from Valparaiso to Buenos Aires is divided into three distinct sections—the narrow Chilean coastal plain, less than a hundred miles wide, and rising rather rapidly from sea-level to an elevation of about 2,500 feet; the sharp wall of the Andes Mountains, crossed at an elevation of 10,500 feet and within the distance of about a hundred miles bringing one down again to approximately the same height of 2,500 feet; and then the

long run of six hundred miles across the flat pampas of the Argentine.

Just as the country divides itself into these three sections, the railroad is also split up. The transcontinental line across South America is not, in fact, a single railroad, but three entirely independent systems.

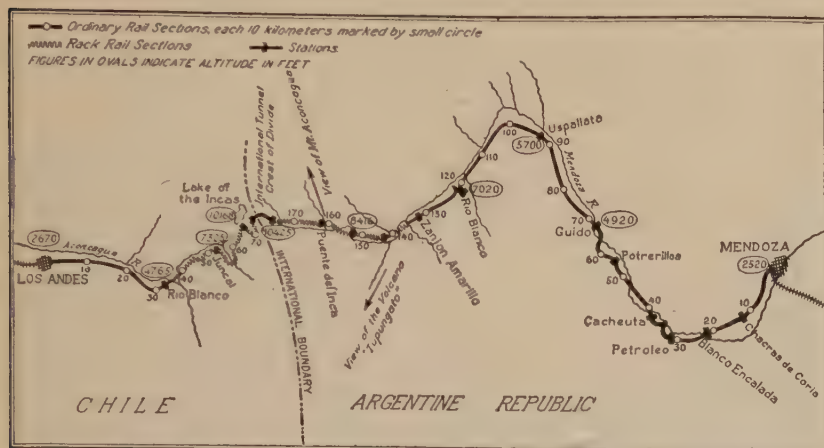
From Valparaiso or Santiago, the Chilean State Railways, with their broad gauge and excellent trains, bring one up the hundred miles to Los Andes, at the foot of the mountains. The actual crossing of the mountains, from Los Andes on the Chilean side to Mendoza on the Argentine, is made by a nar-



Rough sketch showing the three distinct sections of the trip from Valparaiso or Santiago to Buenos Aires.

row-gauge rack-and-pinion road, known as the Transandine Railroad, operated as a single line but really owned by two separate companies, the Chilean Transandine and the Transandine of the Argentine. The hundred and fifty mile transit of the Andes requires twelve hours traveling by this narrow-gauge railway. From Mendoza, the broad-gauge line of the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway takes the traveler across the pampas to Buenos Aires—a six-hundred-mile trip made in about twenty hours. The entire trip from ocean to ocean therefore requires about thirty-six hours of actual running-time.

There are, when the line is not blocked by snow, two trains



Sketch of the short mountain section of the South American Transcontinental railway, connecting at Los Andes with the Chilean State Railways, and at Mendoza with the Buenos Aires and Pacific Railway. This stretch is only 150 miles long but in its short length climbs a rock wall two miles high.

across the mountains in each direction weekly. In traveling from Valparaiso or Santiago, it is necessary to go to Los Andes the afternoon or evening before, and spend the night there. The Transandine trains leave Los Andes at about seven in the morning on Wednesdays and Sundays, and reach Mendoza about seven in the evening of the same days. The Sunday train across makes a direct connection at Mendoza with a special that leaves for Buenos Aires that same evening, and reaches there late Monday afternoon. The Wednesday train does not make this connection, and it is necessary to spend the night in Mendoza, leaving on the regular daily train the following noon, and arriving in Buenos Aires in the early afternoon on Friday.

Returning, the Transandine train crosses the mountains from Mendoza on Mondays and Fridays. To connect with the Thursday train, one leaves Buenos Aires on the regular Wednesday afternoon train, reaching Mendoza late on Thursday, and spends the night there. A special train to connect with the Monday train leaves Buenos Aires on Sunday morning, reaching Mendoza early Monday morning, just

before the transandine train leaves. Special trains leave Los Andes for Valparaiso and Santiago immediately on the arrival of both Monday and Friday trains, and it is therefore not necessary to pass the night at Los Andes in traveling in this direction. As a result of this combination, the really fastest passage across is that made by leaving Buenos Aires early Sunday morning, and reaching Valparaiso late Monday night, as the only night spent en route is on the sleeping-car to Mendoza. In accordance with the usual custom, we disclaim responsibility for the correctness of the foregoing schedules.

All hand-baggage and trunks taken from the Argentine into Chile is examined by the Chilean custom authorities at Los Andes. The examination produces considerable confusion, and some delay—sufficient at times to cause the traveler to miss the special trains on to Valparaiso and Santiago. In the case of heavy baggage at least, it could be made just as well at Santiago or Valparaiso. The Argentine authorities are more considerate—or perhaps just more sensible. Inspectors pass through the train before its arrival at Mendoza and examine all hand-baggage, while trunks and heavy baggage are sent through unopened, to be examined in Buenos Aires.

Through tickets either way are not bought at the railway ticket offices, but from the Villalonga Express Company, in Buenos Aires, Santiago, or Valparaiso. The cost is about seventeen pounds sterling, but differs slightly, to the extent of a few shillings, according to the direction. This fare includes sleeping-car accommodations on the trip between Mendoza and Buenos Aires, but not meals or hotel bills in stopping over night at Los Andes or Mendoza, if this is necessary.

Although the fare is quoted in sterling in Buenos Aires, the Express Villalonga will accept only Argentine currency, charging the equivalent in this currency at the normal exchange rate. In Chile the Express Villalonga will, however, accept either Chilean currency at an arbitrary rate of ex-

change that they establish, or drafts drawn on London in pounds sterling. It is frequently possible to save considerable by the purchase of such a draft at one of the local banks.



Strongly reminiscent of an Alpine valley—a typical scene among the lower Andes in Chile.

The train to the Argentine starts up this valley on its long climb to the summit.

THE International Hotel at Los Andes is a two-story structure built around three sides of an open court. The fourth side points out toward the mountains that are already near at hand, affording a wonderful view of what has to be crossed next day.

The hotel is empty most of the time, but so full on two nights—the nights before the international train leaves for the Argentine—that it creaks and groans, and overflows. There are other places in Los Andes in which to pass the night, but most people probably would rather not. A telegram sent before one leaves Valparaiso or Santiago is well worth while.



A magnificent panorama of the Juncal Valley lies before one when the train reaches Kilometer 66. The railroad along the floor of the valley looks like a sinuous thread, thousands of feet below.

Poking around the unlighted streets of a small mountain town at midnight in search of the unattainable is to be recommended only as an unpleasant adventure.

In fact, the wise traveler prefers not to wait until the late evening train, but comes up to Los Andes in the afternoon. This has its advantages despite the unusually spineless dinner, even for Chile, that will be served. At any rate, one can go to bed early, and get a longer night's rest. That is, in theory. In reality—

The bedrooms are nothing but stalls opening upon broad piazzas. These latter are of frame, and the acoustics are ex-

cellent. One by one the belated diners climb the wooden stairs and walk by your door. A talkative group saunters around the piazza before breaking up for the night. A *mozo* starts filling the water pitchers of the still unoccupied rooms. A small boy (you judge it is a small boy by his shouts, but he sounds like an elephant) falls down the steep stairs. And so it goes—until the earthquake at midnight.

The hotel then becomes a bedlam, and fairly shakes. The piazzas reëcho under the tread of the advancing army.



Everybody gets out of the train whenever it stops, even at stations where the snow is deep. While cold, the fresh air is a welcome relief from the stuffy, smoke-filled cars.

At this particular point one looks down onto the Lake of the Incas, close at hand.

Porters stagger in under mountains of baggage. The confusion is indescribable. People shout over the railing to friends below. Others fight in the passage for the few coveted rooms left. The *mozos* run wildly around on countless impossible errands. The man in the next room, who has really been asleep, thinking that every one is being called for the train next morning (it is still dark when the call finally does come later on, so there is no telling) gets up and dresses. As for you, you pull the six blankets, four of which you have appropriated from adjoining rooms, your steamer rug and your overcoat (it is cold up here these late May nights) up over your head. This muffles the racket to about the noise of an ordinary riot, and you finally drop off.

At five in the morning pandemonium breaks loose again. It is freezingly cold, and disagreeably dark. The dining-room is already filling up when you get down-stairs. Hot coffee is swallowed gratefully, and, if this is your first trip over, hurriedly. You don't know just what is to come next, and you therefore wish to be in a position to follow suit gracefully.

This consists in draping yourself nonchalantly but shiveringly against one of the posts outside, while the mozo brings down the baggage. As you watch, this gradually collects in piles on the concrete floor of the courtyard. You locate your pile, and keep an eye on it. Nothing else happens for half an hour. The courtyard gradually fills up with your fellow-passengers to be. Most of these are disguised in heavy ulsters or draped in blankets. A loud-mouthed German in one corner airs his views on the war in the usual arrogant fashion to



The Lake of the Incas.

A mirror nestling in the mountains at an elevation of over ten thousand feet, in which rock and snow-capped peaks are always reflected.

a small group of friends. He switches to Spanish so as to be understood by every one within earshot—that is, every one in the courtyard. Two Englishmen glare at him, and tentatively heft a few of the suit-cases handiest. There are unfortunately no bricks available. Mentally you hope that he won't be in your car in the train. All the seats are, by the way, carefully numbered and reserved. You may draw a lemon, and ride backward all day, or even find the German wedged in opposite you.

Here at Los Andes you don't have to hurry down to

the station to take the train. You wait in the court and listen to the Teutonic soliloquy, or cast glances at the Spanish *tonadillera*, the celebrated La Goya, and her petite cousin, La Giaconda, who dances. The children play around heaps of baggage, or run between your legs in approved style, and everybody looks bored and sleepy.

The train finally pulls in right alongside of the hotel courtyard. Every one rushes forward. For a moment it looks as if the three or four diminutive coaches would be pushed over in the rush. You finally manage to get on board, and struggle up and down the narrow aisle. Your name is supposed to be posted on the seat you are to occupy, but of course you are in the wrong car. So is every one else.

A weirdly assorted lot of hand-baggage is, in the meantime, coming in through the open windows. This complicates the game that you are playing. You have to find not only your seat but your baggage, one piece of which is sure to be in each car. You eventually succeed, excepting for the bag that does n't come to light until you are nearly at the summit. You give this piece up, for the moment, as lost, manage to wedge yourself into your seat, and look anxiously for German names on adjoining cards. To your astonishment, you fail to find these also, and breathe a sigh of relief. La Goya and La Giaconda turn out to be opposite you, and facing you is a young Chilean couple with an adorable little girl. The prospect of a twelve-hour trip with five fellow passengers, one of them an active four-year-old, crowded into a small double seat does n't appear to you as promising, but Virginia turns out to be excellently behaved. Before the train has been climbing an hour she has captivated every one, and the ice in your end of the car is well broken. No one speaks English, of course, excepting La Goya, and if she does she never lets on. At any rate, even before the train pulls out of the hotel courtyard on its long grind you feel that you are decidedly in luck.

After all is said and done, the International Hotel at Los



Thirty feet of snow.

The right hand bank, exposed to the warmer noonday sun, has receded, but on the left hand the snow still stands just as it was cut by the big snow plows.

Andes is not half bad. Considering the end that it serves, it is decidedly good; certainly better than the average railroad hotel, built and maintained in anything like similar circumstances in this country. As a hotel it is something more than passable; as a monopoly it is a rank failure. Its rates are actually lower than those of the hotels in Santiago or Valparaiso.

THE Transandine train, on leaving Los Andes, slowly pokes its way up the deep and narrow valley of the Aconcagua River. The depths of the valley are still dark this early in the morning, but, far above, the snow-capped peaks are already touched by the rising sun. The Aconcagua is a noisy river, jumping from rock to rock, and fringed here and there with cottonwoods and poplars. Occasionally a small ranch is passed, its buildings hidden in trees and vines, and

the rock walls of its stony pastures extending up the almost perpendicular slopes. Over on the other side of the river is the old state highway to the summit. Groups of horsemen on it wave at the passing train. This is the old stage road, now, for some distance up the valley, put in fair shape for automobiles, excepting where it is entirely washed out. The horsemen pick their way carefully around these gaps, and gallop on. The trip to the summit on horseback must be a wonderful one—far more wonderful than that in the diminutive train. (It is admittedly much too early to complain of cramped quarters, however.)

Rio Blanco—twenty miles from Los Andes, and two thousand feet higher—is reached in about two hours, and affords the train, and every one in it, a brief breathing spell. Everybody, of course, gets out. High mountains shut in the train on all four sides, but the snow-line is no longer up near their tops; it is only a few hundred feet above your head.

Just above Rio Blanco, the first section of rack railroad is encountered. From there on it will be almost continuous until the summit is reached. The locomotive that is



Passing one of the gigantic rotary snow-plows that keep the line open, or try to, during the winter. In spite of them, the line is frequently blocked for weeks at a time. The winter of 1919 was unusually severe, and no trains were run between early in June and late in September.



Stations in the almost perpetual snow up near the summit are bleak and dismal. Many men are employed in keeping the line open, living in rough stone huts, or dugouts over which the snow drifts to unheard of depths.

drawing you is a sort of double affair, with two sets of cylinders and driving rods, one of which operates on the stretches of ordinary track, the other operating a special driving-mechanism coming into use on the rack-and-pinion sections. The change from one to the other is automatic, but the difference can be detected immediately. The train moves on steadily, but more laboriously, and the driving-mechanism thumps and jars as it engages the cogs of the rack laid between the rails. As the grade increases, the smooth cane seats facing backward become rather troublesome.

The train is still climbing the same mountain valley; that is, actually it is the same, but officially the river has changed its name to the Juncal. The snow-line rapidly drops. Presently the drifts are just above the car windows. When we slow down at Juncal station, we find snow on the ground everywhere, from one to two feet deep. This is in winter. In summer it would not be encountered for another thousand feet up. No matter where it is reached, every one in the train makes a dash for the doors at the first stop, and a violent

battle ensues. Snowballs whiz past one's ears and smash themselves against the side of the train, or against some one's back. Every one is laughing and shouting. Snow on the top of mountains is familiar to every Chilean. Close at hand, it is not only a novelty but acts like a red rag to a bull. They even bring it into the train, probably to see it melt. The temperature outside is not really cold as yet, but it certainly makes one shiver to see a group of children in bare knees and not much else playing in a snowdrift.

Juncal is thirty-five miles from Los Andes, and over seven thousand feet above sea-level. Considerably over half the climb is finished, but the train still hugs the bottom of the valley. The valley is, however, rapidly nearing its end. Even from Juncal station, the cul-de-sac ahead can be seen. On the other side of the gorge, over a thousand feet above your head, a loco-



Getting near the summit on the Chilean side - hobnobbing with the tops of the Andes. The rack rail in the center of the track is clearly visible.

motive can be seen puffing around a point of rock, clearing the way with a snow-plow. It seems incredible that you are to follow. Your train slowly climbs up to the head of the valley, and then swings back along the almost perpendicular wall on the other side. The climb here is doubly steep; the car tilts

sharply;—a little hand-bag chases a cowardly suit-case down the aisle to the rear. The train slows down until it barely moves;—the valley falls below you rapidly.

Presently you look down on Juncal station, a thousand feet below. The whole valley is gradually spreading itself out before you like a panorama. The train is running along a narrow shelf; from its outer windows there is a sheer drop. It keeps on groaning and creaking. Peaks that you looked up to from below are now on a level with your eyes. The transition from the shut-in depths to the broad outlook that confronts you is startling in its abruptness. The view out over the valley and range after range of mountains becomes more and more magnificent. Another corner is turned, and it becomes even more awe-inspiring. The railway, now nearly two thousand feet below you, looks like a crooked thread drawn on the rocks and snow; the river like a line of silver. Another turn, and the valley is blotted out forever.



F. C. T. C. stands for "Ferrocarril Transandino Chileno"—Chilean Transandine Railway.

These are the powerful little locomotives that operate on the Chilean side of the summit. The front driving wheels are used on the stretches of ordinary track, while the driving mechanism at the rear is used on the rack sections.

The locomotives on the Argentine side, which has the separate title of the Transandine Railway of Argentina, are slightly different in shape, but have the same double driving mechanism.



A stop for water on the way down on the Argentine side.

During the war, because of the impossibility of securing adequate supplies of coal, all of the Argentine railroads burned "quebracho" wood. Enormous piles of this fuel consequently draped the platforms at all of the stations.

On the Argentine side there is much less snow than on the Chilean. Here the snow line is already several hundred feet overhead, although only a few miles below the summit.

The train still climbs steadily, threading its way between massive peaks and over broad expanses of snow. At times the snow reaches higher than the tops of the cars. The light, coming in through it, throws an odd gray cast over the faces of your fellow-passengers. From the back platform, the train is running in a white cañon, in places over thirty feet deep. The cañon is narrow, and the train barely slips through. The walls are as smooth as if cut with a knife. You can reach out of the window—you not only can, but do—and run your hand over these smooth white walls, or gouge out great masses of snow.

The Lake of the Incas is a little body of water over nine thousand feet above sea-level. Surrounded by lofty peaks, its jet-black waters are unruffled, and like a mirror reflect the towering crags. Gigantic mountains loom up in every direction, and the scene becomes wilder and more awe-inspiring. Huge rotary snow-plows are passed on sidings of stations that are mere piles of stones buried in snowdrifts. The train



"El Puente del Inca."

A broad natural bridge up near the summit on the Argentine side—within a stone's throw of the railroad.

Natural springs of hot water are the excuse for the bath house to the right and partially under the arch.

The road over the bridge leads to a fine hotel, built of rough field stones. The valley is bleak, even in summer, but the hotel is well patronized.

twists in and out among small peaks, or circles a depression. You feel that you are traveling on the roof of the world, and realize that the summit is near at hand.

Caracoles, at the Chilean end of the international tunnel through the divide that separates Chile and the Argentine, is reached shortly after noon. Although you are less than fifty miles from Los Andes, the climb has taken over six hours. You are at the highest point of the railroad, considerably over ten thousand feet above sea-level, and nearly eight thousand feet above your starting-point at Los Andes. The international tunnel is two miles long, and makes a complete spiral in the bowels of the mountain, before it emerges in the Argentine. The actual summit of the divide, which before the tunnel was completed, had to be crossed on horseback, is about two thousand feet higher. The immense statue of Christ that was erected at the international boundary by the women of the Argentine, is therefore not visible from the train, which passes almost directly beneath it. A good view of Aconcagua,

one of the highest peaks in this part of the world, is occasionally to be had just after the train emerges on the Argentine side. Unfortunately, this glimpse is momentary at best, and Aconcagua is generally hidden in clouds.

The passage of the tunnel is said to take ten minutes, but it seems a long quarter of an hour. From Chile to the Argentine the grade of the tunnel is down hill, and the passage is not so bad, as the train coasts through. Coming from the Argentine into Chile, the tunnel is so filled with the gases of the laboring locomotive that a gas-mask is almost a necessity. The Chilean side of the tunnel is provided with large doors. This is not a national safety-first measure, as these doors are only of wood. They are designed to prevent the train from being blown out into the Argentine when a blizzard is raging in Chile. They say that trains coming through against this wind can make no headway, and that it has been known to blow the fire right out of the fire-box of the locomotive. This is probably something of an exaggeration.



On the Argentine side there is less snow. The mountains do not seem as majestic as over the divide in Chile, but they are more fantastic and contorted, displaying greater evidence of past volcanic action. In many places the view is wild and forbidding.

LOCOMOTIVES are changed at Las Cuevas, a dreary station at the Argentine end of the international tunnel. The train then takes on a new lease of life, and fairly hurls itself down the long but more gradual slope toward Mendoza. Snow-sheds are passed with a roar, and the car reels drunkenly around sharp curves and across bridges. Every one recovers from the semi-asphyxiation of the tunnel. The tall Englishman is precipitated from the corner into the lap of



Turning a sharp corner.

The train in its descent on the Argentine side worms its way down the valley of the Uspallata River, a wild mountain stream that twists and dodges between unfriendly peaks, until all sense of direction is lost.

La Goya, amid a gale of laughter. A heavy bundle jumps out of the rack and lands on the head of an elderly Chilean. It is fortunate it was not a suit-case. The relief from the tension of the climb, and the accelerated speed apparently go to one's head like wine.

A dining-car has been added at Las Cuevas, and every one makes a rush for it, excepting the wise ones. These wait for second table, and then are able to retain their seats for the rest of the afternoon. It is certainly much more comfortable in the dining-car than it is up in the other car.



Still running down the valley of the Uspallata River—the valley gradually broadening and the mountains flattening as Mendoza is neared.

Puente del Inca, with its enormous natural arch and its hot springs, is quickly passed. The big hotel—in summer a favorite Argentine resort—seems bleak and dreary amid the snow. It is a massive building of rough field stone, and looks as though it would be very comfortable. This is only a few miles from the summit, but the snow is thin and patchy. At the same elevation on the Chilean side it would be ten or twenty feet deep. The Argentine side of the divide is much drier, and the snow-line lies much higher. This line is soon passed, and before one knows it the only snow to be seen is on the tops of the dozens of peaks visible.

The railroad in its descent follows two valleys, that of the Uspallata and that of the Mendoza Rivers. Both are mountain streams, at times flowing in wide channels, at others constricted to pass through narrow gorges. Enormous mountains with which one felt on close speaking-terms in Chile are visible only in the distance now. Here the country is more broken and forbidding, as though there had been a titanic upheaval of nature. The rocks are of every conceivable shade, variegated and streaked, and with daubs of white here and there. In other places they are jet black. It is

through these bleak and wind-swept gorges that San Martin's heroic little army forced its way, over a hundred years ago.

Later on in the afternoon the train moves more steadily. It is making good time still, but there are fewer curves. The country has begun to open out a trifle. At dusk Cacheuta, another celebrated mountain resort, also with warm springs, is passed. The train is only an hour late, but it is dark before the lights of Mendoza come into view. The entire car boils with excitement. Every one gets stiffly to his feet, and stretches until some semblance of pliability returns to cramped muscles. Mountains of baggage are produced from racks and corners, and piled on the seats, ready to be passed out through the windows to the crowd of waiting porters as the train pulls into the station.

The sharp, crisp air, clear as crystal, is like a blow in the face as you step from the car and rush for a carriage to take you to the Grand Hotel, for the first there get the best rooms. If you are in one of the combinations that goes right through, you do not, of course, have to spend the night at Mendoza. The train for Buenos Aires is already made up and waiting. Beside it the little train that has brought you over the Andes looks like a toy.

THE trip across the Andes is not a particularly trying one. For some reason, the ten thousand odd feet of elevation reached does not affect one as strongly as the same altitude would further north in Peru or Bolivia, and no dread need be had on this account. A few, very few, people feel a trifle uncomfortable during the highest part of the passage, but this is probably due as much to the close air in the car, and the jerky motion of the train, as to the altitude. The chief discomfort is sitting all day crowded into the narrow-gauge cars, but there are many opportunities to stretch one's legs outside—which will be done in spite of gratuitous advice from many

quarters not to exert oneself at all in a high altitude.

Special mention is made of this—as a matter of fact, the people you meet on your way down the west coast won't confine themselves to advice. They will fill you up, if you let them, on all sorts of weird tales of harrowing experiences ahead of you, as well. This is a curious trait, not necessarily confined to the west coast, but flourishing there to a marked degree. As a result, the prospective traveller generally leaves Santiago or Valparaiso for the trip over in a blue funk, and is surprised that nothing of the kind ever seems to happen.

About the most disagreeable thing that is at all apt to occur is to be held up, perhaps for several days, at Los Andes or Mendoza, while the line is being dug out of the snow. This is annoying rather than harrowing. It happens of course only in winter—June, July, or August. Some years the line is only blocked for a day or so two or three times during the season. Other years it is worse. The winter of 1919 was one of the worst of the lot. The line was completely closed from June to early October. This is not exceptional—it is unique, and may not happen again for years.

TO a certain extent, the feeling exists that Buenos Aires is the Argentine Republic. This is a mistake. There are of course many other cities and towns, some of them of large size and considerable importance. None of these, it is true, have the metropolitan features of the capital, but the visitor will none the less be astounded at the progressiveness and civic development that has extended to these smaller places.

Take Mendoza, for instance.

Mendoza is a city of forty or fifty thousand people, over six hundred miles inland from Buenos Aires. In fact, it is so far inland from the Atlantic that it is very close, only a few hundred miles, from the Pacific, although separated from

it by the high wall of the Andes. No more typical example of one of the smaller cities of the Argentine could be chosen.

The streets are wide and shaded with rows of magnificent trees. The main business street, while not long, has many fine stores, and further down has been converted into a hand-



Walk out the main business street of Mendoza, a broad, well paved street with the usual stores, cafés, and "cinemas" of a small provincial city, to where it turns into a handsome parkway.

some avenue with a broad and well-kept central parkway. There are many modern business buildings, though most of the houses are still in the comfortable old Spanish style. The plaza in front of the Grand Hotel is a marvelous piece of gardening, so carefully has it been manicured. Of course, there is the usual statue of San Martin. (We are in the Argentine now. If we were in Chile, it would be O'Higgins; but if we were in Chile, we should find no Mendozas.)

All of this pales into insignificance compared with the extensive park improvements in the outskirts of the city. Only a portion of this work is actually completed, but the finished part alone would be a credit to a city double the

size of Mendoza, wherever located. This park system comprises a succession of well-kept gardens and drives, and an artificial lake nearly a mile long, on which regattas are frequently held. There is a large concrete grand stand holding three thousand people overlooking this. The entrance to the park is by massive bronze gates imported from Europe at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. The broad shaded avenue that leads for nearly two miles farther out into the country has not been fully completed, but is already a fine roadway taking one to the base of a small mountain of solid rock rising from the level plain on which the city is built.

A special roadway for automobiles, cut into the sides of



The amount of work that has been devoted to improving this magnificent parkway will be a revelation to most of us, but this is nothing compared to the much more extensive park development underway and partially completed on the other side of the city.

this rock, makes the complete circuit of the hill twice before landing you on the summit. Here the entire top of the hill has been cut off to form a flat platform, surrounded with artistic masonry parapets, and crowned with a monument that in its artistic conception, its magnificent proportions, and its



"The Armies of the Andes."

One of the most majestic monuments in the world—in a provincial Argentine town six hundred miles from Buenos Aires.

The entire top of a hill in the outskirts has been cut off to make a fitting site for this massive creation of granite and bronze commemorating the passage of the Andes by San Martín's army early in the past century, to free Chile from Spanish rule.

dignity, is surpassed by few similar works anywhere.

This monument is in commemoration of the successful crossing of the Andes by the Argentine army led by San Martín to assist in the liberation of Chile from Spanish rule, at the beginning of the last century. The event was a heroic one—a small, poorly equipped, and half-starved army fighting its way through snow-blocked and wind-swept passes, urged forward by the indomitable spirit of the intrepid leader to accomplish its quixotic mission. The epic has been turned into bronze and granite in an

equally heroic manner. The enormous winged victory that surmounts this monument, with the broken chains of her thralldom hanging from her outstretched arms, has at its base a remarkably fine equestrian statue of San Martín among the officers of his army. The treatment of the base of the statue, showing the army of liberation in bronze ranging from low relief, through high relief, to detached figures, is unusual. Around the entire monument hover huge bronze condors, the eagles of the Andes. No description can adequately reduce the beauty of this magnificent monument to words, nor convey an idea of the wonderful views that can be had from it across

the flat plain that extends in all directions to the distant mountains.

There is little to be seen in Mendoza in one sense of the word, other than this monument and the ruins of two churches destroyed in the earthquake of 1861. There is, however, so much that is attractive, and that renders the place distinctive among cities of the same small size and modest pretensions, that it is well worth an extra day spent on the journey across the continent. To the traveler from the west coast, it will seem like a new world, as indeed it is, although Mendoza in its way is as Spanish as any city in Chile or Peru.

Those that do stop over in Mendoza will receive a treat in the Grand Hotel. The building is an old one, and the rooms are apt to be cold and cheerless, excepting those overlooking the plaza, but the table is excellent. Perhaps the pleasantest feature of the hotel after all, is the crackling open fire in the dining room in winter, an unexpected luxury that is almost a necessity. This fire will linger long in one's memory after the chilly and depressing hotels in Chile. In



The Grand Hotel in Mendoza is old fashioned but comfortable, although the bedrooms are rather monasterial.

The main gateway from the street, which opens onto a terrace surrounded on three sides by the low walls of the hostelry, is a fine piece of work. In summer, meals are served out on this terrace fronting the plaza.



From the cool and dark interior of an old-fashioned Spanish building of the better sort, out into the bright sunlight of the open terrace and the plaza beyond. Grand Hoel, Mendoza.

summer, meals are served out on the broad terrace in front of the hotel, which is, in its way, equally pleasant.

Mendoza is the center of the Argentine wine industry. The city is surrounded with vineyards, and there are numbers of modern wine-making establishments. A visit to one of these will be interesting if it can be arranged. No recommendations are offered in this particular, to prevent the flood of visitors that would flock to these *bodegas*, as they are called, when it is realized that no such visit is regarded as perfect unless the visitor samples all of the various kinds of wine pro-

duced there. This sampling always starts with the champagnes, and works back through the white and red wines to the sweet sherries and angelicas, ending up with excellent grape juice, a new product in this district. The result is somewhat disturbing, to say the least.

PUSHING across the pampas of the Argentine from Mendoza to Buenos Aires reminds one of traveling through some parts of Texas. That is, as far as the scene that flies

by the window, hour after hour, is concerned. There are the same scanty grass and clumps of bushes akin to sage-brush on the flat plain, an occasional group of cattle in the distance. The train slows down and stops at a few dusty buildings on the open prairie, and the horses tied to the rail in front of the most pretentious, as well as the men who ride them, have the familiar hardened look, despite some slight difference in their make-up. That one is crossing a cattle country is apparent at a glance. The only touch of unfamiliarity are the ostriches that the noise of the train flushes from some clump of bushes. Away they go, scuttling like huge chickens.



The plaza in front of the Grand Hotel is a veritable triumph of the minuteness of the Italian gardener's art. Every flower and shrub is made to grow with mathematical accuracy and, it goes without saying, meticulous care.

Inside, one would rather suspect at first glance, that one was in England. The big sleeping-cars of the Argentine railroads, with their five-foot six-gage, are roomier than our Pullmans. Separate sleeping compartments in the English style, with the berths running across the car, leave only a narrow passage along one side. In this passage you occasionally stumble upon La Goya, or upon the little Indian maid of some large Argentine family, who has been filling up six enormous hot-water bottles with boiling water. The night is,

by the way, a chilly one, and no Argentine train has steam heat. Some of your fellow-passengers on the transandine train drop by your little cubicle for a moment's chat, and you accompany them to call on some of the others. Sooner or later you work your way into that time-honored South American institution, the dining-car, and there you stay for the rest of the afternoon or evening, maybe both. The open car is so much more appealing than a cell.

The meals served on these trains are excellent, a regular six-course dinner at a cost of only three Argentine pesos (which are worth about forty-five cents each in our money). One can't help admiring the scientific manner in which the waiters, one to every two double tables opposite each other, serve the eight people assigned them. Each course is brought on in succession. If there is one you don't particularly care for, you say nothing, but wait for the next. This happens seldom, they are all so appetizing. Everything moves along in an orderly manner, with an entire absence of confusion and delay. Before you realize it, coffee is served, the tableclothes are removed, and you can again resume your bridge or solitaire.

In spite of the greater luxury of the train on which you are now traveling, the twenty-four-hour trip across the pampas is a monotonous one. To say that from October to May it is also extremely dusty would be putting it more than mildly. During these months the trip becomes a nightmare, in which one gasps constantly for breath, waking up in the morning to find the pillow brown, excepting for the white spot where one's head has been. The pampas outside vanish in brown clouds, as the train passes.

BUENOS AIRES

THE

PARIS

OF AMERICA

BUENOS AIRES is a wonderful city! While I agree with this statement, it is not my own. Since my return to New York, I have pointedly asked a large number of my friends and acquaintances regarding their impressions of Buenos Aires. I do not refer to those who have actually visited that city, but to those whose ideas of the place, whatever these may be, have been formed through reading or by hearsay.

The result was rather extraordinary.

Buenos Aires is apparently only a name to most of us. A number, of course, were able to state positively that it was the largest city of South America. This was encouraging, but only a few placed it in its proper place among the cities of the western hemisphere, between Chicago and Philadelphia. (Chicago will, incidentally, have to look carefully to its laurels.) Some of these latter started to give me geographical and statistical data, but I was not attempting to conduct a high-school examination. Besides this, I was afraid I should be dragged out beyond my depth. With these few, I accordingly changed the subject at once.

What I wanted was not statistics, but merely an idea of what the metropolis of our sister continent conveyed to most of us. I decided eventually that it conveyed very little. This seems startling, until one considers that Buffalo or San Francisco means little to us until we have been there. Most of us have too little time to form impressions of places we have



Plaza Congreso, on which the stately Hall of Congress stands, is rather more formal and open than most of the plazas in Buenos Aires.

In it stands a handsome monument and fountain, and the whole forms a dignified and impressive setting for the heart of the Argentine nation.

never seen or expect to see. Still, there has been much more written, and presumably read, on Buenos Aires than on Buffalo, and it is surprising how little effect it has had.

A great many of those with whom I have talked regarding Buenos Aires stated more or less positively that it was a "wonderful" city. This was more what I was after; only it was a trifle vague. Most of those saying so made their statement sound like a question, or tried to find out from me why they thought so. This was turning the tables with a vengeance. I have preferred to answer with these random notes, and let them, and any others in the same circumstances, bolster up their own impressions.

But I do agree with their statement.

Buenos Aires is certainly a "wonderful" city!

BUENOS AIRES is popularly regarded as the most beautiful city of the world. This is, of course, the opinion of those who claim it as their own. It is also the opinion that is most widespread in Europe. That it has never been

emphasized sufficiently with us is probably more or less due to the very hazy and imperfect idea that most of us have regarding what constitutes civic beauty. It is our custom to concentrate all our efforts and available money on a few selected spots, and regard a city as most beautiful that contains the greatest number of such show features. We have n't, unfortunately, the broader conception that it is equally important to avoid ugliness and unsightliness everywhere, even in the remotest sections. This makes it hard to convey an impression of Buenos Aires—this and the lack of sufficient adjectives.

Buenos Aires has no great natural beauties. It has no wonderful bay framed in mountains such as make Rio de Janeiro the most beautiful spot in the world. The city has no background whatever, only a flat plain extending for hundreds of miles to the foot of the Andes. Go up to the fourteenth floor of the Galería Güemes, or any of the other high buildings, and the outlook in all directions is over the flat roofs of a flat city, or over the muddy flood of the La Plata. Even from this height, incidentally, the other shore of the river can be seen only with the most powerful glasses.



*Reflected in the basin of the fountain,
with Congress in the background.*



At the head of the Avenida de Mayo.

The Avenida de Mayo is celebrated as being one of the handsomest avenues in the world. It is lined with apartment houses and business buildings similar to the one shown, the lower floors of which, incidentally, are occupied by one of the leading German firms in the city.

To the naked eye the river looks like a limitless sea of yellow water.

In spite of this Buenos Aires is remarkably beautiful, bearing in mind always the broader conception of such beauty. There are show spots—many of them—such as the Plaza de Mayo, the Plaza Congreso with its handsome statue and monument and the stately Hall of Congress in the background, Palermo with its wonderful rose-gardens. These are only incidental. Palermo, after all, is more beautiful than any of the other seventy-odd plazas of the city only in being on a more extended scale. The Avenida de Mayo, one of the handsomest avenues on the American

continent, is so chiefly because of the uniformity of the buildings that line it—a uniformity of height alone, the beauty of diversified architectural detail preventing monotony. This avenue was cut through the center of a row of the most important blocks of the business section a few years ago. It is over a mile long, and the expanse was enormous, but this has been amply justified in the appreciation of the value of adjoining property alone, leaving out all esthetic considerations.



A corner of the Art Gallery and grounds, with the Plaza Hotel looming up in the background.

The appearance of the streets in Buenos Aires is distinctive. They are in the first place cleaner than ours. The façades of very few buildings lack ornamentation of one description or another. Many buildings are set back from the building-line, and break the regularity of the block. Thanks to the diversity of architectural design, and to occasional touches of vegetation, the effect is excellent. There are many buildings of the older Spanish type left, especially in the outer portions of the city, but the city is gradually being rebuilt, and the types of architecture are many and varied. One sees many examples of French, English, and even German influence, but the most popular style might be described, perhaps, as being under the influence of the Italian manner of ornamentation, with its peculiar intricacy of lines and curves. From all of this is being evolved a more or less new and distinctive style of architecture which is somewhat akin to what we carelessly term art nouveau, but which in time we may come to recognize as purely Argentine.

The plans for all new buildings to be built in Buenos Aires must be passed on by a commission of prominent architects,

named by the Government, that determines their architectural suitability for the site proposed. The height of buildings is rigidly prescribed by city ordinance. Excepting in outlying, partially developed districts, no vacant lots are to be seen. Their absence at first is not noticed, but gradually becomes a matter of wonder. They are, in fact, absolutely prohibited. Every lot must be improved within a certain time after a street has been formally classified, at least by a wall along the building line, carried up to a height sufficient to harmonize with the adjoining buildings. All of these are points that we do not appreciate, because we do not understand how much civic beauty depends upon a careful attention to all details, rather than upon the magnificence of favored spots.

The care that is lavished broadcast upon the city is well illustrated in that section which adjoins the river front, where trees and well-kept gardens mingle with warehouses and docks. Two of the most beautiful avenues of the city, the Paseo Colon and the Paseo de Julio, both really a succession of formal gardens, run the length of this district. These avenues, in their location, would correspond to West Street and South Street in New York. Imagine, further, a reservoir occupying a square in the heart of the city converted into a five-story palace—for that is what it looks like—windows and all in place, but nothing inside excepting the blank walls of the reservoir. A person could pass it a hundred times without suspecting what it really was.

Buenos Aires is an unusual city in many respects. It is not, of course, so magnificent as many portions of New York, but it is more uniformly attractive, and there is another and even greater difference. This is the feeling that is engendered after one has come to know the city somewhat, and that grows stronger the longer one stays, that it is what it is because the people wish it so, that they may enjoy it most thoroughly and effectively. This is a different attitude from that in which esthetic improvements are regarded in most of our cities.

The full beauty of this metropolis of the Argentine is not appreciated by a visitor until after he has returned home. Then the dull drabness and somber monotony of our Northern cities becomes hideously apparent—the rows of dirty brick houses, like boxes with holes for windows, all turned a uniform gray with the smoke and grime of years.

If Buenos Aires deserves the title of the most beautiful city in the world, and one is certainly inclined to believe that it does, it is because it has been made the most uniformly beautiful and uniformly kept so.



Colon Theatre—the home of Grand Opera in Buenos Aires.

One of the most sumptuous theatre buildings in the western hemisphere. Owned by the city and leased to private individuals by public auction annually.

The Grand Opera season in Buenos Aires lasts from June to September, and attracts the most celebrated stars of the operatic world. The display of jewels and fine clothes on opera nights is a brilliant one.

ONE of the most remarkable attributes of Buenos Aires, perhaps the attribute that has done most to earn for it the reputation of being wonderful, is its extremely rapid growth during the past twenty years. This has been no more rapid proportionately than that of many cities in the western United States in their earlier days. But Buenos Aires is not

a young city. It did not start out with a few hundred inhabitants, that could be doubled and trebled over night. Buenos Aires is an old Spanish city of a few hundred thousand people, that one day woke up and decided to grow.

Since then it has gained momentum each year. Its growth has been almost as rapid, and certainly as steady, as the figures of circulation printed on the cover of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Some years ago it passed Philadelphia. The worst part is, it has n't decided when it is time to stop growing. Just now it is headed for Chicago, and may get there in a few years. Later on, Buenos Aires may even decide to pass Paris, and become the largest Latin city in the world. To-day it is the second, but it is still growing, while Paris, now that the peace delegates of the various nations have left, has received a decided set-back.

These are not fancies. No one will contend that they are actual facts, but they are certainly something that ought to make us sit up and take notice, although New York is probably in no special danger.

It will be noted that so far I have not mentioned how large Buenos Aires is at present; but, then, nobody really knows. Besides that, it will have changed considerably by the time these notes are read. It will, however, be entirely safe to put it somewhere between a million and a half and two million. By putting it this way I also avoid any appearance of becoming statistical.

There is another peculiarity about the population of Buenos Aires that should be noted. The city actually contains nearly one quarter of the people of the entire Argentine Republic. This is a most unusual condition of affairs, due to the fact that the two principal crops of the country, cattle and wheat, do not require an intensive rural population. There are a number of cities of good size, Rosario, up the river, with about 200,000 people, Bahia Blanca, Córdoba, Mendoza, Tu-

cumán, and some others ranging from fifty to a hundred thousand, but there are no miniature Buenos Aires. The capital has sucked the lifeblood from the nation, and left the outlying cities hopelessly provincial, though many of them are progressive towns that are pleasant to visit and even to live in. Buenos Aires is the Argentine Republic in many ways even more strongly than Paris is France.

This does n't, however, change the fact that anyone visiting Buenos Aires, and not seeing anything of the provinces, will certainly form a most erroneous idea of the Argentine in almost every possible way.



A large display sign at the corner of Florida and Avenida Diagonal slowly moves—it is made of canvas—and discloses advertisements of cigarettes, wines, and patent medicines, in a succession of gorgeous colors and designs.

THE first time that we arrived in Buenos Aires it was midafternoon. We had landed at Retiro Station, after a long and dusty ride over the pampas, and piled our baggage into the omnipresent taxicab, bound we knew not whither. It was the twenty-fourth of May, the day before the biggest of all the Argentine national holidays. For a solid week the provinces had been pouring into the city, and we had not engaged rooms beforehand.

The course of our rambles after elusive accommodations took us around the Plaza San Martín to the head of the Calle Florida. This narrow alley, the so-called Bond Street of Buenos Aires, was as usual crowded. Our progress was of the slowest, but if it had been even slower it would not have mattered. No one that had been spending months on the backward west coast would have minded. It was like dropping into another world, and such annoyances as places to pass the night became trivial.

There are no plate glass windows in South America, it seemed to us that day at least, quite as large or as brightly decorated as those of Harrod's, first cousin or half-brother to the London Harrod's. Next door, those of Thompson's, providers of imported period furniture to the élite of the city, at prices which stagger imagination, are almost as brilliant and perhaps even more interesting. Corset shops, jewelers, *tailleurs pour dames*, alternate with other shops de luxe, and seemed to us of incomparable magnificence. This is one of the advantages of coming down the west coast, the contrast is so startling. The ornate building of the celebrated Jockey Club stands crowded into a row of such shops, but is distinguished at a glance, even by the uninitiated. Further on are more department stores, the Ciudad de Mexico, two of the Gath & Chaves establishments, Mappin & Webb's, the Tiffany of Buenos Aires, and last, the third Gath & Chaves store at the corner of the Avenida de Mayo.

Every building was draped in bunting for the approaching holiday, pale blue and white, the Argentine colors. At every window flew flags, Argentine, British, French, Belgian, Italian, even an occasional American, until the riot of color, as one turned into the Avenida, became inconceivable. There is surely no city in the world so given to decoration in such a wholesale manner. What is more, these multitudinous flags are unfurled on the slightest provocation. The sale of bunting must be a most lucrative business.

But to return to hunting hotel accommodations, we tried the Plaza, the Avenida Palace on the Plaza Mayo, the Grand on Florida, the Palace, an excellent hotel on Calle 25 de Mayo, the Majestic on the Avenida, and many others. We even tried some of the second-class hotels on the Avenida, but all to no avail. It began to get somewhat on our nerves, perhaps even more so on those of the taxi driver, whom we suspected by this time of thinking our elaborate game one designed to inveigle him out of his fare. This, however, was too reasonable

to be worth while. Finally we were referred to the Savoy out on Callao, several blocks from the downtown center of excitement. It was a happy thought, not only because we were successful in securing the last room in the house, but also because we found the hotel so comfortable that we spent over three months there without even becoming tired of its over-decorated art nouveau lobby or its heavy and at times somewhat cloying menus. This is somewhat of a record. There are few hotels anywhere that one could say the same about.



The Plaza Hotel—under Ritz-Carlton management.

PERHAPS I would not have raved so deliriously about the Calle Florida if we had not, as I have intimated, come in from the west coast. Seen in the cold light of day, without the glamor of holiday decoration and excitement, it is perhaps not worthy of as much lurid language as I have given it, but somehow or other it never loses its charm. There is something about it that always strikes one as cozy and unusually attractive.

This is particularly true along towards six o'clock in the evening. For an hour or so about this time all vehicles are turned out of the street, and the hurrying crowd of shoppers cover the smooth asphalt from curb to curb. Perhaps I should not have said hurrying crowds, because no one really hurries. What one does is to stroll slowly down the street all the way from Gath & Chaves at one end to Harrod's at the other—this is all of ten blocks—studying the shop windows if one is so inclined, or the reflections in them. Probably this last—although this hardly ever satisfied the average frequenter of Florida. A most thorough “once over” is the fashion here, with a quick turn for a longer “twice over,” if such an expression is permissible, generally following. That is, if the subject is pleasing, and—well—many of them are. At least one sees the best on the Calle Florida.

About halfway down the street the Richmond Bar, which should be dignified with the name “café” instead, offers a convenient stopping place. By the time you have finished your first cousin to a Martini, known here of course as a “San Martín,” it is probably dark, or would be if the street were not fairly ablaze with light from its many shop windows.

Calle Florida is the Bond Street of Buenos Aires. The stores on it are excellent, and if you have the money, that is, in sufficient quantities, you can get anything here almost that you can get anywhere in the world. But the Calle Florida is more than merely a shopping street de luxe—it is the most cherished institution of Buenos Aires.



Crowds begin to collect on the Plaza Mayo early for the celebration of the twenty-fifth of May, one of the most important of the Argentine patriotic holidays.

THE twenty-fifth of May is one of the big patriotic holidays of the Argentine. There is a street named after it in the down-town business section. The Avenida de Mayo is also a first cousin to the same holiday. This custom of naming streets after the days of the month seems rather curious to us at first, no matter how prominent a holiday is to be thus commemorated. There are not, so far as I know, a great many Fourth of July Avenues in the United States. However, there is one in Ancon, one of the American towns at the Pacific end of the Panama Canal.

Celebration of the twenty-fifth of May is widespread throughout the Republic, but naturally centers in Buenos Aires. Every hotel in the city overflows with people from the provinces. This we found out to our sorrow, as we happened to arrive in Buenos Aires on the evening of the twenty-fourth, and were obliged to drive from one hotel to another for some time before we could get a room.

Military parades are always a big feature of such holidays in the Argentine, as elsewhere in South America. The

Argentine soldier is neither so natty nor so well drilled as the Chilean, but in spite of looking less Prussian, seems more serviceable. There is also a special gala race program out at the Hipodromo, and various other celebrations elsewhere. On the whole, the English and American colonies pay little attention, and spend the day out at tennis or golf, giving the native celebration but a passing glance. The almost utter lack of intoxication that is very noticeable, is perhaps only to be expected in view of the temperate habits of the nation.

The electric illumination of the principal avenues and plazas in the evening is undoubtedly more brilliant than anywhere to-day.¹ Even under normal conditions, I believe it would compare favorably with electric displays anywhere, the nearest approach to similar effects being the illumination of the San Francisco exposition. In fact, the lighting effects that are secured are distinctly those of an exposition, as opposed to the advertising brilliancy with which Broadway is lighted.

Every cornice, every molding, every window of the stately Hall of Congress is outlined in electric lights, while the dome



The Argentine army shows much less Prussian influence than the Chilean. As a consequence, it looks more serviceable. The military parade on the twenty-fifth of May is very impressive.

¹ This was written in 1918, during the height of the war.

is ablaze to the very top. Other public buildings are the same. Arches of colored lights span the Avenida de Mayo from one end to the other. Many private buildings, especially those facing the Avenida, are decorated as lavishly. The display of "La Prensa," one of the leading newspapers of the world, is particularly effective, the building, besides being outlined throughout with lights, carrying a huge Argentine coat-of-arms in its true colors. The lights composing this shield are so closely massed as to present an unbroken surface. The Jockey Club in the Calle Florida is another electric jewel, but cannot be readily appreciated because of the narrowness of the street. It is impossible even to mention other individual private displays, but the whole down-town portion of the city is converted into a vast exposition.

The most extraordinary lighting effects are secured in the Plaza Congreso, at one end of the Avenida, and in the Plaza de Mayo, at the other. The monument in the Plaza Congreso is a blaze of light, the fountain beside it illuminated with every color of the rainbow. Every flower-bed is outlined with colored bulbs set in the grass at their edge, with the points upward. Every bush and tree is studded with colored lights hidden through their foliage, until the effect is so overwhelming as to be almost grotesque. A drive in an open carriage around the Plaza Congreso, down the Avenida to the Plaza de Mayo, then out the Calle Florida to the Plaza San Martín, which is also illuminated in the same way, is something that will never be forgotten.

The Argentines are undoubtedly fond of such displays, and make more or less permanent provision for them. Some of the temporary lighting arrangements, such as the arches across the Avenida, and the lights in the trees of the plazas, are, naturally, removed in a day or so. The rest are allowed to remain, ready for the next celebration.



The Spanish monument commemorating Argentine independence is a handsome white marble memorial in the Avenida Alvear.

ALL of the Spanish countries of America achieved their independence from Spain during the first two decades of the last century. Centenary celebrations have therefore come thick and fast during the past few years. These have everywhere brought a flood of monuments in their wake. Each foreign colony has outvied the other in such presentations. That is, each foreign colony excepting the American. The American colony in most of these places has never emerged from the general classification "other nationalities," in the official records. Such expres-

sions of good will to their adopted locality would therefore be too much of a luxury. But one is fairly safe in Chile and the Argentine in particular, on running across a rather imposing statue in some out-of-the-way place, to assume that it is either a Spanish monument, a French donation, or a gift from the local British colony. If not, it is probably Italian, or German.

No, this is hardly correct. If you are in Chile, your first guess on meeting a stray statue, is that it is of O'Higgins; if in the Argentine, of San Martin. Your second is that it is one of these more or less spontaneous expressions of good-will by strangers within the gates. A third is hardly ever necessary.

The British have, by the way, made a specialty of decorating the plazas of these many places with clock-towers, instead of statues. They have thus stolen a march on their fellow colonists of other nations. These towers are visible evidence of British stability and practicability by day; their powerful cathedral chimes carry their presence throughout the city even on the darkest night. For all these monuments



Plaza Francia and the French monument, the gift of the French colony in Buenos Aires on the centenary of Argentine independence.

are primarily national advertisements—of a type that appeals most strongly to the local temperament. Some day even we will wake up to the value of similar manifestations.

This orgy of commemoration reaches its height in Buenos Aires, where many more nationalities are present in far greater numbers. The monument donated by the Spanish colony, even though the event celebrated thereby was independence from Spain itself, is one of the most prominent and beautiful in a city overwhelmed with handsome landmarks. A lofty pile of white marble, covered with high relief delicately and yet strongly chiselled, surrounded and surmounted by heroic figures of surpassing beauty, it stands on the Ave-

nida Alvear near Palermo, looking down on all those that parade each afternoon in that fashionable boulevard.

The French monument, though somewhat smaller and of granite and marble combine, is no less artistic. The British have, as usual, donated a clock-tower, a striking structure in the plaza in front of Retiro station, which is in itself a monument to British activity and enterprise in the Argentine. Even the Syrian colony is represented, and of course in a city where the German element is so comparatively strong, the colony of that country also looked for a "place in the sun."

They found it on the lower side of the Avenida Alvear about halfway out to Palermo, quite near the gas tanks, and as usual went after the most bizarre and unique effect to be secured. They must not, however, be given full credit for the success they have had along these lines. The really striking feature of the monument is the high board fence that still surrounds it, a fence dull gray in color and plentifully streaked with daubs of mud thrown by passers-by. Perhaps some day it will emerge from the mystery-giving concealment, to sink into the commonplace, but for the moment it is unique. Any monument would be thus decorated.

IMPORTANT NOTE. Since my return to New York I have discovered that the American colony also assisted in the decoration of Buenos Aires in 1916. A bronze statue of Washington, costing \$15,000, stands in the Parque de Julio, so I am told. I can't quite see how I overlooked this—a statue costing this much ought to be fairly visible.

THOUSANDS of taxicabs constantly cruise the streets of Buenos Aires at the fullest of full speed. They constitute the one cheap luxury of a luxuriously expensive or expensively luxurious city. The initial fare on the clock is fifty centavos, about twenty-three cents, and there is hardly any ride in the center of the city that will make the clock run much over one peso, or about forty-five cents. You can ride

around the park all afternoon for about ten pesos. All this in spite of gasoline at eighty cents upward per gallon. It is really one of the wonders of the place.

Nearly every make and vintage of French and Italian car is represented among these taxis. The effect is overwhelming. Every taxi differs in size, shape, and color from every other. Some are undeniably antiquated—there are many of the old two-cylinder Renaults still in operation—but if you use a little discrimination you can always get a car that will make you feel like a millionaire. And you won't have to pay any more for it either.

As a result of low taxi fares, remarkable sights are constantly to be seen.

A party of six, eight, or ten workmen will crowd into a taxi on their way to work, singing and shouting to those on the side-walks, particularly the girls, as they whirl past. Two nurse-maids, with their charges, and a couple of perambulators piled in front, will pass on their way to Palermo. You take a taxi to run down to the lumberyard for a few boards that trail out fifteen or twenty feet behind, as you return.



The most charming feature of this attractive little statue is that it is located in the heart of the retail shopping district. There is just enough space where the Avenida Diagonal crosses narrow Calle Florida to wedge the graceful figure in white marble, and a few flowers and palms, into the midst of department stores, hurrying taxicabs, and crowds of shoppers.

As you come out of the hotel to go to a *cinema* a block away, a laundress delivering mountains of wash dashes by. It is raining a drop or so, and you also take a taxi.

They say that the regular cabmen—for there are still many horse-drawn cabs, also working on a clock basis but an even more modest one—hail a taxi when their horses lie down on them,—bundle their animals into the tonneau, and drag the carriage behind. Personally, I have some doubts of this. In the first place, most of the taxicabs are closed cars, or at most partially convertible only. Further than this, I have myself seen the big motor horse ambulance of the “Sociedad Sarmiento Protectora de Animales,” which is the Argentine S. P. C. A.

It would n't however be much more difficult to crowd the average Argentine family of seventeen or twenty-one, in four generations, into a single taxi. This is done quite frequently. It is, of course, sometimes difficult to get the exact score, as they go by so fast, but personally I have counted up to twelve.



*Corner of Paraguay and Libertad Streets.
A typical corner in the downtown section.*

To return to the Sarmiento Society. All of the tiny boxes in which wax matches are sold, and which have a lid on a rubberband that pops up when you pull out the drawer part of the box, have a motto of this society printed on the lid. This must be good advertising—wasted on a philanthropic institution instead of being utilized for

chewing-gum or cigarettes. The good that it does is undoubtedly needed, but perhaps no more than in most other places.

ACCORDING to the official records, there are over 40,000 automobiles in use in the Argentine Republic, of which about 10,000 are registered in Buenos Aires. Originally the French car was naturally preferred—it still is to some extent—but during the past few years thousands of American cars have been brought in, until the score now is at least fifty-fifty, with the odds favoring this country for future business, even on a return to normal conditions in France, England and Italy. Apparently the sale of American cars during the war was only limited by the number that could be shipped in.

Ford cars are today brought into the Argentine in thousand lots, and in a thousand pieces,—if there are that many in a Ford. Three very complete plants are kept busy assembling these cars. These plants are really complete manufacturing shops, capable of handling all phases of car manufacture. It would n't be at all surprising to hear at any time that their Buenos Aires manager, Mr. Hampton, had actually started manufacturing complete cars down there. He could undoubtedly do it, if he could get enough of whatever it is that Fords are made of to make it commercially practicable. The local plants have recently started in to make the entire bodies of their limousines from local materials.

These Ford plants have only been in operation for about three years. At first American mechanics were imported, but this has since been found both unnecessary and undesirable, as there are plenty of Argentine mechanics to be had.

In Buenos Aires it is the large French car that is the taxicab. A Ford is never put to such a humble use, but moves in the best society. It is Mr. Hampton's boast that there are more Fords with private chauffeurs in Buenos Aires than in any city of the world. There are also more peculiarly trimmed and disguised Fords in Buenos Aires than in any other two cities in the world. Some of the effects are so weird and startling as to cause utter amazement, and almost but not quite defy detection.

AMONG the many modern buildings in Buenos Aires, the handsome structure known as the Galería General Güemes is sufficiently unique and interesting to deserve special mention.

The Galería Güemes, as it is usually called for short, is a four-story arcade running through from the Calle Florida to the Calle San Martín. This arcade is of magnificent proportions, nearly fifty feet to its arched ceiling,

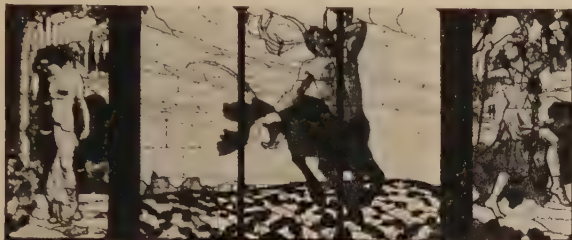


The "Galería Güemes," from an architect's drawing.

One of the most unique buildings in Buenos Aires.



lined with marble columns, with figures and a wealth of grillwork in bronze. There is also a profusion of carving, of statuary, and of mural painting, and at either end an enormous dome of stained glass—in fact, the lavish use throughout the entire building of stained glass, or ornamental bronze-work and of other forms of ornamentation, would, if adequately described, sound almost vulgar. With us such mediums are associated only with the most mag-



Stained glass window in restaurant.

nificent public buildings. There may be office buildings in New York that have been treated more ornately, some of the newer ones undoubtedly have—there are, probably, many that would be preferred by most people because of greater simplicity of style—but there are certainly few that have been more lavishly conceived or carried out so thoroughly or on a more elaborate scale. The passage is lined with shops that, while small, are among the most exclusive in the city, and the scene after the lights have been turned on is unusually brilliant. The effect is like putting a section of Fifth Avenue under cover.

All of these is only the beginning of the wonders of the Galería Güemes.

The main portion of the building, its frontages on the two streets, is only four stories high, these upper floors being devoted to offices reached by four batteries of elevators, two at each end of the arcade. The central portion of the building has, however, been carried up to a height of fourteen stories, forming an enormous square tower that is visible from nearly every part of the city. One corner of this is car-



One of four batteries of elevators.



Stained glass dome in the central arcade.

ried still higher in the form of a massive spire, capped by an electric beacon. These upper floors are very fine living-apartments, while the entire fourteenth floor is a restaurant, affording magnificent views of the city.

Below the street level there is another very handsome and exclusive restaurant, magnificently and lavishly decorated. There is also a very fine theater, the Teatro Florida, devoted to high-class vaudeville and moving pictures. Situated as it is in the center of the shopping-district of the city, it is usually crowded, especially in the afternoon.

From the floor of the auditorium of this theater, three stories below ground, to the restaurant on the fourteenth floor, the decorative treatment is on the same lavish scale as in the main arcade. Altogether, the Galería Güemes is a unique and magnificent monument to the building-skill of our distant neighbors, and will be a decided surprise to those who have acquired the idea that this country has a monopoly of such structures.

As a matter of fact, the Galería Güemes, while to-day unique and of unusual conception and execution, is of course merely a step in the gradual development of the city along the most modern architectural lines,



An iron and bronze entrance door.



just as any of our large monumental edifices, even the Woolworth Building, are merely steps toward other and

even more magnificent structures. The Galería Güemes was begun in 1913, and was, fortunately, completed just before the severity of the shipping-crisis due to the war caused an utter suspension of building-activities in Buenos Aires. With a return to more normal shipping-conditions, permitting the importation of the necessary building-materials, it is safe to assume that within a very few years even the Galería Güemes will be surpassed. It will not, however, lose any of its dignity nor beauty because of this, but will continue to be just what it is to-day, one of the most luxurious and remarkable business buildings in the western hemisphere.

The restriction in building that has just been referred to not only prevented many new buildings that had been planned from being begun but work already under way had to be suspended. Among these partially completed buildings is the new post office, the steelwork for which is already in place. This will be a very fine structure, seven or eight stories high, and covering an entire block. To-day it looks like a skeleton.



It is badly needed, as the present post office on Calle Corrientes is a disgrace to a city like Buenos Aires.

ARGENTINE women are given to charitable organization work to a rather remarkable and perhaps somewhat unexpected extent. There are a large number of charitable institutions in Buenos Aires. There are still more minor charities of every imaginable kind and with every possible object. In fact, the very broad work that is being done there in the charitable field, and the surprisingly large part of it that is in the hands of the women, is so interesting that it has all along been my intention to comment on it at some length.

As it happens, however, one of the very prominent charitable workers of that city has recently visited New York. On her arrival, Sra. Bengolea de Sánchez Elía was interviewed by one of the New York evening papers. This saves me considerable trouble. As a matter of fact, her remarks cover the subject so much better than anything I could say, that I substitute them gladly for what I had already written, and reproduce them in full.

“In Buenos Aires, as in cities farther north, the way to get the hardest work done for charity is to make the doing of it a coveted privilege, believes Mrs. Magdalena Bengolea de Sánchez Elía, who is active in the child-welfare movement, which early reached a broad development there. Mrs. Elía is making a tour of our larger cities with her husband, Angel Sánchez Elía, prominent in Buenos Aires legal circles. She is taking special note of our work for children in the hope of finding features of suggestive value to the numerous organizations of similar purpose in Argentina.

“Despite the strength and abundant funds of the charitable societies in Buenos Aires, Mrs. Elía has received the impression that poverty is much more apparent, on the streets at least, there than here. ‘I have been surprised to see so few poor people in New York,’ she said to a representative of the newspaper at the Ritz-Carlton. ‘Your working women all seem to be dressed in the height of fashion. That can not be because wages are so much higher, for the living expenses



Rodin's "Thinker" in a new environment—a bed of pink geraniums in the Plaza Congreso.

here are certainly double the sum that must be allowed in Argentina.' About four years ago every prospective traveller to South America was warned that the story of lower costs there was a myth, sure to bring him to grief should he allow for his stay only the same amount that he would require at home. Now that story is true. Mrs. Elía finds that food in Argentina costs only half of our appalling prices, that rents are lower, domestic service and farm labor decidedly cheaper, and clothing about the same. It seems to her that we are willing to pay a great deal for our staple foods.

" 'Have the ladies in Buenos Aires found the servant problem insoluble, as we have?' she was asked.

" 'Oh, no. We have plenty, and at very low wages.' 'Then Argentine young women don't mind going into domestic service?' 'They hate it. All our girls want to be teachers—or else to go into shops. But there is never any lack of Spanish, French, Japanese, and Italians to do the work.' 'The teaching profession must be more lucrative in Argentina than in the United States?' 'I do not know, but it is the first thought of every girl as she leaves school—always to be a teacher, right away.' Surely there must be some product

that we could export to Argentina in exchange for enthusiastic teachers and throngs of low-paid servants!

“Membership in the charitable societies of Buenos Aires is enormous. Mrs. Elía herself is forwarding the work of El Patronazgo de la Infancia, which protects and brings up hundreds of the babies of Buenos Aires and its extensive suburbs. The brotherhood of San Vincenzo de Paulo carries on its tireless labor there. La Copa de Leche provides every day a cup of fresh milk for all the school children of the city. There are many others, but one of the most remarkable of all charitable organizations is La Sociedad de Beneficencia, whose officers are all Argentine women. It is semi-official, as it receives the recognition and co-operation of the government. Election to this society is a great honor, a proof that one belongs not only to the socially élite, but that she is of the trusted and valued members of the community—that she is believed to appreciate her civic responsibility. Only women of mature years are chosen for this difficult and important work. Membership is elective, and is much desired by society women, although it means duties which stenographers, nurses, or housemaids would consider it oppression to be obliged to do. ‘The work is very, very hard,’ said Mrs. Elía. ‘Just girls could never stand such a routine. That is why they elect matrons.’

“La Sociedad de Beneficencia maintains a chain of large hospitals all over the city, where forms of disease from insanity to malnutrition are cared for in special wards—without charge, of course, if the patient’s circumstances warrant it. Nursing is done by members of the Society, by Sisters of Charity, and by professional nurses, the latter only being paid. Besides the staff physicians in regular attendance, who receive a salary, the most eminent specialists of Buenos Aires visit the society’s institutions every day, giving their usually high-priced treatment and advice for the nominal sum, paid by the society, of about \$70 a month.

“La Cuna (The Cradle) takes the best care of the very

little babies. 'A great many infants are abandoned in Buenos Aires, but not one need suffer if only we can find out about it and get it to La Cuna,' said Mrs. Elia. 'But our work is not alone for the abandoned. Any mother who is unable to support her child may leave it with La Sociedad de Beneficencia, and there it will be cared for, educated, and taught a trade. If the mother ever wants it back she may have it, but in no case are children allowed to leave the society's protection until they are well able to support themselves, which is usually at the age of sixteen. All poor children are gladly sheltered and trained, from infancy to independence, by our societies in Buenos Aires.' "



On the left hand going out the Avenida Alvear towards Palermo, lies an almost continuous succession of plazas, each treated differently horticulturally, but all equally attractive.

One of these is the Plaza Alvear, the open sweep of its turf rising gently towards the Hospicio de Mendigos.

SOUTH AMERICANS, and in this case Argentinians in particular, have long been setting the pace in making prices for great racehorses. More than thirty years ago they established a record by paying 17,000 guineas (\$86,870) to the Duke of Westminster for Ormonde. Since then they have paid British breeders such fabulous prices as \$150,000 for

Cragenour, \$151,200 for Diamond Jubilee, and \$157,500 for Cyllene. During the past year they have capped the climax by breeding one that has brought more money than any of their importations. I refer to the recent sale of Botafogo for \$200,000. This, by the way, is the first horse bred elsewhere than in the British Isles that has brought such a price.

Botafogo is the fastest racehorse ever bred in South America. He is a four year old colt by the wonderful native South American horse Old Man, that outranked the English Derby winner Diamond Jubilee among winning sires there a few years ago. Korea, the dam of Botafogo, was sent to South America from Kentucky in 1910, although foaled in England. Korea showed indifferent form while racing in this country, but her offspring is a wonder. He ran a mile in 1:37 $\frac{3}{4}$ in one of his winning races; setting a new record for the distance in the southern hemisphere, and doing it with incredible ease. With only one defeat against him, early in his career, he has shown such decided superiority over all rivals that few can be found to start against him.

We had the pleasure of seeing Botafogo run while in Buenos Aires. It certainly was a pleasure, but there was little excitement. The field against him consisted of one horse. This Cracker is an excellent horse, good for a win or place in an ordinary race, but outclassed. No horse is in the same class with Botafogo.

The "pari-mutuel" betting system is used in Buenos Aires, as throughout South America, the odds depending entirely upon the number of two-peso tickets bought on each horse. During the interval between races, while the betting books for the succeeding race are open, the number of tickets bought on each horse are posted from time to time. When the blackboard showed over 20,000 tickets on Botafogo to a few hundred on Cracker, I decided to buy ten tickets on Cracker. Hundred to one odds are good on general principles. Botafogo might be off-color that day, or fall dead. I



One of the most magnificent race courses in the world—on almost too vast a scale, in fact, to render attendance wholly enjoyable without a telescope.

was just a moment too late. The windows of the betting-booth were slammed in my face. Botafogo won by ten lengths, with his head back over his shoulder looking for the other horse. So I won twenty pesos on Botafogo after all. This was more than those playing him to win made. Two peso tickets on Botafogo paid exactly two pesos and five cents that day.

It is a great game. If you bet on a favorite you don't win much, and if you bet on a dark horse you generally lose.

But Botafogo is a great horse.

SR. MARTINEZ DE HOZ, the purchaser of Botafogo, is internationally prominent as a breeder of race horses, hackneys, and short-horn cattle. He enjoys the distinction of having twice won the championship of the London Hackney Show with Hopwood Viceroy, a stallion that he had shipped from Buenos Aires to England for the exhibition, and was afterwards about to ship to New York for the Horse Show, when the breaking out of the war caused the abandonment of the annual function in Madison Square Garden. When Crage-

nour was disqualified after finishing first in the Epson Derby of 1913, Sr. Martinez de Hoz paid \$150,000 for the horse to head his stud at the Haras Chapadmalal.

The same gentleman is also the holder of another record, when he sold a short-horn bull, Pearl Hunter II, at auction for \$40,000, the highest price on record in any country. This was at the annual cattle show held in September, 1918.

This exposition of pedigreed cattle and live-stock of all kinds is one of the most important events of the year in South America. Stock breeders from all over the Argentine take part, and there are many entries from Uruguay and even Chile. The show is held in the magnificent permanent exposition grounds at Palermo, belonging to the "Sociedad Rural Argentina," the national stock breeders' association.

The grounds of this society are not, by the way, stuck out in an unattractive and distant section as they probably would be with us. Instead, they occupy a prominent location on the fashionable drive of the city, the Avenida Alvear. The buildings and grounds have been built and are maintained in keeping with their surroundings. These buildings comprise stables for nearly 1,000 horses or cattle, sheds for 4,000 sheep, a number of large pavilions for the display of agricultural machinery and products, and an immense structure for dairy exhibits. All of these, together with the stands around the large show ground, are permanent structures. The exhibition grounds altogether cover nearly fifty acres.

We were unable to attend this exposition in 1918, as we were obliged to leave Buenos Aires for Chile just before it opened. We heard a great deal about it later on from a fellow passenger on the steamer from Chile to Panama. This fellow passenger was a prominent breeder of fancy stock in Ohio, who had been sent for by the "Sociedad Rural Argentina" to judge the Aberdeen Angus cattle at this show. His accounts of the show itself were interesting, and those of the lavish way in which the members of the society entertained the visiting

judges even more so. According to Dr. Brown, the exhibits of shorthorn cattle at this show were more numerous, and displayed higher qualities than at any similar show he had attended anywhere. The entertainment he received was, we gathered, on much the same scale.

Speaking of cattle reminds me of one of the most interesting and unusual features of Buenos Aires. Walk down almost any street in the very heart of the business section.



The stands of the race course are artistic structures of concrete. The one exclusively for members of the Jockey Club is particularly attractive. In front of it on a floor of smooth red gravel are many canopied tea-tables.

Among modern office buildings, even between magnificent retail stores, you will here and there notice the establishments of live-stock dealers and auctioneers. Some of these will have window displays of Shropshire rams or Durham heifers. All will have broad open archways into large interior courts, extending in some cases clear through the block. Glance into one of these, and you will see long rows of sleek-coated cattle, Herefords, shorthorns, Aberdeen Angus, and many others; massive Clydesdale and Percheron draft horses; sheep that are so large that you don't recognize them at first. Go in if you want to. The attendants may recognize that you are

merely curious, but this will make no difference. These miniature stock expositions are really semi-public institutions.

Their prevalence in the most prominent and apparently unsuitable places is merely indicative of the importance with which stock-raising is held in the Argentine.



Argentines are fond of peanuts, as is evidenced by the number of perambulating vendors of this delicacy. A peanut stand in Buenos Aires must be disguised as a locomotive. This rule is invariable. The better the disguise, the better the peanuts.

Sometimes these locomotives are of metal, mounted on the running gear of a bicycle, and very ornate. At others, a box on wheels, with a smokestack, and with crude attempts to trace the outlines of cab and wheels in light blue or pale pink paint, suffices.

ON Saturday, June 22d, 1918, a heavy drizzle lasting all day turned into snow after dark. By ten o'clock two or three inches of snow covered the streets. Just outside the city it was even deeper, and the white blanket spread across the vast pampas to the Andes. The snow extended nearly up to Paraguay on the north. For once almost the entire Argentine Republic was under cover.

The event was an extraordinary one.

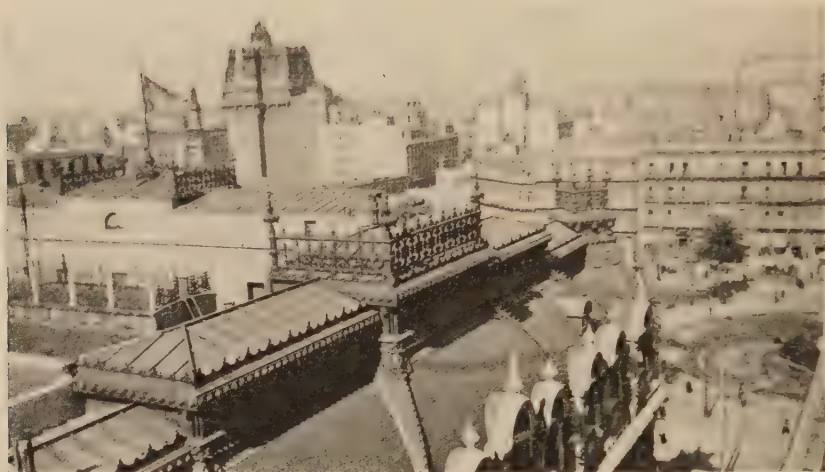
No similar storm had occurred for thirty-five or eighty years, depending upon the informant, certainly not within the remembrance of the present generation.

All of Buenos Aires turned out that evening to watch it snow. Those that did not, stood at the windows and snow-balled the passersby. Young and old took part in the carnival, regardless of the cold and wet. Later on, those from without began invading the lobbies of the hotels and theaters, as well as the cafés and restaurants, their arms full of snowballs. The fight in the Savoy was a vigorous one, becoming more and more furious, until the floor was covered. How, one naturally asks, do people that have never seen snow, instinctively know that it is made for this particular purpose?

The sun came out the next morning on a white city, plentifully dotted with photographers recording the unusual scenes. A flood of postal cards and other photographic souvenirs followed in due course. Some of the lesser clothed statues looked particularly uncomfortable under their chilly covering.

FROM the foregoing, it will be noted that the climate in Buenos Aires is not always tropical, in spite of the apparently widespread belief to this effect. We will go further and say that, on the whole, we felt the cold during our stay in the city as severely as during an average winter in New York. We certainly dressed as warmly as in the most severe weather at home. Anyone coming to Buenos Aires without plenty of warm clothing will not only be disillusioned, but decidedly uncomfortable.

The leaves fall in autumn in Buenos Aires just as they do with us—only fall is in late May, instead of October. The days are still warm, but the evenings and early mornings are apt to be snappy. In June the first real cold spell sets in, and from then on until the end of August the temperature hovers around the freezing point, sometimes above and sometimes a very little below. It is not a severe cold, but it is a damp and penetrating one, mixed with fogs, raw winds,



Over the housetops of Buenos Aires, at least in the downtown section, is much the same as in a city at home—certainly it is decidedly un-Spanish in its general appearance. This was taken from the eighth floor of the Anglo-South American bank, a fine, modern building. The sixteen story structure known as the Railway Building, and housing many large companies such as the West India Oil Company, appears in the distance. A part of the Plaza Mayo shows at the right.

and cold rains—a regular English winter in all respects excepting for the absence of snow.

A little artificial heat, an open fireplace to take the chill off a room that is otherwise apt to be clammy; an electric radiator, or an ordinary oil stove, is about all that is needed to make one comfortable. Most of the hotels, and many of the modern apartment and office buildings, now have steam heat, and its use is growing.

It is surprising, though, how many Argentines go without even the moderate degree of comfort that we would regard, under the existing climatic conditions, as an outright necessity. The sale of hot water bottles for bed-warming purposes is still undiminished. Whole families in the poorer quarters are still asphyxiated by the fumes from charcoal braziers. The older buildings of the city, including practically all the middle class homes, not only have no provision for heating, but the size of the rooms and the prevalence of masonry walls somewhat inclined to be not quite damp-

proof, render the average building in Buenos Aires far from comfortable during the short winter, according to our standards. Go out in the morning and get chilled through, and you are very likely to stay that way until you climb back into bed with your hot water bottle.

The older generation in particular are accustomed to this damp cold, and bear it stoically, if shiveringly. They are much more inclined to meet it by piling on clothing indoors, and by hermetically sealing their bedrooms at night, than by taking up with new-fangled heating contraptions. This attitude, and the fact that a real heating plant involves a large investment that can be used for such a short period each year, makes Buenos Aires a rather less promising field for the sale of such equipment than it might otherwise be.

THE Buenos Aires subway, the *subterraneo*, has been in operation for three or four years. Originally built by a German concern, it is now owned and operated by the same British company that controls the greater part of the surface electric tramways. The section completed and in use starts at the Plaza Mayo, runs out the Avenida, under the Plaza Congreso, and then straight out Calle Rivadavia until it comes to the surface well in the outskirts of the city. It affords a remarkably quick and efficient service to the main business districts, and is well patronized by those who do not regard anything less than a taxi as entirely beneath them.

If you are not one of these, you go down to the subterraneo by broad uncovered stairs, and are immediately struck by the fact that subways don't have to be dark, gloomy, and oppressive. This is hard for the average person to believe. Buenos Aires has amply demonstrated it to be a fact. The stations there are bright, roomy, and airy, with a faint pleasant smell of disinfectants, instead of fetid stuffiness. There are also plenty of striking and highly colored posters to hold your attention until your train comes in.

The crowd that rides daily on the subterraneo is distinctly different from a New York crowd. There is no absence of hurry and bustle, and people run for their trains as per usual custom, crowd near the doors, and jam and push each other when necessary, which is n't often. But somehow the result is different. You can't perhaps tell exactly why, but you can sense it even with your eyes shut. Trains in New York



The terrace of the "Casa Rosada" facing the Paseo Colon is open to the public. The home of the Argentine president is not, in fact, shut off behind walls or hedges, but thrusts itself into the center of the business district.

subway would certainly never be operated as those down here.

In the first place, your ticket, bought for ten centavos as you go down, perhaps at an automatic slot machine that prints the ticket as it is handed you, is punched by a gateman before you are allowed on the platform. You keep this ticket, to give the gateman at the station where you alight. If you lose it, another has to be bought before you can get out. Imagine what this double handling of all tickets would mean in New York in rush hours. It's bad enough as it is.

Your wait for a train is never long, and presently it rushes quietly in. The cars are painted a delicate baby blue. This

adds to the cheerfulness of the subterraneo, but seems reprehensible, as they are big steel cars, the kind that are naturally associated with dirty olive-green or battleship gray. Also, they have enormous plate-glass windows that you can really raise and lower at will.

The two side doors to each car are wide open long before the train comes to a stop, so that every one gets a running start on the getaway. There are only a few guards to each train, so obliging passengers gladly attend to this little detail.

As the train stops, the platform-guard blows a shrill whistle. The gate-keeper slams his little gate shut. No more passengers can get onto the platform. Several train-guards now materialize, and clap their hands vigorously and continuously. The crowd already on the platform hurries on board. Suddenly the chief-guard emits a squawk. This is exactly the right term for it. The train starts instantly. The last passengers step on, and pull the doors to behind them. If they are forgetful, the platform-guard tries his hand at it as the train shoots by. Sometimes he succeeds—the doors work very easily—even if he fails it does n't seem to matter much, though the train may be packed.



The Savoy Hotel decorated with the flags of all nations for one of the Argentine holidays.



Calle Callao from the deep shade of the Plaza Rodriguez Peña, with the "Birth of Aurora" at the left.

All of this sounds complicated, but runs smoothly. The system is novel, and highly informal. It would n't be possible in New York, but works out delightfully in Buenos Aires. The trains make excellent time, in spite of stations every three or four blocks.

THERE is one fact about the Buenos Aires subterraneo that has only recently become widely known, even to the natives of the city. The subway is far from being the simple tube for the trains that hurl one out to the Plaza Once or Velez Sarsfield day after day. Deep down below the well ventilated double-track tube for passenger service, lies another tube through which the freight trains of the Western Railway pass on their way to the river front. This lower level belongs to the railway company, and was built without advertising or ostentation at the same time that the upper passenger subway was constructed, although there is little or no physical connection between the two. The very existence of this lower level has apparently been kept more or less of a secret. Either that, or the building of the upper subway, appealing

as it would more strongly to the imagination of the public, has caused the much more difficult piece of engineering work below to be slighted and forgotten. At any rate, few of the many thousands that travel daily on the subterraneo are aware that they are riding directly over puffing locomotives and rumbling freight trains.

It was of course the intention to operate the trains on this lower level by electric locomotives, but the war had considerable to say on this point. The city government, under the circumstances, willingly granted permission to the railway company to operate temporarily by steam, but this concession can hardly reduce the amount of smoke and gas that must fill the long unventilated tunnel under heavy train operation



On the twenty-fifth of May, and again on the ninth of July, streamers and pennons of pale blue and white, the Argentine national colors, wave from tall poles scattered around the Plaza Mayo. Every post bears festoons of flags. These are the two great patriotic holidays.

A GREAT deal of Spanish is spoken in Buenos Aires. This is not particularly remarkable, as the city is the Spanish metropolis of the world. The Spanish itself, however, is. Even a novice can detect at once that it is quite different from ordinary Spanish as she is generally spoken in

South America, or the really good Castilian of the mother country. The pleasing liquid *llya* sounds that become plain *ya* generally on transplanting to this side of the ocean, suffer a further change and become *ja* in the Argentine. *Calle Callao* ought to be pronounced "Cal-yeh Cal-yow" which is almost as attractive as the street itself. Instead, it is the "Cah-jeh Cah-jow," which is far from euphonious. The *j*-sound may have been introduced to give the city more of the Parisian atmosphere, but it is a failure in this respect, as it is n't the soft French *j*-sound at all, but our regulation old-fashioned "j."

The worst of it is that not all the *ll*'s that one comes across are handled thus atrociously. Nor is there any rule as to which ones are and which ones are not so maltreated. Further than this, some ordinary *y*'s suffer from the same disease. The common word *cuyo* is always pronounced "coo-joh," and even ordinary "I" seems as though it was spelled "jo" instead of *yo*. This makes it very confusing, but, fortunately, ordinary everyday Spanish is always understood.

Considering that nearly half of the inhabitants of Buenos Aires are Italian, or of Italian descent, one hears surprisingly little Italian in the street, excepting in one or two *barrios* of the city, where immigrants from that country first congregate. The two languages are so similar that an Italian speaks Spanish within a few weeks after landing in the country. This compares very favorably with some of the English and Americans that have lived here twenty years and have not acquired Spanish at all. But the English in their way are almost as remarkable. In spite of their relatively few numbers, one is constantly surprised at the amount of English one hears in the streets, in the shops, and particularly on the suburban trains to the northern suburbs.

One used to hear almost as much German, but this vanished about three years ago, at the time when the Argentine Congress broke relations with Germany—this was vetoed

by the president against the overwhelming majority of the people, and the Argentine mob sacked and burned the German Club. After that, one heard very little. Most of the Germans turned into Swiss, Scandinavians, or Alsatians overnight, and are only now beginning to resume their old nationality, and, it must be confessed, swagger and arrogance.

The English are also remarkable in having imposed a great many words on Argentine Spanish that are entirely outside the pale elsewhere. This is particularly true of the vocabulary of sport. Of course some of these English words suffer horrible mutilations in the process of absorption—for instance, *púdín* for “pudding,” *mitín* for “meeting,” and *stok* for “stock.” Some very curious combinations are also frequently met with in one’s rambles around the city—one of the most expressive being *cocktailería*. This *ería* termination corresponds very closely to our “ery.”

This was on a sign in the Calle Reconquista, where nearly all the British banks are located. The fact that English Banks are located on this street at all struck me incidentally as a



Church parades are not as common in Buenos Aires as in other South American cities, but when they do take place they are more brilliant, if not as picturesque as in Lima.

mild form of irony, because *Reconquista*, literally the "Reconquest," was so named to commemorate the recapture of Buenos Aires from the British. Just as the old darky said that he did n't even know that he had been sick when told George Washington was dead, so to many of us it will be news that the British ever conquered Buenos Aires. They really did hold the city twice, along about 1800, but only for extremely short periods.

Even pure Spanish down here is subject to many vagaries. A friend of mine from Boston, who naturally had sufficient knowledge of Latin to enjoy puzzling out paragraphs in the daily papers, came to me one day in a state of suppressed excitement, to tell me that the "lobsters" had been extremely bad in one of the interior provinces, but that they had been driven into a wood, which had been surrounded, and that it was hoped the band of countless millions would all be wiped out. I think he must have had the idea of starting a new canning plant, because it was with some difficulty that I induced him to believe that *langostas* here referred to "locusts," the scourge of the Argentine, instead of to "lobsters."

This highly scientific philological article should not be brought to a close without some mention of the most commonly used epithet in the Argentine. I refer to *ché*, which one uses as a term of semi-endearment in addressing every one that is one step above the grade of mere acquaintance. It therefore corresponds somewhat to our happily obsolete "kid," in such choice expressions as "I say, kid," "Come on, kid," and so forth ad infinitum. Many of the English and Americans unfortunately catch the habit.

THERE is no longer any silver currency in circulation in the Argentine Republic, nothing but nickel pieces of five, ten, and twenty centavos. The paper currency resembles sterling notes more closely than it does our own, but the re-

semblance is a trifle weak. The design is a rather attractive one, though, and the notes come in assorted sizes and colors, beginning with the one-peso note, which is about the size of a cigar coupon, and running up to the large thousand-peso ones. You can tell the denomination of any Argentine note by its size, if you have had practice enough.

There is a blank panel in the design of all of the various



The magnificent Law Courts on the Plaza Lavalle is unfortunately eclipsed somewhat by one of the trees. This is unfortunate, as it deserves better treatment. It is one of the finest of the city's modern buildings.

notes, left to show the water-mark, which in each case also indicates the denomination. This specially water-marked paper is imported from Italy. It cannot, of course, be used interchangeably. Because of the war, there was a decided shortage of one-peso paper, and no new peso notes could be printed. As a result, the existing ones quickly reached a state of extreme and elaborate dilapidation. Conditions were slightly improved by issuing a small fifty-centavo note on un-water-marked paper. These new bills turned out to be the handsomest of the lot.

One peculiarity of Argentine currency remains to be mentioned. The paper the notes are printed on is superlatively

thin. You can put a good-sized roll into your pocket and never feel it at all. In a very short time you not only don't feel it, but you don't have it. This is also true of New York, with the difference that your roll was thicker and much more noticeable when you started, even if only for the same amount. Therefore you probably feel worse about its sudden disappearance in New York.

THIS brings us gently but deftly to a discussion of another of the many attributes of Buenos Aires in which the superlative is also always employed. Buenos Aires is popularly supposed to be the most ultra-expensive city in the world. Whether or not this is the case at the present time it is rather difficult to say. It undoubtedly has been, but prices of nearly everything have jumped so erratically everywhere lately that there is some slight doubt whether Buenos Aires has kept up in the race. Argentines visiting New York, London and Paris to-day say that it has not, and hasten home to recuperate from depleted pocketbooks.

There is some apparent ground for their belief. Prices of certain fundamentals that enter into, well, into one's stomach are certainly cheaper. The most important of these is meat, and the fine large juicy steaks and roasts that can still be had in Buenos Aires without selling a Liberty Bond would make the average New Yorker green with envy. Eggs, taxicabs, and servants are also cheaper, the latter are also more numerous and less independent, also less efficient. Clothing for the most part is so much higher that it is almost heart-breaking. This in spite of the fact that for a short time certain well-known trademarked brands of American shoes could actually be purchased more cheaply in Buenos Aires or Montevideo than in the United States. As soon as these old stocks were exhausted, this condition of affairs was violently reversed.

The trouble with all these cost of living discussions is

that they are for the most part founded on fallacies. I can, for example, readily see why Argentines visiting New York would agree that Buenos Aires was infinitely cheaper. Hotel life and casual expenses in New York are undoubtedly higher in proportion to what one can live on in a small flat in the Bronx, even with to-day's high prices, than a similar comparison would show in almost any part of the world. As a curious thing, the casual visitor to Buenos Aires will be equally deceived in the other direction. Any one familiar with exaggerated casual living costs in New York, cannot but be surprised and delighted at the relatively lower hotel and similar charges in Buenos Aires, and will jump to the conclusion that regular living costs are also proportionately less. This is not the case, in spite of the somewhat lower prices of meat, servants, taxicabs and some other necessities.

Now that so many Americans are coming to the Argentine to live, the question has become of considerably increased importance, and a few remarks on the subject may not be amiss. There is of course no doubt but that an Argentine family can live in Buenos Aires for less than an American one. That they know the ropes and the language goes without saying. The main point is that the average middle class Argentine family demands less, and has less, in the way of modern comforts, than the average American family in the same relative position. No American clerk in the most minor position would consider, or be able to live, in the apartment that his Argentine fellow-clerk takes as a matter of course. Such an apartment would lack every convenience, not to which he was accustomed, but which are outright necessities. I don't say that the ideas of the average American clerk don't occasionally expand considerably when transplanted into a new environment. There may be somewhat more in this than appears on the surface. It is undeniably true that even the most minor clerk better his relative social position by coming out to a country where the comparatively small number

of his fellow countrymen force all together in some ways that compel such a lesser paid employee to hold up an end to which he is not perhaps accustomed at home. This frequently happens, but is away from the point, which is that Buenos Aires is woefully lacking in means to live comfortably on a modest scale. As you go up in the scale, your money may buy as much or more in the way of conveniences that are necessities, as it does at home, but drop below a certain level, and you have nothing.

The Chamber of Commerce of the United States in Buenos Aires, realizing the importance of this subject, has recently published (January, 1920) some very interesting figures on this subject, from which the following are partially taken.

For Americans living in Buenos Aires, in a fairly comfortable way, an unmarried man should at least have a salary of \$350 U. S. gold per month; while a married couple should have as a minimum monthly allowance, \$500. Personally, I think that the differential between these amounts is too small. Clothing alone for an additional person would about eat up the extra \$150 allowed.

Good board may be had in boarding houses or private homes from \$85 to \$125 per month. Unfurnished apartments in desirable locations vary from \$85 to \$125 per month. (I might add that rents are rapidly mounting even as these notes are being written.) Furnished, these same apartments bring all the way from \$125 to \$175 per month. At present considerable difficulty is experienced in finding a suitable place, even at these prices.

Doctors ordinarily charge \$4 per visit, and specialists double that sum. Surgeons charge as much as \$40 per consultation, while operations seldom cost less than \$400. Dental charges are in proportion. The most trivial work costs \$4.00, a single crown \$20 to \$40, and plates do not often cost less than \$80.

There are free public schools in Buenos Aires, but Americans and English usually prefer to have their children attend private schools at prices ranging from \$8.50 for the lowest grades, to \$40 per month. There are a number of such schools.

The servant problem, in spite of lower wages, is a vexing one, as the demand is beginning to exceed the supply. Two servants are generally needed where one would do at home. Cooks receive \$25 to \$35 per month, and maids \$20 to \$25.

Buenos Aires is exceptionally well provided with theaters and picture playhouses. Admission to these latter is seldom less than fifty cents. Orchestra seats in theaters giving Argentine plays by native troupes sell for about one dollar each. The average American won't understand or enjoy these. Good Spanish and French plays as well as Italian light opera by companies of their respective nationalities may be seen during the season at prices varying from \$3.50 to \$5 per orchestra seat. At the grand opera seats run as high as \$10



Calle Callao from the roof of the Savoy Hotel.

Lined with many fine shops and modern apartment houses, further out with even finer residences, Callao corresponds more closely in some ways to Fifth Avenue than the celebrated Avenida de Mayo.

and \$15. None of the foregoing take the place of the Winter Garden or the Follies, and the average American is so constituted that he soon turns up his nose at these forms of amusement, and relies entirely on the cinema and on his clubs, which introduces a new element of expense.

The average cost for lighting is eight cents per kilowatt hour. Gas for cooking and heating costs seven cents per cubic meter, or about \$2 per thousand feet. Firewood costs anywhere from \$17 per ton up. Coal for fuel has been almost unobtainable of late years. What little has been available may cost almost anything, \$50 a ton would be considered a low average, but is at present a trifle below this, only about \$35. Charcoal is frequently used for cooking.

Prices are still on the upward trend, and the crest of the wave does not seem to have been reached.

THE same bulletin of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States gives some rather interesting data regarding the expense of conducting business in Buenos Aires.

Rents for a single office room in a modern office building in the financial districts of the city, it states, may vary from \$20 to \$50 per month. This is low, as the demand for office space, and the limited amount available, has sent office rents soaring even higher than those of living apartments.

The salaries paid young and inexperienced Argentine salesmen are naturally scaled according to ability and experience, and generally speaking range from \$85 to \$100. Good traveling men usually receive about double this sum, and very frequently receive a reasonable commission on sales and an adequate expense account. Bookkeepers earn from \$85 to \$125 per month, while combined English and Spanish stenographers are paid from \$125 to \$150. Stenographers taking dictation in only one language seldom receive more than \$100. Typists' wages run from \$50 to \$75 and office boys are paid \$30 to \$40 per month.



The Plaza San Martín is one of the most attractive and most aristocratic of the city. Its dark red gravel walks and the deep buff of the terrace parapets, overgrown with vines, render it distinctive from any of the other seventy-odd plazas of the city.

Calle Florida, the retail shopping street de luxe, begins just at the right hand corner of the Plaza Hotel.

All stationery and office supplies are terrifically high in Buenos Aires. Carbon paper, for instance, costs \$3.50 per box, a small bottle of mucilage, 50 cents, and other things in proportion. Legal expenses are also about double what they would be in New York, and the costs of registering foreign business houses, annual licenses, etc., must also be taken into consideration. The use of revenue stamps for all business transactions has been reduced to a science.

Telephones for general business purposes cost about \$8 per month, but the new business coming to Buenos Aires will have trouble in getting telephone service at all. The local telephone company, even since the conclusion of the war, has been unable to secure enough telephones and supplies to keep up with the demand, and it is only on rare occasions that it has instruments available. Even when it does it can not give you a connection into the boards serving the down town business sections, as there has not been a single switch available in these boards for time out of mind. No one ever gives up

a telephone, one simply advertises it for sale, and has no trouble in securing from \$50 to \$200 for it, that is, merely for the rights to the connection, as the company of course owns the instruments. The newspapers nearly every day carry two or three such advertisements. New switchboards have been ordered, and are supposed to be on their way down. It may therefore be that this situation will be greatly relieved before these lines appear. That is the worst of writing a book of this kind at this particular time. The war is still changing conditions so rapidly, even though it has been over for more than a year, that everything one says is provisional only.

IT is the rule rather than the exception for the business man, even the head of the firm, to be in his office before nine in the morning, and to leave in the neighborhood of seven in the evening, with only an hour or so off for *almuerzo*, the heavy Spanish breakfast at noon. There is, by the way, a decided tendency nowadays to call this meal "lunch" instead. This buckling down to longer hours than we usually associate with South America, or in fact give to our own business, is a development of the last generation, probably of the last decade. The increase of competition has undoubtedly made the business man chary of leaving the field open to more active rivals; also the increase in the cost of living and the general standard of greater comfort demanded, have also contributed to greater business efficiency. As a slight reaction, Saturday half-holidays have gained much ground during the past few years, and the business portion of the city to-day has a decidedly dead appearance on Saturday afternoons.

Speaking of late business hours, it may strike one at first as odd to make an appointment to meet a prominent business man in his office between six and seven, or even later, but the novelty soon wears off, and one comes to realize gradually that perhaps the most active hours of the business

day are those between four and seven. This would only of course be possible in a place where the normal dinner hour is nine o'clock, and where theaters do not begin much before ten. Incidentally, the long stretch between the noon meal and this late dinner; is always broken by tea, served either in one's office, or at one of the cafés that are sure to be handy. The actual use of tea to break this long fast is a recent one. Formerly coffee and other drinks were used instead. They still are to a great extent, but afternoon tea is taking a stronger hold on the Argentine to-day than it is in the United States.



The President's Palace is known as the "Casa Rosada" from the pink stone and stucco of which it is built.

At the lower end of the Plaza Mayo, the President can, if he so desire, look out across this plaza, up the Avenida de Mayo, and through the Plaza Congreso to the dome of Congress. It is a magnificent vista.

BECAUSE of the narrowness of the streets in the downtown section of Buenos Aires, it takes very little to cause a traffic tie-up. In fact such stoppages are now the rule rather than the exception, and make travel across the city slow and tedious. A lumbering *chata*, a high cart with three horses, locks wheels with a limousine, a sportive taxi tries

to squeeze itself through too narrow an opening, the guard at the corner turns his back for a moment—a jam forms instantly. The guard wrangles with the culprits, drivers argue and curse, and automobiles held up add to the din with their raucous horns. In a moment the jam works its way backwards for blocks, and long lines of tramcars become stalled, jangling their bells futilely. Presently the procession moves on, possibly to repeat the ordeal at the next corner.

Of course all the movement in these narrow streets can be in one direction only—one street is an up street, the next a down street. This helps but does not solve the traffic problem, which is growing more serious each year. Comprehensive plans for widening each fourth street in the downtown section have been formed, but the only active work done in furthering these plans is to prohibit new buildings from being erected on these streets excepting in conformity with the new and set back building line. This makes it a long process, one that will certainly extend through several generations. In the meantime, congestion has already reached an alarming point and is increasing rapidly.

Of course the electric cars of the Anglo Argentine suffer the most in the congestion, both because they are a tight fit in the narrow streets at best, and because they can't dodge as a taxi does. Their passage through the heart of the city is certainly a hopeless crawl that tries one's patience to the utmost, but in spite of this the city is excellently served by a vast network comprising over a hundred diverse routes. These various routes form loops through the downtown section and then work their way, generally a circuitous one, apparently to cover as many streets as possible, to some distant terminus. As a consequence, the assortment of routes that one may take between two given points is frequently highly confusing. No one ever succeeds in mastering all of these routes and complicated guidebooks are necessary, even to the old resident.

The single track in the downtown section runs right down the curb at one side of the street. You step aboard from the narrow sidewalk, after having picked out the car you want from the almost continuous processions by the huge number that it carries on the roof. This is a good idea, because eventually one does of course get to know a few of the numbers. Another good idea is the *completo* sign that the motor-man turns on as soon as the car has every seat taken and there are exactly so many standing on the back platform. You can't stand in the aisle at all, and you can't get on a car at all when the *completo* sign is out. If you do, the conductor simply says "completo" and you wither away, feeling like thirty cents. You can't smoke on the trams, either, in spite of our usual impression that South Americans smoke everywhere. The curious part about these two rules is that they are strictly enforced, I should say, obeyed, because, come to think of it, I never have actually seen them enforced.

The fare on the Buenos Aires tramcars has always been ten centavos,—about four and a half cents in our money. Not to be behind the world's fashions, however, this has recently been increased, to take effect in April, 1920, to twelve centavos, or about five and a half cents. Nobody has apparently objected to this increase, but, on the other hand, no one exactly sees how it is going to be collected. The old two and one centavo pieces are no longer in existence in sufficient quantity. Also, they weigh a ton. The two cent piece is almost as large as a silver dollar. As a result, the public, instead of pitying itself, pities the poor conductors. Incidentally, when you pay your fare, the conductor gives you a receipt, a small slip that he extracts from a machine around his neck, and which you have to clutch carefully so as to show it to the inspector that may unexpectedly appear. Somehow, he always does appear just after you have let your slip fly out of the open window, and you have to pay a second fare as a consequence.



The Argentine House of Congress is strongly reminiscent of the Capitol of the United States at Washington.

The present Anglo-Argentine Company, which owns nearly all the tramlines in the city, is the gradual outgrowth of two short lines that were built in 1869. The Company was very poor at first, and in order to avoid extra expense, no guard was provided. A box at the entrance of the car was supposed to receive the contributions of the passengers. This system lasted only a few months, as too many buttons and bits of lead were found in the box. Later on, it became fashionable for the young men about town to volunteer as guards. As a result, young ladies were apt to wait at the corner until some particular tram came along—I should say, some particular guard. It is said that many happy marriages were brought about in this way. In those days, whenever a social party was about to break up, a servant was sent out to stop the tram in front of the house. The subsequent farewells would sometimes keep the poor passengers in the tram waiting for several minutes, and the same performance might be repeated in the next block. Traffic wasn't as congested then as now, but from the foregoing it would seem as though there were compensating drawbacks.

ANOTHER rather common statement that is heard about Buenos Aires is that it is the "Paris of America." One hears this so frequently that there must be something in it, although it certainly represents a sentiment that it is hard to put one's finger on. Does it refer to architectural appearances, to modes of living, or municipal temperament, if there is any such thing, or to the people themselves? In all of these there is some resemblance, which is only natural, because Paris has always been, and always will be, the ideal and happy hunting ground of the South American. In some respects the model has been rather faithfully followed, but Buenos Aires is still far from being a second Paris, and it never will be. It is getting to be too distinctly Argentine.

There is, however, one feature that is quite obviously Parisian. I refer to the prevalence of sidewalk cafés where the same kind of highly colored and syrupy beverages are served that are regarded as so typical of "la vie des boulevards." Of course, real drinks are served as well, but the most popular of all is black coffee—in this particular at least the Argentine breaks away from his old world model. These cafés line both sides of the Avenida de Mayo in an almost unbroken line. They are also common occurrences elsewhere, wherever the sidewalk is wide enough and in a good many places where it is not.

Along in the late afternoon a stroll on the Avenida becomes a promenade through rows of interested spectators—especially interested if the stroller happens to be a pretty girl. One would think that it would be extremely embarrassing, but apparently they—the pretty girls, I mean—don't mind. Unfortunately, there is a tendency to address remarks to such passers-by—audible compliments that sometimes, perhaps too often, descend into vulgarities and even insults, if the young woman in question is unaccompanied, but they don't seem to mind this either, or perhaps they are used to it. At any rate,

Buenos Aires is a great deal better in this particular than it used to be.

From the standpoint of the mere onlooker, even better than sitting on the sidewalk itself, is to secure a table in one of the front windows of the café, overlooking the sidewalk. From this point of advantage, the crowd sauntering by becomes a kaleidoscope of human types that can be matched in few cities of our western hemisphere. From the mass of sober and regulation garments of the majority, types to which we are less familiar, detach themselves, catch the eye for a moment, and again disappear in the throng; nuns in brown and black; soldiers of every degree of rank, color of uniform and brilliancy of gold braid, all with the scabbards of their swords so highly polished that they cast flashes of sunlight into your eyes; Spanish peasants, recently arrived, and still wearing their native costume—they will soon discard this and be lost in the multitude. Clerks go by in shoals, many of them in long yellow dusters; two East Indian sailors are followed by a group of teamsters with their trousers tucked into their socks, sandals on their feet, and wearing long white, or once white aprons that are effected by those of their calling. A brighter uniform than usual turns out to be the doorman of a painless dental parlor—a coal black negro towering over the heads of the crowd, and introduces a familiar note. Schoolgirls in dark blue uniforms, or in blue and white striped ticking, shop girls in silk stockings and the shortest of skirts; a gray haired man in a dress suit—it is the middle of summer on a hot afternoon; an Englishman in flannels; these and many others constitute the punctuation points of the endless and ever changing procession that swirls past between the rows of tables in front of you.

It is not Paris, because the types are different, darker skinned, more sallow, less chic, and perhaps more stolid, but the keynote of this part, at least, of the city's life is certainly Parisian.

EVERYBODY that knows Buenos Aires knows Villa's Chicken House, on the Calle Corrientes. It is not a restaurant de luxe, it is true, but nevertheless it is an institution. Without wanting to accord any free advertising, one can merely tell by the odors that greet one as one enters why it is so celebrated. The place is sure to be crowded along about eight in the evening. For some minutes one stands waiting alongside the grill in front, where thirty or forty



"Lola Mora" fountain on the Paseo Colon.

The Paseo Colon forms the edge of the business district. At one side are the last of the tall office buildings, at the other, an open park extending to the docks and warehouses.

chickens are turning on huge spits before a huge charcoal fire—spluttering and turning brown before one's eyes. Later one finds that these chickens, in a nest of spaghetti and washed down with a bottle of red Chianti, form a meal that is infinitely more satisfying than any served at the Ritz-Carlton or the Plaza in New York. The room is commonplace enough, but is always crowded. There is an absence of style, but plenty of noise. The prices charged are more than reasonable. One comes again and again, until dining at the chicken house, especially among the Americans and English, has become a byword.

RUMOR has it that the proprietor and chef of this particular chicken house—there are others of course—each held several fractions of the winning ticket of the last Christmas lottery. Perhaps it was one of the other establishments—rumor is always undecided where details are concerned. At any rate, as the capital prize of this particular drawing amounts to a million pesos, each tenth brings its happy holder a cool hundred thousand. It is reported that each held several of these fortunate tenths—how many not stated—and that each came out in a signed statement in the newspapers afterwards, to the effect that they did not propose to retire, but would continue business at the old stand—probably, it might be added, with a slight increase in prices.

The Christmas lottery is of course the chief event of the year among those interested in contributing to the government's revenues. A full ticket costs somewhat over two hundred pesos, and may win a million. If not so fortunate, it may still win considerable, or, if the last digit of its number corresponds with that winning the capital prize, one secures about the return of his original speculation. Tickets for the Christmas drawing are generally in demand and command a large premium over their face value, up to the morning of the drawing itself, when numbers come on to the market from somewhere at par or a trifle under. But of course, these belated offerings have all been picked over, there are no threes, or sevens, or nines, among them, nor do any of their numbers add up to eleven or thirteen, which renders them quite beyond the pale. Excitement the day of drawing is intense. Crowds as large as on election nights stand around the newspaper offices on the Avenida to watch the various numbers chalked up on blackboards as they are drawn.

Other drawings of the National Lottery are held every ten days throughout the year, but these are for the most part small affairs. The capital prize is only a hundred thousand,



The castellated ramparts of the elephant house and tall eucalyptus are alike reflected in the main lagoon of the park.

that only if you buy an *entero*, because each of these smaller drawings is divided into two series, the major in which the winning number takes eighty thousand and the minor in which the same number draws twenty thousand. The tickets of both series are divided into fifths, making a minor fraction worth only about one peso, and an *entero* about twenty five. Then, too, there are the lotteries of the Providence of Buenos Aires, and the Tucuman lottery. No wonder the windows of the tobacco shops all over town are always brilliant with the brightly colored tickets, hung out in rows over strings, so that you can pick the winning number. Some one must win occasionally, because nearly every lottery vendor displays a sign prominently to the effect that "The \$100,000 prize of June 10, 1897, was sold here," or "Here was sold the \$250,000 of August, 1911," or something similar. Occasionally one sees a new sign added, and wishes he was the lucky individual.

But on the whole it is a poor sort of game. Personally I only played it once. I would not have that time if my eye had not been caught by the number 12321 on a ticket in a window near the hotel. I really planned to give the ticket to my

wife, but forgot about it until a couple of days later, when she began telling me of a remarkable number she had seen displayed recently, and how she had almost gone in and bought it. I pulled mine out of my pocket. It was the very number she had noticed. Number 12323 won the capital prize that particular drawing.

CARNIVAL time in Buenos Aires!

From Saturday to the Tuesday night before Ash Wednesday as many as possible leave the city for the four day week end holiday. The rest stay and celebrate.

The Carnival is not what it used to be ten or fifteen years ago. It is to-day a desultory sort of a celebration, run into the ground by the lawless behavior of hoodlums taking advantage of their disguises to satisfy private grudges, even, it must be admitted, to the extent of murder. To-day wearing a mask is prohibited unless you secure a permit from the police, and carry this prominently displayed on the left breast.

A number of other things are also proscribed, such as water bombs, squirt guns, and other similar implements of gentle diversion, but these still flourish to some extent, enough so to make walking around the streets late in the afternoon a risky performance. It is particularly recommended that overhanging balconies be avoided, especially if there are wet places on the sidewalk below.

A friend of ours was walking up Rivadavia only yesterday when a toy balloon full of water fell right plump on to the top of his wife's best go-to-meeting bonnet. The result can be imagined. Our friend was so upset about it that he went into a corner store and bought six eggs. These he plastered through the windows of the balcony above, from a strategic position across the street. By which it will be seen that he did not have the true carnival spirit.

The streets are full of maskers during the four days, especially in the late afternoon and evening. Your seat-mate



The willows to the left and the equally regular trees on the right give a fine sweep towards the Japanese bridge in the distance, and render this lagoon entirely different from the others in the zoological park.

in a crowded tram may be a clown, a Flemish peasant, or a devil. Every conceivable costume is represented, but the majority are tawdry and many grotesque. Many of the maskers go about in bands known as *comparzas*, societies being formed for this purpose. These bands dance, and even give little performances at street corners.

There is, however, no magnificent focus to the celebration as there is to Mardi-Gras in New Orleans. The main features of present day Carnival time in Buenos Aires are masked balls in all of the theaters,—all gradations between the aristocratic Colon and the semi-disreputable Casino giving you a wide range of choice—and the *corsos*. These *corsos* are sections of streets in various sections of the city, where the groups of maskers, automobiles full of chinamen and clowns, and gawdy and grotesque *comparzas* parade around and around between temporary boxes filled with other maskers. The air is meanwhile filled with confetti, the music of countless bands, shrieks of unfortunate victims, serpentines, and the glare of colored electric lights strung everywhere.

The Avenida de Mayo is, of course, the principal *corso*.

In fact it became so principal, and the revelry on it became so wild and abandoned, that it had to be omitted from the list for some years. It has recently again resumed its place.

Perhaps, if you are lucky, only maybe you won't think yourself so, friends will invite you to a Carnival tea. If you are on to the game, you will go in your oldest clothes, and take a change with you in a suitcase. The house will be an old-fashioned one, with huge tiled patios and open stairs to a flat roof above. A modern house does n't lend itself to this form of diversion.

Even before you arrive the house is in an uproar. Groups of giggling girls, probably already soaked to the skin, are rushing wildly about with buckets and squirtguns—groups of callow Argentine youths lie in wait for them around corners, and either give or take a further soaking amid shrieks and gales of laughter. The strategic points are of course those spots on the flat roof where one can lie concealed, to drop a whole bucketful of water on any one in the patio below. It is the men against the girls to a finish—no quarter shown, until late in the afternoon, when every one retires to don dry clothes, and then dances until dinner time.

There is, strange as it may seem, a certain etiquette about the use of liquid confetti on the street during Carnival. A masker is exempt, and must not be made a target. You can't even retaliate if you are in ordinary clothes, and a masker comes after you with one of those hideous contrivances known as a *pomo*. These magnified tooth paste tubes, when squeezed, deluge you with water perfumed with—well, with the kind of perfume they sold in country stores a generation or two ago and that sticks by you for two or three weeks after you get it on your clothes. Fortunately, they are now prohibited in Buenos Aires itself, but they certainly flourish in the small suburban towns around the city.

Out in San Isidro they don't even call it the "Carnival" any more, but the "Water Carnival." Out there the girls



All of the animals in the zoological park are housed in isolated pavilions, each as distinctive as the pagoda of the camels on an island in a small lagoon.

wear fancy costumes made out of black table oilcloth. The *corso* becomes a highly scented shower bath. We know, because we drove out the other evening, and we neglected to take our mackintoshes with us.

THIS particular Carnival has been a noteworthy one in one particular. The day before it began the taxicab chauffeurs struck, at least that is what I suppose one would call it—the object of their strike was n't at least to gain advantages from their employers, as many of them own their own cars. It was rather to secure certain modifications of the stringent regulations that the city imposes upon them. The idea of course was that, with Carnival coming, it would be an easy victory. The new mayor of the city was not, however, easy. Consequently the taxidriviers stayed out and lost their juicy Carnival pickings, as there is a special rate for driving around the various *corsos*.

Private cars were out in force, but it was preëminently a foot carnival—but none the less hilarious on that account.

This taxidriviers' strike, by the way, lasted for seven

weeks, and was a movement against the city authorities instead of against the public. The operation of taxicabs is rigidly proscribed by city ordinance. The drivers wanted some of these ordinances changed. They particularly desired to be permitted to accept or decline calls at their own inclination. The authorities refused this request, on the ground that it would cause the operation of taxicabs to degenerate into a form of petty blackmail. Neither side would give in and it finally reached the point where the public was beginning to become accustomed to other forms of transportation. As a matter of fact, the streets were so much less congested, safer, and quieter during these seven weeks, that many were more than sorry when the wild fleets of modern Juggernauts were again turned loose.

The taxicab drivers finally signified that they were inclined to give up. The city then made a slight concession, an hour at noon for meals, etc., and a strike that was n't a strike because the people most affected were the strikers themselves, suddenly ended. Somebody made a calculation of how much had been lost in taxifares during this seven weeks. As I remember it, it ran well over a million seven hundred thousand Argentine pesos.

THE Paraná and the Uruguay rivers come together just above Buenos Aires to form the La Plata in an enormous delta, one of the largest, if not the largest, in the world. This delta is made up of hundreds of passages forming low islands fringed with willows, poplars, and cottonwoods, and overflowed at times of extreme high water. These islands are very fertile. On them are raised large crops of peaches, tomatoes, and other things, including sprouts for willow furniture and the most voracious mosquitos outside of New Jersey. In spite of these latter, the chief function of these islands is to serve as picnic grounds for thousands of Sunday pleasure seekers.

The Tigre River is one of the small streams of this delta. Its mouth is only about forty minutes from the city, at the end of the electrified section of the Central Argentine. On Sundays, all of the long and frequent trains are packed to suffocation, but standing up for nearly an hour with somebody's lunch basket on one's toes, is generally regarded as a good beginning for a day of strenuous work.

There are at least twenty rowing clubs, established for the most part on the Tigre River. Every foreign nationality is represented by a club or two of its own, besides the purely Argentine ones. For a mile, the banks of the river are lined with these clubhouses, their green lawns and landing stages giving the river much the same appearance as the upper Thames.

The river is alive with hundreds of craft of every description, so that maneuvering becomes a delicate science. In the morning, these are mostly headed outward to lose themselves among the islands. Lone couples in canoes hunt, of course, for the most secluded spots. The largest barges, with the whole family out for a Sunday picnic, are always rowed by the pater and the oldest daughter. Two and four oared, even eight oared, racing skiffs dash by flaunting the colors of the clubs to which they belong on the blades of their oars. It all seems very English until a motor boat packed to the gunwales with a laughing and cheering party of Argentines reminds one where one really is. There are also numerous large yachts, but these are held in particular detestation, because the waves they create always threaten to swamp the smaller boats. Nevertheless, I would prefer to be on one of them. I speak with feeling, because I spent one day in one of the smaller skiffs, rowing. Thereafter, I kept away from the Tigre, excepting when friends that had a sumptuous fifty foot cruising yacht took pity on us. As this was very frequently, our recollections of the Tigre are extremely pleasant, and I know of nothing more delightful than cruising through

the islands after a comfortable and satisfactory tea served on the upper deck.

Sunsets among the islands are particularly brilliant, due undoubtedly to the dense masses of green on every side, that break the hard golden rays into softer and hazier colors. Many of the channels are so completely hidden by drooping willow branches that one sails on shut in by solid walls of



The upper part of the Tigre River, a few miles out of the city, is lined with boat clubs, and on Sunday afternoons the water is alive with shells, canoes, and rowboats, to say nothing of a number of fine yachts. The river empties into the La Plata through a maze of small islands, affording excellent boating.

vivid emerald. A day on the river is a welcome relief from the heated city, and the only wonder is that, though thousands avail themselves of its beauties and restfulness each Sunday, tens and hundreds of thousands do not.

Of course, it sometimes happens in the long and intense summer, that towards late afternoon heavy thunder clouds appear and blot out,—no, rather make the sunset even more vivid. The sudden downpour that ensues sends the small boats scurrying to the cover of the overhanging willows. It was in such a storm that we were returning on the *Sylvia* one evening, to hear cries of distress at one side, from the clouds

of rain that blotted out the shore only a few yards away. There was nothing to do but to put down the dingy, and row off into the torrential downpour. This Cosme did, to reap-pear presently with two water-soaked Germans that had gotten their skiff caught in the rushes along the bank, too far out to step ashore. They were received courteously but not cordially, and in putting them ashore later on, it was, incidentally, the first time that the *Sylvia*, flying the British flag, had ever stopped in front of the German club.

There are many *recreos* scattered throughout the islands, primitive restaurants, some with thatched roofs, and all sitting up on stilts to avoid the high water, where one can secure a lunch of chicken, spaghetti, and chianti, and loaf around afterwards in hammocks under the trees or bowl on the little stretch of lawn behind. That is, of course, if the mosquitos are not too bad—but at any rate, a day on the Tigre is a day well spent, even if one can not always have the luxurious comfort of the *Sylvia*.

ON the whole, I have not told a great deal about Buenos Aires, that is, about the city physically. I seem, in looking back over my notes, though, to have gone in rather strongly for epithets—such as “the most beautiful city in the world,” “the Paris of America,” “sinister and yet subtly fascinating,” and so forth.

So be it—this is not a guide book, but maybe I had better insert a little detail for the benefit of those who may think they have gotten hold of one.

One of the principal features of Buenos Aires is its plazas. There is not a great deal that one can say about these, because there are so many of them. A list of their names alone would fill several pages. At no place in the city does one seem to be more than a few squares away from one of these open air breathing spots. This is true even in the

most congested down town section. They are all alike, in so far as careful and lavish grooming is concerned, but they are at the same time all distinctly different, almost as though each



An attractive residence on the Avenida Alvear—but only one of many.

possessed a soul of its own that it endeavored to impress on the loiterer along its shady paths, even on those who pass through briskly and distractedly, bound on the most commonplace errand elsewhere.

The Plaza de Mayo and the Plaza Congreso at the two ends of the short Avenida de Mayo are both plazas of the most formal type, with sunken gardens, statues, flowerbeds in the most intricate of complicated designs, bushes trimmed into urns and other fantastic forms, trees carefully pruned into balls of foliage, every leaf and blade of grass exactly in place, and even the gravel of the broad walks constantly raked and smoothed. These plazas are remarkable, but they are not particularly restful. They don't aim to be, but serve to set off to best advantage the stately magnificence of the Hall of Congress, of the Casa Rosada, of the Cathedral, a low Grecian temple, and of other equally handsome public and private buildings that front on them. In fact, they could not be otherwise.

The opposite is true of the broad expanse of green turf, the absence of formal gardens, and above all the tangle of deep shade that one finds in the Plaza Rodriguez Peña, a little way out on the Calle Callao. Even though this plaza is still in the heart of the city, its spirit is certainly that of the open woodland.

The shade of the Plaza San Martín, at the end of the Calle Florida, is if anything even denser, but it is the shade of carefully tended antiquity rather than of wildness. The trees here grow out flat and form solid roof just above one's head, and giving charming little vistas of dark green grass just beyond—a dark green that contrasts with the rich buff of old walls on the terraces. It is quiet and restful here, and one can sit and watch the children at play with a feeling of detachment from the hurly-burly of the city, in spite of the fact that the ultra-modern Plaza hotel frowns down on one. But one can, if he so desires, turn one's back on the Plaza and lose oneself in the spirit of bygone years.

And so it goes, each of the other seventy or eighty plazas also has its own keynote, but there is no room to go further. One never does get to know them all anyway—and I don't even know the names of over a dozen. Not that it matters a great deal, of course, but one does sometimes feel that after being in a place for months, one ought to know more about it. I used to feel the same way in New York.

Throughout all of the plazas of Buenos Aires, monuments, fountains, and statues are sprinkled even more thickly than they are in these pages. Some of these are, of course, mounted formally, and landscaped up to in the most dignified and usual manner. But others are treated much more artistically. The wonderful "Birth of Aurora" in the Plaza Rodriguez Peña is a mass of white marble set on an unbroken green turf under wide spreading branches. An unusual fountain in the same plaza is almost hidden in a tangle of shrubbery. "La Cigale" by Carpentier and "Leandro y

Hero" by Basq, in the Jardin de Invierno, are both wonderfully graceful. The "Venus" of Viriaux out along the Recoleta is equally attractive. Among the more formal is the handsome "Lola Mora" fountain in the Paseo de Julio. The list is endless but I can not help mentioning one unusual feature,—the way that dense masses of ivy have been trained over the bases of many of these statues, forming a dark green bed from which the white marble protrudes. A notable instance of this is the sundial statue in the Zoological Garden.

The Hall of Congress is of course the preëminent architectural monument of Buenos Aires, followed by the Tribunals or Law Courts on the Plaza Lavalle. Among private buildings should be mentioned Retiro Station, Harrod's, the Edificio Britanico, the sixteen story Railway Building, the Chamber of Commerce, the Anglo South American Bank building, and many others, if space were not too short.

With these few brief words we will dismiss the material beauties of Buenos Aires, and turn again to other things. They must, in fact, be seen to be appreciated, and nothing that we might say will be of much assistance. As far as we are concerned, we cannot conceive of anything more impressive than to walk up the Avenida de Mayo at sunset. Sunsets down here are in themselves more wonderful than in our northern latitudes. The cloud effects and the delicate colorings are generally nothing short of marvellous. The sky is a flaming mass of brick red and orange shading off to turquoise, with gossamer clouds of iridescent pink lying in straight unbroken lines behind the immense pile of masonry ahead. As one approaches nearer through the plaza at the head of the avenue, the sky has become a deeper crimson. Against this the galloping horses on the roof silhouette themselves and become gargantuan monsters. The white marble of the building turns a faint pink even on the side away from the flaming heaven, and one turns into Callao just as the street lights are turned on with real regret.



Buenos Aires, taken from an aeroplane.

It has been mentioned elsewhere that there are no back yards in a Spanish-American city.

This picture proves the point!

AS I understand it, there are some museums in Buenos Aires, in fact, I remember passing one out on the Calle Peru one day. One of the best museums, however, is the rows of arcades along the Paseo de Julio. I have already explained that the Paseo de Julio corresponds to South Street in New York, plus a beautiful parkway. This last, however, does n't change human nature a great deal, and the Paseo de Julio is just as much a heterogeneous medley of sailors' taverns, junk dealers, and little shops, displaying the gaudiest of cheap merchandise, as its New York counterpart. The scum of every nationality is represented in the crowds that frequent these arcades hanging over the low sidewalk. The collection of

odors in this museum is quite complete, and generally leads one to cross over very promptly to the other side of the street, where there are trees and flowers and fresh air.

I know there is an art gallery, because I took its picture. I understand that it is a very good one, but I am ashamed to say that I never went inside. However, there is still time, and some day, I expect to do so.

BY the time that these lines appear, the Buenos Aires branch of the First National Bank of Boston will at last have begun the erection of their new edifice at the corner of Florida and the new Avenida Diagonal. This is one of the avenues that the city has planned to complete its boulevard system. Starting from the Plaza de Mayo, two squares of this new boulevard had been cut, across Florida to Maipu, before the outbreak of the war caused a postponement of further progress. Owing to the fact that the avenue is a diagonal one, the city has had to condemn and purchase many whole lots,—being in the very heart of the city, at enormous expense. For five years the unused portions of these lots, irregular shaped sections, and triangles, have been held by the city, awaiting the time when land values, depressed by the war, would permit them to be sold to advantage. Of course, in the meantime they have been turned into grass-plots and gardens, even trees have been planted—trust Buenos Aires for leaving no unsightly corners visible. But they have been producing no interest on the millions invested in them, and the city has naturally been getting disgusted at holding the bag for so long.

The first auction has just been held—over a year after the armistice, and the prices realized have been disappointing—so much so that adverse criticism has arisen. The First National Bank of Boston secured the lots they were after—albeit mighty irregularly shaped ones—for about two million pesos, and has more reason to be satisfied than the city has.

The corner is undoubtedly the most prominent in the city. The building to be created on it will undoubtedly be a handsome one, it is to be hoped and expected that it will be an excellent example of American enterprise in a place where unfortunately such examples are all too rare.

The worst part of it is that the sale of the land and the proposed erection of the bank's building has already caused one of the most delicate and graceful statues in the whole city to be removed from the center of the bed of flowers and shrubs which it has graced for several years. This little statue, it is really a fountain, standing in the very shadow of the largest department store; has been passed daily by thousands of shoppers, until its graceful lines of white marble have become indelibly engraved on the minds of everyone. Today it is gone. I suppose that later on it will appear in some other park or plaza. I will go to look at it, of course, as often as I can, but it will never be quite the same as when the little figure stood within stone's throw of the office.

IT is stated that there are more English in the Argentine than in any part of the world not a British Colony, excepting,



The "Birth of Aurora."

White marble against the dark green foliage of the Plaza Rodriguez Peña.

of course, the United States. Sometimes it seems to an American coming to the country, that there are at least a hundred English to each of his fellow countrymen, although the proportion is probably not quite that large. At any rate, an American in the Argentine is apt to have many English friends. More than this, he is more than apt to return home eventually with a few broad a's, "jolly times" and "right you are's" stowed away in his system.

In going to England an American is confronted at once with many minor differences in the vocabularies of the two languages. In coming to the Argentine these differences are if anything, accentuated, because to them have been added local phrases that would be equally as unintelligible to the Englishman from home as to the American. Such an expression is the very common one of "going to the camp." This has been taken directly from the Spanish, in which *campo* simply means the "country," as opposed to the city. It is a phrase that is as quickly adopted by the incoming American.

There are also certain Americanisms that will be quite unintelligible here, and some phrases common enough with us that should be distinctly avoided. A friend of ours, taking tea with a party of English, felt the air grow suddenly chilly when she innocently referred to the many insects that hovered round the tea table as "bugs." A bug is, of course, only one kind of insect, the kind that is distinctly not mentioned in polite society. I don't know exactly what all other insects are called in English, because the common way of addressing them down here is by the Spanish *bichos*, which, when you give the i the sound of long e, is certainly expressive. But the *bichos* of the Argentine deserve a paragraph to themselves.

There are a number of very good schools in the Argentine. American children are naturally obliged to attend these schools, because few would care to put their boys or girls into one of the native Argentine institutions. Argentine schools

are, on the whole, quite good also, as far as the thoroughness of their teaching is concerned, but the moral atmosphere is apt to be not quite what it should be. It is unfortunate that there are no good distinctively American schools, as the English institutions naturally follow as closely as possible the methods of the mother country. Some of these seem quite strange to an American boy, thrown into the midst of utter strangers perhaps for the first time, but they apparently soon get used



Another "show" residence at the corner of the Avenida Alvear and the Recoleta.

to them. One does n't get accustomed quite as rapidly to the profuse and detailed study of English kings, nor to doing arithmetic in sterling, but these of course are mere details.

THERE are, in the first place, more *bichos* in the immediate vicinity of Buenos Aires alone, than would supply the entire United States with enough insectivorous life to satisfy the most exacting. I do not mean queer tropical insects, because the Argentine is not tropical, but simply ordinary every day insects of types to which we are more or less familiar,—mosquitoes, houseflies, dragonflies, spiders, and other old friends.

The suburbs of Buenos Aires could, in fact, give New Jersey pointers as far as mosquitoes are concerned. As for the housefly, the city is black with them. The strange part of it is that no one pays any attention to such little distractions. A screened house at once marks it as a residence of an American. Afterwards, when the Argentine family moves back, the screens are removed, in order to give more air. This is an actual fact. Dr. Mayo, the celebrated surgeon from Rochester, Minnesota, visited Buenos Aires recently. One of the things that apparently struck him most forcibly, and about the only thing that he commented on publicly was the utter apathy towards this most dangerous pest. His utterances were nothing if not well deserved, and it is a curious commentary that in a country where other sanitary measures should be so carefully carried out, the housefly should be so carefully neglected. This is one of the many enigmas of the place—perhaps it is these enigmas and contradictions that render it absorbingly interesting.

THE daily papers in Buenos Aires have for some time past (it is now about a year since the armistice) been carrying large display advertisements announcing that aeroplane rides can be had for \$40 Argentine paper. This is only about \$18 U. S. currency. Longer rides making the complete circuit of the city's suburbs, are only 80 pesos. Buenos Aires is full of Italian flying missions, of French aviators, of English airmen—there is even one North American pilot among the lot, all of whom are giving exhibition rides, carrying passengers around the republic, and teaching Argentine aviators, many of which are already rivalling their instructors. Even some of the provincial cities have caught the fever, are maintaining aerodromes, and initiating their people into the joys of air travel at so much per head. One provincial town, I think it is Santa Fe, is already publishing a rather elaborate schedule of rates for flights to neighboring cities.

This interest in aeronautics has blossomed forth with comparative suddenness. A year ago there was little or nothing of the kind. The Argentine today should be a good market for aeroplanes. Relatively speaking, we may even have to look to our laurels a little, if the present rate of progress down here is maintained for very long.

The other day an Argentine pilot flew across the Andes from Mendoza, dropped handbills on Santiago, Chile, and returned over the Andes to Mendoza without a stop. I believe that the round trip was made in about three hours. His flying partner who had been left behind on the previous occasion because the aeroplane which he was piloting developed engine trouble, made the same trip later on, also without stop. The Andes had been crossed before in an aeroplane, but never in this clean-cut double manner. As a matter of record, the two aviators were J—— and K——, both of Italian descent.

Through the courtesy of *El Grafico*, a well known local weekly with a decidedly sporting cast, I have been able to insert a few photographs of Buenos Aires taken from aeroplanes. I am rather certain that no such views have heretofore been published, at least in book form. I suppose I might as well have said that I took them myself, but as a matter of fact, I have n't as yet been able to raise the necessary forty pesos.

THE girls and women of Buenos Aires are, it is claimed, the best shod in the world. The short vamp slippers with heels so high that it looks at times as though the wearer were walking on her toes seem odd to us at first, but certainly give a trimmer appearance to the ankles than the long pointed shoes to which we are accustomed. The proportion of silk stockings down here is also apparently higher than it is with us, in spite of their almost prohibitive cost. Shoes also, even though locally made, cost much more than in New York. In spite of this, one rarely or never sees shabby footgear on the



Aeroplane view of the Jockey Club Race Course or Hipodromo. Note the crowds in the stands, the horses, and the park effect in the center of the course.

streets, even on the poorest shopgirl, no matter what one may wear at home, and it is undoubtedly this that gives the greatest plausibility to the original statement.

Just at present Argentine styles seem to favor loose dresses cut like a nightdress, with sleeves halfway between the shoulder and the elbow, and skirts more than halfway to the knees—considerably more. Being merely a man I don't know whether this is only a passing style, but I do know that if it is, it is passing very slowly. There has at least been little change in the past two years, and styles with us are only supposed to last two months, are they not?

IN preparing any book for publication, even one composed of as disconnected notes as this one, more downright hard work is involved than the average person has any idea of.

In this particular case, this work has been done in a number of widely scattered places, and under widely different conditions. Some parts were pounded out on a Chilean West Coast steamer, with the portable typewriter strapped to a bench to keep it from jumping overboard between sentences. The more prosaic atmosphere of a New Jersey suburb is responsible for some of the quieter portions. It is a far jump from this suburban town to one of the smaller and hardly known islets of the British West Indies, where we were stranded for two weeks while the crew of the steamer on which we were traveling fought to put out a stubborn fire in the ship's vitals. Many of the deficiencies of my work can be blamed upon the all but unsupportable tropical heat of this island.

Today is Christmas and the thermometer yesterday stood at 35 degrees. Neither of these facts convey the truth. Christmas day down here in the Argentine means January sixth, and 35° really means ninety-five in the shade, according to our Fahrenheit understanding. Christmas Day itself, our old-fashioned twenty-fifth of December, is a holiday, it is true, but is celebrated much like any ordinary Sunday. I played tennis this morning until the sun became too hot. Much more is made of New Year's Day, and it is then that gifts are ex-



An unusual sundial in the zoological park, half hidden by masses of vines and shrubbery. The index finger of the figure is the gnomon of the dial.

changed among grownups. It is not until the eve of the "Día de los Reyes," nearly a week later, that the children hang up their stockings by putting their shoes alongside of their beds, and place water and hay for the horses of the three kings outside their door. The next day they come into their own, for the Argentine parent is nothing if not fond of his children even though young tots of only a few years are normally allowed to stay up until any hour of the night. This begins to appear like a digression, and I must get back or this book will never be completed.

The deeply recessed porch on which I am writing, paved with tile and surrounded on three sides of the old-fashioned one-story Spanish house, looks out into a charming garden surrounded on three sides by a hedge twice as high as one's head. Roses, dahlias, verbenas, and other flowers are in full bloom, and throw a mass of color against the darker background of camelia bushes, of lemon, orange, and peach trees. Dark red gravel walks fringed with green turf wander in all directions, and invite one constantly to push aside papers and pencil. This is a decided drawback. Another is the amount of water such a garden takes to keep it going. I will have to go out presently and get busy. Fortunately, there is a fine breeze this afternoon, so that there will be no danger of exhausting our private water supply, a squeaky windmill that is supposed to keep the little tank automatically filled.

These charming gardens are a feature of suburban life around Buenos Aires,—also the windmills, of which I can count eight from where I sit. Still, one occasionally misses the broad stretches of turf and the enormous shade trees to which we are, perhaps, more accustomed.

THE northern suburbs are supposed to be the most exclusive around Buenos Aires. This, of course, is disputed by those on the Southern Railway and on the Western. The claim is probably well-founded, however, and there can be



After crossing Calle Callao, the Avenida Alvear continues for several squares, lined with handsome residences. Then it gives a sudden swerve to the right and sweeps down a slight slope, to turn into the magnificent parkway that continues to far beyond Palermo.

This double curve is the "Recoleta."

few more attractive residential centers in this part of the world than Olivos, San Isidro, or San Fernando. All three of them lie along the low bluff that sets back a short distance from the low shore of the river, and form what might aptly be called the Westchester County of Buenos Aires. Hurlingham is supposed to be even more aristocratic, but it can certainly not be termed more beautiful, no matter what the Hurlinghamites may care to say. Besides this, it is forty minutes out on the Buenos Aires and Pacific, a railroad that is anything but celebrated for its suburban trains, a sort of second Erie to Tuxedo. The comparison is apt, because Hurlingham is quite a center of sport; polo, cricket, golf and bridge flourishing there to a marked extent.

Belgrano, although still called the largest suburb of all, can hardly be termed one at all. It is really an integral part of the city itself. Many Americans, probably the majority of those with families, live in Belgrano.

Buenos Aires, originally a highly concentrated Spanish city, has expanded as rapidly into a suburban center as any

of our northern cities, and commuters on the various railroads have acquired almost equal bundle carrying capacities. This in spite of the fact that Spanish etiquette is supposed to prescribe that no gentleman will ever be seen in public carrying a package. Speaking of bundles, and this refers to bundles from the size of a pill box up to the limit of human effort, it is the invariable custom to tie a small loop in the string. The clerk always hands you the package by this loop, and you of course stick your finger through it and walk out with the usual formal adieus. This is a good custom, unless the loop comes undone, as it did with me once while carrying a large bottle of milk white medicine through the crowded Galeria Guemes. However, to return to wherever we were, a few minutes spent in Retiro Station during the evening rush hour will make anyone from the United States feel more strongly at home than anything in the city, excepting possibly, I was going to say, in the Richmond bar, but I realize that this is no longer the case.

Railroad service to the northern suburbs is excellent, especially over the electrified branch of the Central Argentine. Over fifty trains a day are run over this line, long trains of cars so wide that three can comfortably occupy each seat, that is, of course, if all three are not too large. These trains make remarkably fast time. These same suburbs are also served by another branch of the same railroad, operated by steam, over which thirty trains or so are run daily. Service to the southern suburbs, Temperley, Quilmes, and others, from the station in Plaza Constitucion, is almost as frequent.

BUENOS AIRES is very gay during the winter season. The hotels are crowded with rich estancieros from the "camp," English wool kings from Patagonia spending their war-swollen fortunes, French countesses, and others. Té dansants follow so closely on each others' heels at some of the hotels that one gets the impression that they are almost a con-

tinuous performance. They are, however, serious functions where girls in short vamp shoes and the even shorter skirts of extreme French style walk through the steps of the tango without cracking the enamel of their faces. They are nevertheless interesting things to watch, once or twice. The fox trot and the one step are also popular, and much American music even of the jazz variety, is played without unduly marring the decorum of the occasion.

Then, too, there is always the opera, and more formal dances, and other things. In addition there is always a light opera troupe or two, generally Italian, with a chorus of woodeny individuals with excellent voices, Spanish dramatic companies and zarzuela, Spanish *tonadilleras*, and other things that are not particularly enjoyable for one that does not understand Spanish most thoroughly. The cinemas are crowded, and taxicabs dash around like mad, but there is little or no restaurant life after the theaters. For some reason people down here don't go in for late suppers, at least in public, and are content with spending an hour in the Café Paris over an ice. Dining at nine o'clock does n't prepare one for a heavy meal later. The theaters do not let out usually until long after twelve.

All of this is, however, interesting from the standpoint of the casual visitor who happens to be in Buenos Aires during the winter



A native of the Argentine at large in Palermo.

months, and who enjoys seeing the wheels go round without entering too strongly into their manipulation. In the summer months, Buenos Aires is deserted, and such a visitor will have to follow the crowd down to Mar del Plata, the Argentine Brighton.

Mar del Plata is pretentious, expensive, and during the season, jammed to the doors. The sea bathing is good, but promenading on the rambla in the late afternoon is perhaps more popular. Tennis, golf, dancing, and more formal functions are taken as seriously down here as in the city. One will meet everyone in Argentine society that has n't gone to the Córdoba hills, or to one of the resorts across the river in Uruguay.

The amount of week-end traffic between Buenos Aires and Mar del Plata is enormous. Over a hundred sleeping cars were run down over the Southern Railway on Friday night recently.

THE official hour of the Argentine Republic has recently been changed. It used to be that of the meridian of the National Observatory at Córdoba. Now it is that of the meridian four hours west of Greenwich. This makes it one hour ahead of New York, which is five hours west of Greenwich. When it is noon in New York, it is now one o'clock in Buenos Aires.

Incidentally, the change of sixteen minutes that was necessary acted as a daylight saving measure also, on a very small scale. Before, the day was much longer in the morning than it was in the afternoon, that is, it was much longer from sunrise to noon than it was from noon to sunset. Now it is a little more nearly even.

As a matter of fact, there is n't any p.m. at all any longer. At the same time that the hour was changed, the twenty-four hour a day basis was officially adopted. The day starts with "zero hour," and ends up at 23:59 each night. I don't think

many of us will ever get accustomed to dining at half past twenty, but the railroads have gotten out new timetables that look like a jumble of figures, and all of the public clocks have had extra red numerals added, so who knows?

FOR many, Buenos Aires has a manifest attraction. I am myself one of these, although I admit its many shortcomings. To others it has no appeal. Some dislike the city at sight, and can see nothing good in it. Others detest it more cordially and vociferously the longer they remain. Americans are harsh judges of what is strange or foreign. Not many of us, while in Rome, make any attempt to become



Aeroplane view of the Plaza San Martin, Buenos Aires, showing the Plaza Hotel and the Art Gallery. The avenue in the foreground is one of the principal residential streets of the city, and is also one of the few wide avenues in the downtown section.

Roman candles. Necessarily, in a country like Argentine, things are not "run" to suit the foreigner within the gates.

One of the most disagreeable features to most Americans is the attitude of the men of the country towards the women. To follow behind a pretty girl walking alone on the street, making insulting remarks, may, as one very much in earnest Argentine explained to me, be merely a form of impersonal flattery. The girls may even like it immensely. In fact, as is sometimes claimed, they might be very much hurt if they were to go out and not receive this disgusting form of attention. All this may be true, but one almost constantly sees incidents of this nature that makes one's blood boil.

There are other equally as unpleasant characteristics—the most noticeable, perhaps, an extreme callousness on the part of nearly everyone to the convenience and even rights of others. Beggars exist, appalling forms of distorted humanity, but much has been done of late years to remove these disgraces from the streets.

Buenos Aires is beautiful, and there is much in it that is worthy of our admiration. It is also a large city, and large cities are always heartless and cruel. Buenos Aires is a city of extreme luxury. It is also a city of the most violent contrasts. Law and order are firmly established and for the most part respected, but things can and do occur constantly that, as one man put it, could not happen in the wildest part of the Sahara desert. Just at the present time there is an epidemic of burglaries in the northern suburbs. Tomorrow it may be a general strike or an incipient revolution. The dregs of unrest are apparently always just below the surface.

As far as burglaries are concerned, I am entitled to speak feelingly, because thieves broke into our house at Olivos one night recently, and stole, among other things, every suit of clothes I possessed. Burglars are generally supposed to have some decency, but those down here did not. They even took the suit I had been wearing the evening before, and that was

on a chair at the foot of the bed. In the morning I received the local Chief of Police in my pyjamas, and was obliged to borrow clothes from a neighbor to enable me to get into town to buy others.

All of these things, perhaps little enough in themselves and only to be expected under the circumstances, do tend to create an atmosphere that at times seems almost sinister. Most Americans, either consciously or unconsciously, either slightly or wholly, either once in a while or permanently, seem to fall under its malign spell, and suffer accordingly. The best cure is a few hours out in the fresh air of the golf club.

In spite of all this, I am going to add one more epithet to my collection.

Buenos Aires is undoubtedly what it is frequently called, the "White Man's City of South America." I assume that this means that it is really the only place where one can live permanently in physical comfort and mental contentment. That is, if one is just the least bit adaptable.

SUCH views are unpleasant!

Let us end the day—and the chapter—a bit more cheerfully. The sun is going down in a blaze of brilliant red. Calle Callao, on which one happens to be, is already crowded with automobiles and carriages, out for that inextinguishable Spanish institution, an hour's drive on the avenue. We are in no mood to rush with the crowd, it is too pleasant an evening anyway, so we hail an open carriage, prepared to move to another if the springs prove too bumpy. In this particular case they don't. The carriage is rather above the average, so one won't feel too badly when in the midst of the many luxurious turnouts that one will encounter later on. Not that this matters a great deal, as all kinds will be represented, from the shabbiest to the most aristocratic. The driver, even more superannuated than the rawbone horse, jerks down the flag

of his meter with a flourish when you say the magic word "Palermo." (He ought to—it means at least six pesos to him).

Just as you drive off from the "Molino," in the oval art nouveau room of which you have been having tea, a boy in rags jumps on the steps of your carriage to offer you a huge bunch of violets for a peso. The necessary delay in buying them for half that—and cheap at the price—enables a still more ragged woman to solicit "*cinco centavos para pan, señor, por el amor de Dios.*" She probably gets ten, as five centavo pieces are scarce. Anyway, you finally get away, just as a crowd of school girls, thirty or forty of them, all in dark blue uniforms, pass and are ogled by the loafers on this most popular corner of the city on a late fall afternoon.

At first you amble out Callao, past apartment houses and shops that gradually turn into private residences. Your humble coach is engulfed in a jelly like mass of automobiles that constantly leaves you behind, and yet constantly honks behind you. Not that you care, the long stops at street corners give you a chance to inspect enameled faces, chow-dogs, lorgnettes, and laughing children at close range. Rodriguez Peña plaza, with its beautiful "Birth of Aurora" is finally passed, and eventually you turn into the even more aristocratic Avenida Alvear. Here the residences are palaces of the Fifth Avenue sort, with just enough of an exotic touch about them to make you realize that you are not, in reality, at home. Two blocks further on, the avenida swings around the double curve of the Recoleta, so named from the famous Recoleta Cemetery just above. The Recoleta at this time of day is crowded with promenaders, children at play, and nurses with perambulators. At one side is the Palais de Glace, a little further out the Japanese gardens, a pleasure park with all the usual appurtenances.

After turning the Recoleta, the Avenida widens out into a magnificent asphalt drive, with a well kept central parkway.

Here, in spite of the hurrying automobiles, there is room for your carriage, and many others, to jog along at the side comfortably. In the distance, a massive pile of white marble points like a black finger against the orange afterglow in the sky beyond. On one side are a succession of plazas, so close that they are almost continuous, among them the Plaza Francia, with its handsome French monument. A little further on is the well kept Zoological Park. There are many fine



The island in the lagoon at Palermo has been converted into an enormous formal rose garden that is a mass of delicate bloom in late September and October.

residences, but on the whole, this magnificent avenue is still in the development stage. It is stately and beautiful today. What it will be in another generation, when solidly built up, can only be conjectured. In spite of its lack of the natural beauties of the avenues that edge the bays at Rio de Janeiro, it already is, and will be even more strongly, the handsomest avenue in South America.

As one approaches near enough to silhouette the delicate carving of the Spanish monument against the wonderful transparent gold of the sky that is slowly turning into an even more transparent turquoise, a majestic park discloses itself at the



Late in the afternoon the main drive around the lagoon at Palermo is always crowded with automobiles and carriages, ranging from knock-kneed taxis to ultra-fashionable turnouts.

right—wide vistas of turf dotted with sheep, and shaded by enormous eucalyptus trees in their usual fantastic shapes.

This is the beginning of Palermo, or, to give it its official name, the Parque 3 de Febrero. (Palermo, incidentally, certainly sounds much better). In a moment your carriage swings from the avenue into the mass of other vehicles that are surging slowly around the curving driveways. The broad terrace of an open air restaurant is crowded.

Just beyond, the lagoon with its wonderful island rose garden spreads itself before you in the last pale green light of the dying sunset. An Italian gondola coming into view under the Japanese bridge ahead adds to the spell of matchless formal gardening. The picture seems unreal, it is so perfect. Without your knowledge, your carriage slows down and stops along the edge of the road, until the last flickering purplish light disappears, and the sky has become a sapphire of surpassing depth and clearness.

Then, and only then, do you notice the laughing throngs on the walks around you, the jingle of harness heavily set with silver, the whirr of automobiles. The electric lights are on



Looking down on the Casa Rosada, the Executive Palace of the Argentine President, from an aeroplane.

At one side of the Casa Rosada the formal gardens of the Plaza Mayo are easily made out, on the other, the more extensive park improvements that line the docks along the river. A small portion of these extensive docks, with steamers lying at them, can be seen at the left.

now, and reflect in a riot of color on the waters of the lagoon. In their brilliancy, you amble on by one winding drive after another, and are more fully aware of the greetings that are exchanged between carriages, of laughing girls and the more formal elders, of the pleasure of seeing and being seen by one's friends, of the handsome turnouts, of the incongruous notes that are introduced into the spectacle of wornout cars loaded to the gunwale with what are apparently not even middle classes, of Rolls-Royce and Fords, of the very latest French styles and of the most ragged of rags, of all the things that make up Palermo, at twilight.

And, as you slowly make your way back to the city afterwards, you are inclined to believe that after all, Palermo makes up for a good many things that you have regarded as—well, as disagreeable and unpleasant.

AFTER having given over 100 pages to Buenos Aires, I suppose that I will be pardoned if I give a few lines to the rest of the Argentine Republic. This proportion, by the way, is about that generally accorded to the rest of the country by visitors, and, in fact, by those living in the capital, however well these latter know the way down to Mar del Plata. There has even been considerable agitation in one of the Buenos Aires evening papers recently, that Argentines should "See Argentine first," presumably before visiting Europe. This sounds familiar. But the paper goes on to admit that the Argentine railways do little to encourage internal tourist traffic, and that most of the provinces lack satisfactory accommodations for those used to the luxuries of Buenos Aires.

However true this may be, the visitor desiring to see something more of the country than can be seen from the top of the Galería Güemes, will not be daunted, and will find the railway accommodations fairly good. This is particularly true of dining car and sleeping car service. The main drawback is the expense both in time and money that such traveling entails. Distances in the Argentine are great. The country possesses a good deal of railway mileage, but one train a day is more or less the rule, not even that in many instances. Journeys even between two points comparatively close at hand on the map are apt to last for hours, and the intervening country, while presenting some interest, is mostly flat pampas—consequently monotonous.

Every visitor to the Argentine wants to see something of the fabled "pampas," but the traveler across the Andes will probably see enough between Mendoza and Buenos Aires not to require a special trip for his education along these lines. The business man will undoubtedly visit Rosario, the second largest city in the republic, and very probably Bahia Blanca, a rapidly growing grain shipping port to the south of Buenos Aires. Both are modern commercial cities, of little interest to the general tourist. La Plata, the capital of Buenos Aires

Province, is more interesting than either from this latter standpoint, and is only an hour away. Those that are interested in the sugar or other allied industries will of course visit Tucuman, in spite of the twenty-four hours of traveling required. It is a comfortable old provincial city that most will enjoy.

Córdoba and the Córdoba hills will appeal to some, and takes one into the only rugged section of the country, except-



The lagoon at Palermo is alive with white geese, black swans, blue herons, and vivid pink flamingos. It is also frequented by real Italian gondolas, although none were apparently willing to pose for their picture.

ing, of course, right over against the Andes. There are many very decent summer hotels among the hills, as they are called, and Córdoba itself is worth visiting. It is the university center of the Argentine, older and with more traditions than Buenos Aires and strongly reminiscent of some parts of Mexico.

This more or less exhausts the list, excepting one trip that I have purposely left to the last.

THE falls of the Iguazu may some day form an attraction to tourists second to none in the world. That is, if they don't get seized and converted into electricity first. There is some talk of this, and various commissions of both Argentine and Brazilian engineers, for the falls happen to lie between the two countries, are considering the matter. It is a weighty one, both because of the enormous scale on which the work would have to be done, involving an almost unprecedented capital expense, and because of the distance that the power would have to be conveyed to be of any service. I rather imagine that a good many people would be able to see the falls before all this happens, but, on the other hand, not many will probably do so, because they are, it must be admitted, a trifle hard to get at.

In the first place, they lie way up at the very point of the little tongue of Argentine that sticks out into Brazil. One has to take either the train, or the steamer that runs up the Paraná and also Paraná to Posadas; in the former case a rather uncomfortable trip of two days, in the



Sketch map of the Entre Rios (Between the Rivers) section of the Argentine, with Uruguay, and a part of Paraguay and Brazil, showing the location of the celebrated Iguazu Falls.

latter, a tedious one of nearly a week. From Posadas, one keeps on up the Alto Paraná in a smaller steamer for two days more, to a little jumping off place called Puerto Aguirre. There are no accommodations worthy of the name, but a two hours' drive ahead, which is so disagreeable that even the guidebooks written to entice visitors say that it is better made at night. However, we are at the falls at last. They are worth the effort and discomfort, being more imposing and awe-inspiring even than Niagara.

After that, after one has been sufficiently eaten by voracious insects, and gotten enough of sleeping on the ground, one retraces his course down the river to Posadas, and from there can, if one so desires, swing around and visit Asunción, the capital of Paraguay, returning to Buenos Aires by another route. One can also visit the ruins of the old missions that are scattered so widely over this up river country. These are enormously interesting, showing as they do the wide development of the Jesuits up in this section over three centuries ago, since left to decay. But I can not stop to say more. We have already stayed in the Argentine longer than we expected, a common experience in South America.



A corner of the patio and garden of a typical Spanish suburban home in the vicinity of Buenos Aires. This one happens to be the one in which many of these notes were written. Delightful in summer, but cold in winter.

MONTEVIDEO
AND THE
REPUBLICA ORIENTAL
DEL URUGUAY

THE steamers that cross nightly between Buenos Aires and Montevideo are veritable floating palaces. They can only be compared in size and magnificence of their appointments to the very best of the Hudson River boats, and even this comparison would probably not be to their disadvantage. The staterooms are large and comfortably furnished, a commodious saloon and a large open trellised garden occupy the whole of the aft portion of the main deck. There is no dining saloon as the boats leave Buenos Aires and Montevideo at ten in the evening, and are tied up at the piers of their respective destinations before seven the next morning, so no meals are served on board excepting early coffee, which can be brought to your stateroom if desired.

I refer of course to the steamers of the celebrated Mihanovich line, the *City of Montevideo* and the *City of Buenos Aires*. As a matter of international courtesy, and probably to avoid trouble, one of these steamers is operated under the Uruguayan flag and the other under the Argentine. There is another line, popularly spoken of as the German boats, the steamers of which are almost as fine, although some say that they are overpowered and vibrate terrifically. However, for some reason "the" line always refers to the Mihanovich boats, so it never occurred to me to specify at the outset.

Everybody is more or less familiar with the remarkable

history of Nicholas Mihanovich, the founder of the many lines of steamers that are today operated by the company bearing his name. Possibly many of those who read this know it even better than I do. I don't even know whether it was thirty, forty, or fifty years ago that he came to the Argentine as an immigrant without money, but, of course, with indomitable energy. At any rate, I do know that in those days there were no port works at Buenos Aires, and incoming packets simply anchored in the river off the city, and passengers were rowed ashore, much as on the west coast today. But apparently there were not even piers for the rowboats, or else the shallow water along the edge of the river prevented these rowboats from coming in. The custom was for flat carts drawn by teams of horses and oxen, to back out in the shallow water to meet these rowboats. Mihanovich secured a job as conductor of one of these horse-power ferry boats. Possibly tipping was then in vogue, because shortly afterwards Mihanovich purchased a part interest in an abandoned schooner. This marks the beginning of his shipping activities, which have since grown so that Mihanovich steamers are today in operation on practically every navigable river of the Argentine.

The La Plata river is about thirty-five miles wide at Buenos Aires. Montevideo is not directly across from Buenos Aires, however, but further down towards the mouth, so that the distance between the two places is about 140 miles. As the river is comparatively shallow, and wide enough and exposed enough to become quite rough, the trip across is not always as pleasant as it might be. Even bigger steamers than the river boats are apt to jump around a little during the passage.

CROSSING the River Plate always reminds me of the German girl that stayed at the Savoy Hotel in Buenos Aires during the winter of 1918. She had come down from

São Paulo, Brazil, with her father, who was a typical German, and her mother, who was equally as typical a Brazilian. 'She herself' was neither but quite petite and Frenchy. They say



Plaza Constitución, Montevideo, with the cathedral at the left.

Montevideo is in many respects one of the most attractive cities in South America, substantially and handsomely built, but still containing many of the older landmarks.

that the children of the large numbers of Germans who have settled in Southern Brazil and married Brazilian women frequently are.

The family had gotten rooms at the Savoy Hotel through some subterfuge, as the hotel was aggressively pro-ally, in spite of a head waiter with supposedly German sentiments. Of course, it was a public hostelry, but it was always easy to declare the house full if any undesirables presented themselves. This excuse was not particularly far fetched anyway, because it generally was. But occasionally a few Germans would get in. Usually they would stay only a day or two, as the treatment they received would hardly be termed congenial. Miss Koch, with her father and mother, however, stayed on and on—in spite of the fact that no one in the hotel, not even the Argentines, said good-morning when they found themselves in the elevator with them. This is almost a deadly

insult. There were a number of young Englishmen in the hotel at the time, and a dearth of attractive girls at the Thursday evening dances. Miss Koch was not only most attractive, but also one of the best dancers. But the Englishmen were adamant, in spite of furtive glances, and much gnashing of teeth, possibly on both sides, though this is merely conjecture.

Months afterwards we were traveling in one of the west coast steamers with the former American Consul at São Paulo as a fellow passenger. Somewhere during one of our interminable games of bridge, one of the favorite subjects of South American conversations was touched upon—the possibility of having mutual friends or acquaintances in some other part of the world. As a feeler, the American ex-Consul mentioned Miss Koch, stating that he did so because he knew that she had spent the winter in Buenos Aires. We naturally expressed surprise that he, of all people, should acknowledge acquaintance with a family so manifestly German.

“Oh,” he told us to our surprise, “Koch was n’t a German, at least he was a German, but he was a pretty decent fellow at that—so decent that he had been kicked out of the German Club at São Paulo, and had had to join the one of which nearly every member was English or at least pro-ally. The Germans would have nothing whatever to do with him, he was so decent.”

Poor fellow! He ought to have stayed at home, where he was taken at his true worth, not by his appearances.

Of course all of this is away from the point. We are now crossing the river from Buenos Aires to Montevideo a full year and a half later. But the first persons we laid eyes on in boarding the *City of Montevideo* that evening were the charming Miss Koch and her father and mother.

MONTEVIDEO is a very agreeable city of about 400,000 inhabitants, and is quite sufficiently up to date, in the modern South American style, to attract well deserved atten-



Modern department stores along the side of the Plaza Constitución.

tion. It also preserves more than a slight cast of older Spanish influence, which adds greatly to its charm. Life here is certainly not so hectic as in its larger rival just across the river, and it is perhaps pleasanter on that account, at least many foreigners that live there state that they would n't live in Buenos Aires under any circumstances. Perhaps this is sour grapes, but I don't think so, at least not entirely.

Of course, being so near a sort of major attraction is in someways a drawback—the larger and better known city does loom up and dwarf its smaller neighbor. Most of us who come down the east coast are in a hurry to get on across the river and only tarry for a single day in Montevideo. Not that there is so much to see in Montevideo. The arduous sightseer can cover the few show points of the city in half that time, but that is n't the point. One has to be in a place for at least two days in order to form any idea whatever of what it is all about. Too many of us unfortunately entirely overlook this simple axiom.

Montevideo has rather a more attractive location than Buenos Aires. It is nearer the mouth of the river, for one thing. The city sticks out on a narrow peninsula, the irregu-

lar shape of which lends a certain amount of charm to the bays on either side, one of which has been decorated with harbor improvements and is generally full of steamers, as the commerce of the place is considerable. There are also some real hills scattered around the environs of the city—hills high enough to quite break the monotony. Buenos Aires, lying on an immeasurable expanse of flat pampas, is quite envious of these hills. They say that at one time, there was a movement on foot by Argentine capitalists to buy up one of these and to transport it bodily across the river to ornament one of its many plazas. The plan never materialized,—reason unknown, probably due to the war.

The city of Montevideo consists roughly of a succession of plazas, Constitución, Independencia, and another, each connected with each other by a set of main but narrow streets, forming a core that follows the low ridge of the narrow peninsula, and that eventually turns into the one big avenue of the city, the Avenida 9 de Julio. At almost any point until you get too far out the Avenida, you can look down the cross-streets and see water a few blocks away in both directions. There is n't anything else in the city worth mentioning excepting park improvements on a rather extensive scale further out,—and the Park Hotel, the Parque, as it is known locally, but that is a story all by itself.

Incidentally, the rather exposed location of Montevideo makes it a little disagreeable at times in winter. The wind coming up from the South Pole or thereabouts gets an excellent chance to whistle up the narrow streets, and takes the fullest possible advantage of its opportunity. Climate is a wonderful thing, however, and all of us get into the habit of thinking the brand to which we are accustomed is more or less the best on earth. Uruguayans at any rate think that theirs is much more equitable and delightful than that a hundred miles away and across the river. Perhaps it is,—I never could discover much difference. By all of which one will note

that there is plenty of good natured rivalry and feeling between the two places.

River traffic between Buenos Aires and Montevideo is always heavy. The two places are quite closely related socially, and there is a constant stream of Bonarensians coming over to the Uruguayan beaches in summer or for some other



*Another picturesque corner in Montevideo, although a more modern one—
Solis Theatre.*

reason in winter, or Montevideians going over to take in the whiter lights of the giddier city, or for business reasons. Formerly the trip was n't thought anything of, just an overnight jaunt and back on the second or third morning. There were no formalities in spite of the fact that the trip was from one country into another—curious, both countries, in company with all others in South America, were always quite “red tapish.” But all you had to do was to buy your ticket, hail a taxi, jump on the boat at the last moment, and tumble into bed.

The bolsheviki uprising in Buenos Aires early in 1919 changed all this.

Now, one has to go through all of the usual passport formalities to make the trip across even for one day. It is a



Montevideo does not by any means lack modern buildings, although it is much behind its rival across the La Plata in this respect.

nuisance, especially for those interested in investigating white lights, but possibly later on the bars will drop a little again.

URUGUAY is a small country, not as large as many counties in Texas. For years the country has sought with success to obtain for itself the reputation, if one of the smallest, one of the most "liberal" countries in the Americas. It is the only one in South America where divorce is sanctioned, for one thing. There are many other ways in which it is equally as progressive. In its rage for the modern, its legislators are prepared to go to the most remarkable extremes. But this rage is not shown where that most anachronistic of all institutions the "code of honor" is concerned. This is the one exception; the legislators respect it probably because it is not respectable. The "code" is contrary to law, consequently it is maintained.

Only recently an editor of Montevideo and a leading politician, published an article attacking the ex-president of the country, who was also a rival editor. Apologies or repa-

ration on the field of honor were demanded with all due formalities. Pistols were chosen as the weapons. Two shots were to be fired at twenty-five meters. These pistols were, incidentally, borrowed from the president of the republic. So far the event was as serio-comic as is usually the case—later on it became a Tragedy.

The "field of honor" was a football field. The empty stands that looked down on the little knot of a dozen principals, seconds, doctors, and officials, had held thousands at the annual match between Uruguay and the Argentine. It was a bleak rainy morning,—the event was postponed for three quarters of an hour because of the downpour, while the participants took shelter. The master of ceremonies finally became impatient, and ordered the proceedings to proceed. The ex-president, it is reported, was attired in black, his opponent in gray. Objection was made to one of the contestants wearing his hat. He protested because otherwise the rain would obscure his eyeglasses. A similar hat was found for his opponent. At the signal both turned, fired, and missed. The ex-president remarked that his pistol, loaned by the president, was quick on the trigger—as he expressed it, "very jealous." They fired again, and the editor fell mortally wounded. The ex-president returned to town, gave himself up to the police, and took to his bed, completely broken up by the occurrence. The Uruguayan Congress met in special session, and passed a vote of sympathy to the widow and three small children, together with a pension of three thousand dollars a year. As usual, the taxpayer meets the bill.

Sordid reading—and uninteresting—an anachronism in a country in other ways progressive. Further than this, the fact that such duels can occur is a relatively unimportant one, just as the fact that lynchings can and do occur in the United States is relatively unimportant. I have wondered, by the way, whether this particular duel has been played up in our press with the prominence that lynchings are given in South

America. I rather imagine not, even though one of the participants was an ex-president.

A Montevideo paper recently stated that in the past four years 20 duels with pistols and 23 with swords had taken place in the city, the only one resulting in the death of a participant being the one above referred to. Still, it is well to be careful in handling firearms and other lethal weapons. Accidents are always liable to occur.

URUGUAY is the one country of the western hemisphere where the peso is actually worth more than the dollar. Uruguay is extremely proud of this fact. The par value of the Uruguayan peso is about one dollar and six cents, and during the last years of the war it went considerably over par. At one time it was worth nearly a dollar and twenty cents. Even today it is still above its nominal value. But I can't see that the Uruguayan peso goes much further than the Argentine peso, worth only forty-four cents. Of course, it really does, but not in the local taxicabs, and that is where you can see it most plainly, because the clock is always just in front of your face.

A *centavo* in Uruguay is not a *centavo* at



Memorial column in the Plaza Independencia, Montevideo.

all, but a *centesimo*. This is, of course, only a variation without a difference, because both words mean "hundredths."

There is also a silver currency still existent in Uruguay, really substantial and handsome coins. This is another unique point of superiority over other South American countries, in which all silver coinage has either long since disappeared from circulation, or has been so debased that it is no longer silver at all.



A corner of the Parque Hotel from the rear—the hotel really faces the beach beyond. Owned and operated by the city of Montevideo, this hotel has for its adjunct a casino that gives it the reputation of being the Monte Carlo of South America.

IT will surprise a great many people to learn that Montevideo has gone into the hotel business. This venture into municipal competition with private enterprise has not, it is true, been highly successful, the net result being a very decided hole in the city's budget year after year, but nevertheless the city does own one of the finest hotels in South America. I was, in fact, about to say the finest, but decided to enter two exceptions,—namely, the Washington at Colon, and the Plaza

at Buenos Aires. Nevertheless, the Parque Hotel stands very high, and has become a sort of high-life mecca for this southern section of the world, for reasons that will be entirely manifest a little later on.

The Parque Hotel is a fine modern building, overlooking the broad crescent of the Playa Ramirez, with its *rambla*, a cement board-walk as wide as that at Atlantic City, and edged with a handsome seawall. At its side is the Parque Urbano, a park with many curving drives, scattered lakes, rustic bridges, and the other usual things, such as trees, flowers, and stretches of lawn. This park is what gives the hotel its name, or rather its nickname, as it is rather indiscriminately termed either the Parque Hotel or more properly the Hotel Urbano.

The first time that we made the acquaintance of the Parque Hotel was in midwinter. It was naturally deserted. It was a bleak day, and the broad stone terrace in front of the hotel, in summer crowded with tea tables, diplomats, fashionable women in short vamp shoes, and flunkies in livery, was as deserted as the beach down further in front, on which great waves were breaking noisily. As we came up to the front door a guard of dragoons in highly polished boots and shiny brass-helmets stiffened up. They were the only people in sight, and it did strike us as a trifle unnecessary to maintain such a formal squad of doormen under the circumstances. However, it was cold, we wanted tea, and refused to be scared off. It was warm inside the enormous lobby, but equally as deserted. A phalanx of liveried waiters descended on us, and we fled back to town. On the way in we passed a squadron of Uruguayan cavalry escorting a special Italian envoy. The honors were for him, not for us, but his tea must have been a lonely one.

The next time we visited the Parque the scene was quite different, although it was still out of season. In spite of this, the hotel was crowded,—in fact, rather inexplicably so, until we were ushered into one of the enormous white and gold din-

ing rooms to find a banquet of a hundred and fifty dignified Montevidians in progress. There is another dining room equally as large on the other side of the lobby, and another and even larger banquet was in progress there.

But the best time to see the Parque Hotel is on a warm



In all South American countries the military is always more in evidence than here in normal times. This troop of Uruguayan cavalry was on its way down the Avenida 9 de Julio to act as an escort for a special envoy from Italy that was in Montevideo at the time.

summer afternoon, when the setting sun throws queer greenish and lavender tints over the deep blue waters in the bay,—when the band plays on the *rambla* and the crowds promenade slowly past. The terrace is thronged now, Argentine millionaires, and near millionaires, estancieros, generals, a sprinkling of airmen from the French mission, stray counts and countesses, French, Spanish, or would-be, be-medalled diplomats, Englishmen in tweed golfing costume,—low-necked dresses, jewelry, perfume, laughter, and the waving of fans—the tinkle of ice—and pink shaded electric lamps on the tea tables as the light grows dimmer and the last blood-red rays of the sun fall on the rocks of the little point beyond. One is no longer in South America but in Nice or Bearritz.

The Parque Hotel has become the focus of the southern world.

LATER on, the crowds on the terrace thin out and drift back through the hotel. As there seems to be a definite and common impulse, if one is curious, it is only natural to follow suit. The tide is a strong one and carries one back through corridor after corridor until one is certain that he has passed entirely through the hotel and come out at the other side—a feeling that is not so far from the truth, even though there are no visible evidences as yet that such is the case. You have really passed from the hotel altogether to the Casino at its side.

At one point in your progress an attendant relieves you of a peso. There is no apparent reason for this, but the group ahead of you does n't seem to mind. Perhaps it is a wonderful and highly exclusive "cinema" to which you are being led.

Presently you step out into an enormous hall so dimly lighted that its size is felt rather than seen. The crowds around you lose themselves in the gloom and in the inch deep carpet that covers the floor. In the center there is a brilliant yellow light, cutting the darkness like a knife but so skillfully diverted downward that no reflections reach the high ceiling, nor the gloomy corners.

The light falls only on the green baize of the table directly beneath it, a table surrounded with breathless and preoccupied tempters of fate, and piled high with ivory counters of every color of the rainbow. The only sound is the click of the little ball as the wheel spins, the droning unintelligible cry of the coupier, the rattle of hundreds of bits of ivory as they are raked in and stacked by noiseless assistants. As your eye grows accustomed to the dimness, you find easy leather chairs to sink into, a ghostly waiter at your elbow, whispering groups around you. At intervals other lights are turned on to other tables, and each is immediately surrounded until the entire

room becomes imbued with excitement, a subdued madhouse in which the whirr of the wheel of fortune becomes continuous. You are no longer in either South America or Nice, but in Monte Carlo,—a Monte Carlo maintained and operated by the municipality and with all the heartaches of its old world model.

It seems hardly believable, but, well—the scene is a fascinating one to watch.



There are still many old corners in Montevideo, although the city is gradually undergoing a metamorphosis. It is to be hoped, however, that at least some of these picturesque corners will remain untouched.

THE coast of Uruguay is dotted with excellent bathing beaches that have been turned into watering places, some fashionable and others merely delightful. Even in immediate environs of Montevideo, almost in the city itself, Pocitos and Playa Ramirez are much frequented bathing resorts, with handsome esplanades, band concerts, summer hotels, cottages, and bath houses on wheels which a horse draws into the water. This makes them a little less interesting than our own beaches in some respects, but the novelty of the continental custom may offset this to some extent. It is one that is not so prevalent down at Mar del Plata, the fashionable Argentine resort.

The main trouble with these beaches near the city is that the water is not always salt. The peninsula on which Montevideo stands is really the point of demarcation between the river and the open ocean, but the fresh, and, it must be confessed, rather yellowish river water, frequently backs up into the adjoining bays and turns them into brackish lakes.

Further out this is not the case, and there are a succession of delightful watering places, Floresta, Solís, Atlantida, Piriapolis, in vast forests of pine trees and surrounded by hills, to Punta del Este, just beyond the thriving city of Maldonado, a hundred miles to the east.

These Uruguayan resorts are very popular, and a great many people make the trip across the river from Buenos Aires to pass a few weeks or a few months at one or the other of them. During the height of the season, which lasts from December to May, they are apt to be crowded. Another thing about them is that none of them are exactly cheap. Of course there are a few unpretentious corners into which one can crowd oneself without straining one's pocketbook too greatly. But rates of ten, twelve, or fifteen Uruguayan pesos per day are too common to pass unnoticed, and lead one to assume the presence of Marlborough-Blenheims that do not exist.

RIO DE JANEIRO,

BRAZIL,

AND THE

WAY HOME

THE harbor of Rio de Janeiro undoubtedly offers one of the most sublime spectacles that nature affords. The bay is a large one, irregularly shaped, dotted by islands, and surrounded by a solid wall of mountains piled upon mountains in a bewildering maze of fantastic peaks and folds, over four thousand feet in height. These mountains, some green with tropical vegetation clear to their summits, others smoothly rounded masses of bald rock, sheer cliffs and rocky precipices; rocky islets, and islets covered with palms and castles; the pink, blue and yellow buildings on the shore,—all are reflected in water that is at times turquoise blue, at other times emerald green and even, at sunrise, or sunset, opalescent pink or brassy gold. There is nothing comparable anywhere on earth.

As the steamer approaches land, the “Sleeping Giant” first becomes visible, its head formed by the Pico de Gavea, its feet by that wonderful formation of rock, the celebrated “Sugar Loaf.” The panorama of the bay quickly spreads itself before one:—Sugar Loaf seemingly on eternal watch over the admirable entrance, Corcovado, with its sharply angular sides; the ridges of Tijuca, with its wooded summits. In the background are the dark blue mountains known as the organs. To the left, nestling around the base of Corcovado, behind the Sugar Loaf, and extending far up

the flanks of the mountains, lies the city itself, its many colored buildings nestling in dark green vegetation. The castles of "La Gloria," of "Castillo," of "San Antonio," and the steep slope of Santa Teresa next detach themselves and stand out prominently to complete this classical concert of nature in its utmost abandon, mountains, islands, towers and chalets.

The harbor of Rio de Janeiro must be seen to be appreciated. Once seen it will never be forgotten. But it can never be properly described. This is absolute and final.

THE Avenida Rio Branco is, I believe, supposed to be the finest avenue in South America. So is the Avenida de Mayo in Buenos Aires. There really isn't much choice between them. Both were made to order in a remarkably short period of time, but the Avenida de Mayo has considerable over its Rio de Janeiro rival in this particular. It is also somewhat longer.

There is one thing, however, in which the Avenida Rio Branco distinctly excels. This is in its marvelous, in fact, unique sidewalks. These are made of small black and white stones, laid in enormous mosaics, and highly polished. The black stones form the background of these mosaics. On them appear wonderful geometrical patterns, fleurs-de-lis, six or eight feet high and the same distance apart, stars, and any number of other designs. In front of the Jockey Club these designs naturally take the form of horseshoes, whips, spurs, and horses' heads; in front of the Naval Club, of anchors, windlasses, and compasses. I never did learn what the building was that had its sidewalk decorated with fish, crabs, and other marine animals, including a lobster or two. Perhaps it was an aquarium. The designs are large, but the sidewalks are wide, and they do not seem out of proportion. Nevertheless, the effect is startling, especially when viewed from the fourth or fifth floor of the Palace Hotel.



The magnificent panorama of Rio de Janeiro harbor and city from the summit of Corcovado.

The oval bay with its encircling avenue is "Beira Mar."

The bald thumb of "Sugar Loaf" is partially concealed behind an intervening hill.

The most wonderful harbor in the world.

BRASIL speaks Portuguese, while the rest of South America speaks Spanish. Brazil is inordinately proud of this and claims that Portuguese is a much purer and less degenerate form of the common language from which both are derived. The Spanish speaking countries retaliate by calling Portuguese merely a dialect of Spanish, just as Galician is; in fact, Galician Spanish resembles Portuguese much more closely than it does Castilian Spanish. And so the merry war goes on.

Portuguese, at any rate, is a very convenient language. The average American visitor to South America generally knows at least a few words of Spanish, but no Portuguese whatever. But the average Brazilian will be able to understand these few words of Spanish, when he wants to do so.

He will also be able to make you understand him, when he so desires. The convenience of the language is that, when the discussion runs against him; for instance, when you take exception to an exorbitant cab fare, he can promptly take refuge behind it. At such times he can neither understand a word you say, nor can you make out a single intelligible syllable from the torrent that rolls from his lips, even though you speak Spanish like a native.

Speaking of Portuguese reminds me of a recent law that has been placed in effect in Rio de Janeiro. There are, of course, any number of foreign concerns, banks, business houses, and industrial enterprises, located in that city. Most of these foreign firms prefer to retain their usual corporate name. This was particularly true if they were English or American. Titles in English were therefore quite common throughout the city. Many native firms even used them, because of the supposed prestige they gave. The new law rigidly prescribed that all signs must be in the Portuguese language. John Jones & Co. must become João Jones & Cia. The old conservative English firms were aghast at the sacrilege. They could n't believe that the law would ever be enforced, or, if it were, that it would stay enforced. Apparently they had much the same feeling toward the law that the average American had toward prohibition. At any rate, they did n't repaint their signs. They simply covered them over with white paper when the day came. This gave the city an interesting appearance.

Some of the hidden signs remain to this day. The National City Bank of New York, and, I believe, one other concern are the only ones that care to pay the almost prohibitive license that the law prescribes to permit them to continue displaying their names in English. They say that Buenos Aires is considering a similar law. The effect there, if such a law is passed, will be even more disastrous.

EVERY one that visits Rio de Janeiro will, of course, make the ascent of Corcovado, from which magnificent views of the city and harbor are to be had. This is putting it mildly, but language fails utterly to describe the marvelous panorama that is spread before one from the summit,—certainly one of the most magnificent in the world. I will not attempt anything further. The trip takes about an hour, first on the tram or in a taxi to the base of the hill, and then on the little railroad that makes the climb to the top.

The scene from the "*Pao de Asucar*" is equally as wonderful, but not so many will make it. The long span of thin cable suspended several hundred feet in the air like a gigantic cobweb, up which the aerial tramcar passes on its way to the top of the bald rock, sticking up like a finger at the mouth of the harbor, is certainly a strong detriment, even to those who are not essentially timid. The sensation must be something like that experienced in an aeroplane, only not so pleasant, because the car jerks so. One of the favorite little yarns current in Rio is that some friend of the narrator suffered so severely from the trip up, that he, or generally she, had to be chloroformed to get him, or her, down again. Judging from the number of times that one hears the story, having to come down in this unconscious way must be a rather common occurrence, unless of course everyone is referring to some single mutual friend, which is rather unbelievable. The whole yarn is a base libel. A great many, probably the majority of the visitors to the city make the trip, and regard it as one of the most wonderful in the world.

But the excursion par excellence is the climb in an automobile to Tijuca, almost in the clouds, and the abrupt descent on the other side, past banana groves and tropical lagoons, to return to the city along the marvelous road that has been cut into the side of the mountains that hug the ocean. It takes a powerful automobile to make this trip comfortable. Even a powerful one is in low speed most of the time, so steep

is the ascent. The road turns and twists up the side of the mountain, now shut in by the walls of modern villas or ancient colonial houses with their magnificent tropical gardens, now giving brief but wonderful glimpses of the city and bay spread out directly beneath. Each succeeding glimpse is more extensive and marvelous than the last. All are framed with the dense tropical vegetation that grows to form a narrow wall between the road and eternity beneath.

Tijuca is a small suburban hamlet up near the top of the mountain, and just around the corner of the summit. It is a sleepy place, and one dashes through to make the last climb of a few hundred feet to a charming waterfall almost hidden in tropical verdure. This waterfall is equipped with such modern accessories as a photographer willing to take your picture on the rocks at the base of the falls, a beer garden on a shelf hung on the side of the hill, and numbers of vendors anxious to sell you strawberries and other less familiar fruits.



Along the new road that is being constantly extended down the coast as a prolongation of the Copacabana boulevard—a magnificent automobile drive.

These detract from but do not entirely spoil the beauty of the place. Nothing could do that. When you walk the few steps necessary to reach the base of the falls, you realize that your car is standing on a fine old colonial stone arch bridge now crumbling and almost overgrown with vines and bushes.

The road up to the falls from the little village is nothing but a narrow track cut into the dense jungle, and is as steep as the roof of a house. Turning around among the half dozen autos that have gotten there ahead of you or come up behind is a delicate operation, and you wonder what would happen if another car were to be met on the coast down. By dint of constant use of the horn, however, you finally manage to shoot out into the little plaza of Tijuca safely.

Here the real descent begins, not by the road you came up, but by a wilder and yet more open road on the other side. The ocean spreads out before you, framed in by mountains of fantastic shapes. Peaks rise abruptly with perpendicular walls, but with their summits molded off smoothly. Sheer slopes of rock are as clean of vegetation and glassy as though recently trimmed with a knife. In other places great cliffs of rugged rocks stand up in the air above your head. Gigantic palms wave their fronds on a level with your eyes, their slender stems stretching down so far that you can hardly see where the roots are fixed in some narrow valley or on some rocky shelf.

Halfway down the long descent another stop is made, this time to inspect a remarkable series of grottos of considerable extent, formed by the falling of huge boulders, some the size of a house, from the cliffs above. Even now they don't look over-securely at rest in their new surroundings. The caves are merely passages among the huge boulders, like the spaces in a basket of oranges.

The banana plantations of the lowlands below crowd their way far up the flanks of the mountains to meet one. Just before the ocean is reached the road skirts the sandy shore of



In the short tropical twilight.

For miles the road runs along a shelf cut in the precipitous slopes—every turn giving wonderful vistas of mountains, rocky islets, and tropical vegetation.

a large lagoon fringed with bamboo, and possibly full of alligators. This is supposition only, but it certainly looks as though it ought to be. Here you are down at sea level again, but have yet to climb two or three projecting noses of rock in making your way back up the coast to Rio. One of these seems almost as high as the mountain you have already climbed. From its top there is a wonderful picturesque view of the rocky shore, small islands, and curiously shaped mountains. In one of the short stretches of level lowland, the yellow walls of an old colonial church nestle into the tropical jungle.

After this you finally strike the road that is gradually being extended down the coast as a continuation of the formal drive along the beaches outside of Rio, then through the tunnel into the city itself. The afternoon taken in making this circuit of nearly thirty miles will be remembered as one of the most delightful spent in South America.

BRAZIL is the country where Mark Twain, I believe, once said that he would like to live, because he became nearer feeling like a millionaire there than anywhere else.

The monetary unit is the reis, of which it takes forty to equal one cent at the present rate of exchange. One thousand dollars becomes, therefore, four million reis, or four thousand milreis (thousand reis), which amounts to the same thing. This enormous sum is written 4,000,000. No wonder Mark Twain felt rich. The sensation is apparent only. Wait till you receive a bill for fifty thousand reis for two days' stay at one of the hotels in Rio, or find that carfare and postage stamps cost two hundred reis, and it fades away and vanishes.

As a matter of fact, it costs somewhat more to live in Brazil than in the Argentine; at least that is what Argentinians that visit Rio say, and they ought to know.

TAKE palm trees, for instance.

The old impression of South America was that it was a continent full of palm trees and revolutions. The latter has fortunately been somewhat eradicated of late years, but I think that the former idea still persists to some extent. This impression is heightened by the fact that all photographs of South America, no matter of what part, always show a palm tree in the middle foreground. I know that this is so, because I have just run back over all of the photographs that are to appear in these pages.

The truth of the matter is that these photographs, even my own, are deceiving.

On the West Coast, Ecuador is tropical in the familiar sense of popular novels. The average person visiting South America does not visit Ecuador.

In Peru, the narrow strip of low land that lies along the coast that is visited by the traveler, such as around Lima, might be termed tropical by a wild stretch of the imagination, if there were enough moisture. To be tropical implies some-

thing more than midday heat—it requires the humid miasmie heat that cannot exist here, because in the first place, the country is a semi-desert, and because it also receives cool breezes from the Pacific with the regularity of clockwork.

Chile is far from tropical. The northern part is desert, the central part Californian, and the southern part temperate to chilly.

The Argentine Republic is for the most part Texan. Some parts of southern Patagonia are distinctly Canadian.

Nowhere so far along the beaten track does tropical vegetation grow wild and luxuriantly throughout the open country. In fact, very little grows wildly and luxuriantly at all in any of these places. But in all of them, palm trees and other decorative plants will grow if properly urged, and are made to grow in order to give a touch of realism to photographs.

Brazil is quite different.

It is the only country on the whole trip around South America where one will encounter honest to goodness comic opera tropics. In fact, it goes to the other extreme, and attempts to make up for the deficiencies of all the other places visited or to be visited. There the palm tree flourishes of its own accord, date palms, royal palms, cocoanut palms, and a multitude of others, each more beautiful than the last. They grow in the backgrounds of hovels, in patios of old decaying mansions of Portuguese grandees, on the rocks along the seashore, in deeply shaded mountain valleys, and clear to the top of the mountains themselves they stand out alone like sentinels, or are lost in a wild tangle of tropical creepers and jungle. The visitor who has looked for this form of local color, who has expected it elsewhere and been disappointed, and who revels in exotic vegetation, will at last be satisfied, even satiated.

The Botanical Garden at Rio de Janeiro is a gem that will be enjoyed by every one. A botanical garden is, however, hardly needed. The whole city and surrounding country is



The Avenida Rio Branco is lined, especially in its lower section, with architectural monuments that cause it to be regarded as one of the handsomest avenues in the world.

a vast botanical garden in itself that will meet the demands of the most exacting.

RIO DE JANEIRO was at one time a hot bed of yellow fever and other tropical diseases. This was years ago. To-day, thanks to modern sanitation and to strictly enforced sanitary measures, the city is, and has been for years, as free from any trouble of this kind as any city in the world. In fact, the death rate is considerably lower than for many cities that are supposed to enjoy a much more healthful climate.

This is not mentioned to call attention either to the former condition of the city, now a matter of ancient history, past and it is hoped never to return, nor to emphasize its present healthfulness,—it is mentioned simply to emphasize one of the sanitary measures that has brought about this improvement. I refer to the disinfecting, not by private enterprise, but by

the sanitary department of the government, of all rented houses or apartments immediately upon its disoccupation of the former tenant. No house or apartment, whether it be merely a hovel or the finest and most modern apartment house of the city, can be rerented until the owner receives a certificate from the sanitary department that this disinfection has been completed.

THERE is a great deal that can and should be said of Rio de Janeiro, but I am not the proper person to say it. Our stay there was unfortunately too short, although this is not generally taken as a serious handicap in writing a book.

At any rate, the only things that I can remember clearly are the wonderful natural beauties of the harbor, the magnificent panoramas of bays, islands and mountains that present themselves wherever one turns,—as for the city itself, only the high lights remain in my memory. The wharves with their up-to-date cargo handling equipment; the wide and handsome Avenida Rio Branco, its modern buildings typifying the remarkable development that the city has undergone during the past decade; the narrow Rua Ouvidor lined with brilliant shops; the older streets lined with rambling Portuguese homes, that twist up some gully or drape themselves over the sides of the mountains; houses of every conceivable color, and with a setting of tropical green; these and many others will occur to any one who has passed through the place, and I make no pretence at having done more than that.

The climax of this lavishness spreads itself before one as one reaches the foot of the Avenida Rio Branco. Here are the handsome Municipal Theater, and the Munroe Palace in the midst of an open park. One sees them only as a charming foreground for the waters of the oval bay ahead, with its encircling driveway, and the majestic Sugar Loaf beyond.

This is the celebrated "Beira Mar," one of the most magnificent boulevards in the world.

The avenue is a wide one, with a handsome seawall, broad promenades, asphalted drives, and parkways with rows of palms and other trees. On the land site pretentious homes and gardens line the boulevard. In the late afternoon Beira Mar is crowded with aristocratic turnouts and fashionable promenaders. All of these things increase its attractiveness, but its chief charm is its setting. A perfectly shaped and deeply indented crescent, its points end in hills covered with tropical verdure and crowned by palaces and medieval fortresses. In the distance looms up the massive knob of the "Sugar Loaf." Across the deep sapphire waters of the little bay float fairy islands; behind them are the hazy ridges of the other side of the harbor. At one's back, and forming a majestic background for the whole, are piled up mountains of every shade of green.

The gem is flawless, and it has been carefully cut and polished, but the setting is of even greater beauty and value than the jewel itself.

Beyond Beira Mar, the succession of avenues continues, climbing over the neck of a low ridge, then dropping back to skirt another bay—not so wonderful as the first, perhaps, but giving a more impressive view of the Sugar Loaf. A long tunnel then takes one out to the ocean front, along which a series of boulevards run for miles, and is being constantly extended.

No wonder one's chief impressions of Rio Janeiro are of riding around in countless taxicabs, or that I can not tell more about the city itself.

OF course, Rio de Janeiro is not the only city in Brazil that will be visited by the industrious traveler. As a matter of fact, I have rather gotten the cart before the horse, as we are supposed to be coming up, and not working down, the east coast. The very southern ports of Brazil are rarely visited. Leaving Montevideo, the first stop of the steamer

northward bound is at Santos, the greatest coffee shipping port in the world.

Santos is a dismal sort of a place, a few miles up a river the mouth of which is guarded by a medieval fortress built into the side of the mountain. Our recollections of Santos are few. They are also damp, as it rained in torrents the whole day that we spent there. Consequently, the only part



Copacabana Beach, along the ocean front just outside of the harbor.

This fine beach, connected with the city by a tunnel through an intervening ridge, is rapidly being developed as one of the finest residential sections of Rio de Janeiro.

of the city that we inspected closely was the worn out billiard table in the equally dilapidated Sportsman Café—a humble contrast to the brilliant Sportsman at Rio. The docks at Santos are about the most interesting things in the place—being roomy and equipped with the most modern machinery for loading the millions of bags of coffee that pass through the place annually. Santos used to be a pesthole, and the climate is still in need of bracing, although we did find one man who liked it. Most of the inhabitants prefer to live up in São Paulo and only come down on business.



Looking down on the Municipal Theatre from the roof of the Palace Hotel gives a better idea of its monumental proportions than when seen from the street.

OUR impressions of São Paulo are even more rudimentary, as we did not get up there at all. This was a mistake. Since then we have heard so much about the place that we have always regretted the lost opportunity—or rather, the lost train. Our boat tied up too late to catch the morning express up the hill, and there was no later train that would have gotten us back on time. We now feel that we would rather have missed the steamer than São Paulo, which is reputed to be more cosmopolitan even than Rio de Janeiro. We recommend that others profit by our mistake.

São Paulo is in the very heart of the Brazilian coffee growing country. It is a modern up to date city that lives on coffee, grows it, sells it, eats it, and I am almost tempted to say, breathes it.

NO book on South America would be complete without some mention of the railroad between São Paulo and Santos, over which the whole of the coffee crop moves. The railroad is one of the most celebrated in the world. It was built under a concession that restricts its net profit to a certain percentage of its invested capital. From the start, the railroad has had considerable trouble in meeting this requirement. Some of the ways that have been devised to get rid of its excess earnings are certainly unique. Take, for instance, the switch lamps, which are silver plated, or at least so I am told.

It is a long coast down from São Paulo, which is nearly three thousand feet above Santos. The latest outlet for its inextinguishable surplus is to electrify the entire road. Heavy trains loaded with coffee coasting down the hill will then store up sufficient electricity to haul the empty trains up the hill. Somehow, it seems to me as if this plan would be a failure, as it will save the company too much money.

DURING the war, the hotels in Rio Janeiro were constantly packed with people trying to get back to the United States. Many finally gave it up in disgust, after waiting one, two, or three months for steamers that never came. Others went on down to Buenos Aires, across the Andes, up the west coast, and through the Panama Canal, a rather round about journey from Rio, though not so bad from Buenos Aires.

There was, of course, the *Crofton Hall*, which maintained a fairly regular service between New York and Buenos Aires, but the *Crofton Hall* has accommodations for about forty passengers only, and its speed is well described by its nickname the "Often Crawl." Besides this, it never stopped at Rio anyway.

The situation at Rio Janeiro, if you were in a hurry to get home, might certainly be described as rather awkward.

Since then, things have improved somewhat.

The Lamport & Holt line has resumed service from New York to Buenos Aires, stopping at Rio Janeiro, Santos, and Montevideo. Its three steamers, the *Vestris*, *Vauban*, and *Vasari* are comfortable boats, but hardly frequent enough. The run is a long one, requiring nearly two months from New York to New York, and between trips to Buenos Aires they are at present making the run from New York to Liverpool and back. As a result, the line does not quite average one boat a month out of New York for South America—pretty slim service, taking everything into consideration.

Every one in Brazil and the Argentine has been looking forward to the long heralded and long delayed fast passenger steamers that the U. S. Shipping Board is putting on to this east coast run, in spite of the fact that these steamers will be as dry as a bone. The first one came down in December, 1919, and turned out to be a converted yacht, much to the amusement of English shipping circles, who think they ought to control this business. A great many not too complimentary remarks were of course passed regarding American enterprise in general, and the whole incident was, in a way, an annoying one. The antagonistic spirit even went so far as to cause the rumor to be circulated in Buenos Aires, during the trip of the *Moccasin* down, that over two hundred passengers for Buenos Aires had deserted the vessel at Rio Janeiro because of its prohibition tendencies. This rumor must have been slightly exaggerated, as there were only about forty passengers on board when the *Moccasin* left New York. They say that it was a tight fit at that.

The *Moccasin* could not stand the teasing, however, and gave it up in disgust. When she got back to New York, she breathed a sigh of relief, and fainted in her pier, without even waiting to have her cargo unloaded. Since then larger steamers have been sent down, the *Callao*, *Martha Washington*, and the *Huron*, and it is quite likely that the last install-



Another view from the roof of the Palace Hotel. The building with the columns at the foot of the avenue is the celebrated Monroe Palace. The bay and avenue of "Beira Mar" is beyond and to the right, and the well-known "Sugar Loaf" in the distance on the left.

ment of these notes will find their way back to New York by one of these Shipping Board vessels. I am only hoping that this will make them the more interesting.

At any rate, between the Lamport & Holt boats, and the new American boats operated by the Munson line, the many thousands that will make the pilgrimage to South America during the next few years will find it comparatively easy to secure comfortable accommodations by way of the east coast.

THE three V-boats of the Lamport and Holt line will still be popular, because they are English, and can therefore open their bars before they have passed the Statue of Liberty. They are comfortable boats in the time-honored, usual way, with none of the unusual features that one meets on the west coast. In fact, they are just ordinary well behaved steamers, similar to those that might be found almost anywhere.

Their chief drawback is that you won't be allowed to enjoy yourself on board. No sooner are you out of sight of land than you are solicited for a subscription by the Sports Committee. From that day onward you never get a chance to luxuriate in lazy life aboard ship. Such an animal does n't exist on these steamers. You want to lie around quietly and do nothing. No matter. If you won't take entertainment quietly and passively, there are plenty on board to see to it that you take it forcibly. Deck sports surge around your steamer chair by day, and dances surge around it by night. What with getting dressed for dinner, swimming in the tank amidships—perhaps swimming is putting it too strongly—bridge tournaments, fancy dress balls, concerts, and other innocent amusements, one does n't get much chance to peek at the miniature green islets of the minor West Indies as they slip by, or to look at the gorgeous sky colorings as the sun sets over the Brazilian mountains.

Of course, some may like this sort of thing, but as far as I am concerned, I prefer the lazier life on west coast steamers, where one can loaf all day in peace and comfort.

THE only trip made by George Washington away from the United States, or what was then equivalent to the United States, was made to Barbados in 1752. This voyage was made on account of the health of his brother Lawrence, but George himself, who must have been quite young in those days, came down with smallpox. At any rate, according to the records of this trip which still exist, it is apparent that they enjoyed themselves thoroughly, in spite of the little drawback mentioned. Some of the buildings that he describes are to-day little changed from the time that he saw them.

Before the revolution there was considerable intercourse between the American colonies and Barbados, and many of the old Virginian family names still exist there.

The island is said to be the most densely populated country in the world excepting China. The blacks outnumber the whites about ten to one in reality, about a hundred to one judging by appearances. Bridgetown is a quaint and curious



Street scene in Bridgetown, Barbados, a British colony with a population of happy-go-lucky negroes.

mixture of the tropics, England, dust, business and negroes. There is of course a Trafalgar Square, with what is fondly believed to be the first statue ever erected to the memory of Lord Nelson. The statue is a stiff backed one, but much would be forgiven if the claim as to its priority were true, but a statue to the great admiral was unveiled in Montreal in 1809, six years before this one.

Barbados is the only port of call between Rio Janeiro and New York. The opportunity to stretch one's legs on shore, and to see a tropical British colony at close range is not one to be overlooked. The principal objects of interest are the "swizzles" that are served in the rambling Marine Hotel or on the verandas of the Ice House. The port is an open roadstead, and one has to row ashore in a small boat amid frenzied cries of naked boys who dive for the coins you throw them, but the game is worth the candle.



George Washington is supposed to have attended this church when he visited Barbados. It is little changed to this day.

MARTINIQUE, Dominica, Guadeloupe, Nevis, St. Christopher, Saba, Eustatius—all are names that convey little to the average American. It is curious, but a hundred and fifty years ago these tiny islands which with many others form the outermost fringe of the Caribbean Sea, were better known than to-day. Then they were one of the chief centers of the world's sugar production, thriving hives of tropical agriculture, and closely linked to

our own North American colonies in commerce, sentiments, and even family ties. After having furnished one of the most romantic chapters of the old world history, and given birth to a Josephine, wife of Napoleon, and an Alexander Hamilton, these islands have drifted into the furthestmost sea of oblivion. Their seclusion was violated a few years ago by the eruption of Mt. Pelee and the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique, but the world's limelight was only turned in this direction for a brief moment and the curtain descended quickly.

The day spent in sailing down the inner side of these



Castries—a miniature toy village on the island of St. Lucia, one of the minor British West Indies

Caribbean islands will never be forgotten. The sea will be like glass, deep turquoise blue in color. From this rises wonderful masses of mountains enveloped in clouds. From the deck, the islands that pass in rapid succession appear to float in the air between the azure water and the misty wreaths above. The mountains are not sharp or angular, but are piled on top of each other in great molded masses to rounded summits. Their sides are velvety green—dark tropical forests, fields of sugar cane that look like moss from the steamer. In other places the whole slope clear to the summit will be smooth green pasturage, broken into rectangular fields; and, on Eustatius in particular, is dotted with old-fashioned farm-houses with red roofs. On this island, the steepness of the slope and the abruptness with which it comes out of the water spreads half of the island before one as though seen from an airplane. Every street and white washed cottage of the

little village lying down near the water's edge can be plainly made out.

Some of these islands are British, some French, and others Dutch. All three nationalities are "scrambled" together into a crazy patch work that is most remarkable. The British island of Dominica, for instance, lies directly between Guadeloupe and Martinique, both of which belong to France. The negroes that form ninety-nine per cent. of the population of all of these islands speak what is known as "patois." This patois has come to be a distinct language, and is a mixture of English, French, Spanish, and native African words in about equal proportion.

THESE islands are wildly beautiful.

I can imagine nothing more wonderful than being able to make a leisurely yachting trip, putting it at one charming harbor and then sailing on to another, always over deep blue seas and with high green mountains in sight. Even our deck steward confided to us that this was the secret ambition of his life.

Certainly the brief glimpse that one gets of them as the steamer sails by on its way to or from South America only serves to whet one's desire to see more of these island paradises.

On our last trip down, therefore, fate arranged that we should do so. The old lady even went so far as to pick out the least known and the most beautiful of all for our close inspection. This was kind of her, but, as is generally the case, she turned around and overdid it. At least, so it seemed to us, but I admit that we were thinking of other things at the time—the ship on which we were traveling was on fire.

We were, to be exact, on what is now known over all of the east coast of South America as the "memorable voyage of the *Vestris*."

FIRE on a vessel at sea is never pleasant.

This is particularly true when the ship is crowded with between three and four hundred passengers, among them many women and children.

Even when it is thoroughly concealed, as this one was, there is always the chance that it may break out suddenly and engulf everything. This particular fire was deep in one of the forward holds, and no signs of it were visible. Some of the passengers were early aware of the true state of affairs on board, but it was not until the day that we were passing the islands, due to arrive in Barbados the following morning, that the news became public property. The smoke had suddenly forced its way throughout the ship. Wireless calls for assistance had been sent out. The rumor was circulated that *H. M. S. Renown* was coming to our rescue under forced draught. This was interesting but exaggerated, as the *Renown* was up somewhere near Newfoundland at the time.



The "Vestris" on fire in Castries Harbor—just before the passengers were ordered ashore.

During the day a small tramp steamer turned up and dogged our footsteps hour after hour. This was a disappointment. If we had to be rescued, we much preferred to have the celebrated *Renown* do it. All that day we steamed past one beautiful island after another, leaving a cloud of smoke behind us, and with the floor of the dining saloon growing hotter and hotter. That night we went to bed cautiously, although assured that there was no danger. It was difficult to breathe in the staterooms, but there was little excitement.

During the night the engines slowed down. My wife and I awakened and went on deck in our bathrobes. Only a few others joined us to witness one of the most superb spectacles we have ever beheld. The *Vestris* was just poking her nose into a tiny harbor, the mountainous sides of which closed in on us as we passed. The brightness of the moonlight was so intense that every rock, every palm, every bush on shore was turned to silver, with shadows that seemed as black as the pitchiness of the unrippled water. On the tops of the nearest hills were perched huge stone castles, with silver escarpments and black archways and deeply indented recesses, the castles of our tin soldier days.

We learned afterwards that these enormous masses of buildings were the barracks of British forces formerly kept in the West Indies. These troops were withdrawn in 1905, but the barracks were again used recently for convalescent Canadian soldiers.

That night there were dreams that were not understandable. The whole harbor seemed unreal, a miniature pocket set in high mountains, with castles on the crags, and a toy village nestled in the tropical moonlight.

This was Castries, the capital of the almost unknown British island of St. Lucia.

We came to anchor within a stone's-throw of the miniature pier, but the village slept on, and we finally went below to sleep an hour or so before daylight.



A forlorn spectacle—resting on the mud and with her engine room full of water, but with the fire out. No one imagined that inside of two weeks we would be back on board the "Vestris," steaming away from our island refuge.

WHEN we came on deck in the morning the water was alive with naked negro boys diving for coins. The ship was lying in her haven quite comfortably, and all thought of danger seemed over. Hatches were opened and smoke poured out in clouds, but the pumps were started, and every one believed that a day or so would see everything in order again. We scattered to explore the miniature town with its whitewashed buildings, sleepy public square, and quaint old church. Some climbed up to the governor's house and wireless station on top of one of the high hills. Others visited bay rum factories and lime juice establishments. Everything seemed as bright as the tropical sun that beat down in great waves.

Our awakening was rude. On our return to the ship at noon, we found it heeled over to an alarming angle. Walk-

ing on the deck was like climbing the side of a roof. All women and children were ordered ashore. Our troubles, instead of being over as we had optimistically supposed, had only just begun.

Arrangements had been made to house the exiles in two of the abandoned barracks near the entrance to the harbor. The lifeboats of course leaked, and were half full of water. The crew of the *Vestris* struck, and the lifeboats were manned by a crew of Brazilian sailors that were on their way back to their country. These Brazilians worked like Trojans during the entire stay. The women and children were hustled into the boats with only hand valises. They arrived at their destination in a tropical downpour. The barracks were empty of furniture. Mattresses were supposed to be on their way over from the ship, but failed to arrive. Dinner also did not put in its appearance until after ten that night. The mattresses came in at the same time, soaked through. The negroes from town supposed to be on hand to carry them up to the barracks had disappeared. We pitched in and for hours lugged bedding, piled high on our heads, up a steep slippery path in the pouring rain and darkness.

The move was a distressing one, ill-timed and poorly executed. Some of the blame should undoubtedly be put on the ship's officers, but not all by any means. After all, they were worn out, and thinking more of the safety of the ship than the comfort of the passengers. There was also too much interference by passengers' committees and self-elected leaders. This was only natural. The whole thing was a mess, during the course of which, as one man put it, every person on board "lost his reputation."

WE had started for South America.

We ended up by keeping house on one of the tropical islands of the West Indies.

The house that ten of us finally rented to get our families



The "Vestris" in Castries Harbor, St. Lucia.

This little harbor is one of the finest in the West Indies, a miniature Rio de Janeiro.

away from the unsanitary conditions and discomforts at the barracks was a curious one, fronting the large public square. The windows were heavily shuttered to keep out the glare of the sun, but none of them had ever seen a pane of glass. Over a hundred years old, the house was a veritable museum of antique mahogany furniture, old china and silver, and other heirlooms brought out from France or England during the heyday of the colony. Some of the pieces were very fine, and would have turned a collector of such things green with envy. There is probably no better spot for hunting real antiquities to-day than these isolated and forgotten islands.

The owner of the house simply packed her bag and walked out, leaving us all of her possessions, including three excellent

servants. Living was cheap, but the range of products available limited. Fresh meat was only to be had very occasionally. For the most part we lived on chickens, rice, fish, and sweet potatoes. It was a primitive life, but more comfortable than the barracks.

THE worst part of it was the uncertainty.

The fire on the *Vestris* was finally extinguished, thanks to H. M. S. *Yarmouth*, that came in on the third day. The *Vestris* was then resting on the mud, and was supposed to be so badly damaged that she could not proceed. No one knew when relief would come. We were simply stranded and apparently forgotten, left to eke out an existence as best we might until the stores on board gave out, our letter of credit became exhausted, or we were roasted to death. Rumors flew around as thick as hornets, until "rumoring" became a game with almost definite rules.

Our only consolation was the marvelous bathing beach just beyond the mouth of the harbor. Here everybody gathered each afternoon in real or improvised bathing suits and spent hours in the tepid water. The beach was of smooth white sand, fringed with palm trees, and framed with mountains. Martinique lay on the horizon.

Vigie Bay will live long in the memories of the exiles.

MARTINIQUE, as is well known, is the home of the most deadly snake in existence, the *fer-de-lance*. The adjoining islands, among them St. Lucia, also were affected with the same plague, but the East Indian mongoose has completely eradicated this dangerous pest. To-day the mongoose is itself becoming a pest. One sees them at every turn, running across the road ahead, or scurrying over some old wall.

Unfortunately for us, we knew nothing of this until later. The first night at the barracks, after lugging heavy mat-

tresses up hill until midnight, some one of the party suggested a swim. The motion was seconded. We changed our wet and muddy clothes for dry bathing suits and started down the long hill for Vigie. Our path took us through a jungle. Although we did not know about the *fer-de-lance*, some one suggested the possibility of snakes. The rest of our trip was decidedly uncomfortable.

Also, when we got back, we remembered that we had been counting on our bathing suits to sleep in.

Of course, we finally got away from our exile in a Turkish Bath. If we had not, many of the subsequent portions of these notes that have appeared in previous pages would never have been written. But it seems to me to be a good place to stop. First of all, this book is already long enough. Also, while we were on our way, or supposed to be on our way, back to South America, the reader, who has been coming around in the other direction, can easily make the jump back to New York without our assistance.

These random notes have been presented in geographical but not in chronological order. In some respects this has its drawbacks, and tends to confusion. The careful reader will have noticed this. But on the other hand, it has one very decided advantage.

Many of the notes that appear in pages long ahead of this one have as yet neither been written nor edited.

In spite of this, I can still offer the reader my *hasta luego*, which is the South American equivalent of *au revoir*, while still seated in the brilliant sunshine of the little square at Castries.

Many thousands will visit South America during the next few years. Even without the added excitement of a shipwreck or two, the trip will be a most interesting one, and one that is well worth while.

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